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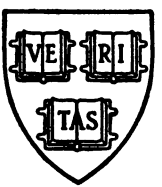

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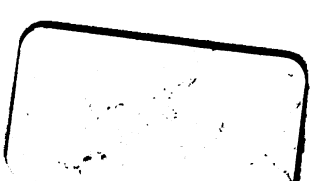

THE

WORKS OF HORACE,

TRANSLATED LITERALLY

INTO

English Prose;

For the use of those who are desirous of Acquiring or Recovering a competent knowledge of the

LATIN LANGUAGE.

BY C. SMART, A. M.

OF PEMBROKE-COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

THE following version being the work of a man who has made poetry, perhaps, too much the business of his life, some account of his motives for undertaking it may seem necessary. In the first place, then, there was reason to believe that a thing of this kind, properly executed, would be very useful to those who were desirous of acquiring or recovering a competent knowledge of the Latin Tongue. Secondly, the extraordinary success which attempts of this kind have met with, though by men who manifestly did not understand the author, otherwise than through a French medium; though printed in large volumes, and sold at a proportionable price, gave sufficient reason for the translator to hope, that his labour would not be in vain; I say *labour*, for genius, if he had any pretensions to it, could not have been exerted in the work before us.

The purchaser will herein find, that cheapness and convenience have been consulted for his service.

Though every line is construed almost verbatim, yet absolute baldness has been, as much as possible, avoided.

The learned reader need not be informed that this version was not intended for him; though some of the most eminent of that character have condescended to examine the manuscript, and given it the sanction of their approbation.

With regard to the Latin text, the best editions have been diligently consulted; and it is presumed the judicious will find in the following sheets some emendations and improvements, which have escaped former editors. What errors there may be, either of the press or otherwise, will be found, perhaps, of such a nature, and so seldom to occur, that they may be rather of service, by giving the young student some opportunities of showing his sagacity in the discovery of them.

I shall take leave of my reader in the words of an old poet, which are applicable enough to this undertaking.

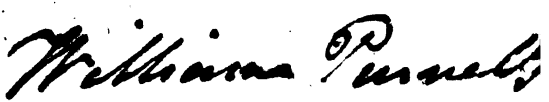
Dumos inter et aspera
Scruposis sequimur vadis,
Fronte exile negotium
Et dignum pueris putes;
Agressis labor arduus
Nec tractabile pondus est.
Par exanimis æstus est
Ceu sublimia disseras
Par est judicii mora
Pompæ gloria vilis est.

TERENT. MAURUS.

N. B. This work will be particularly useful to such foreign gentlemen as are already acquainted with the Latin, and are desirous of being masters of the English Tongue.

Lectoribus eruditis, præsertim iis, qui in ludis literariis operam navant.

NOLUMUS sanè cum Fabio Horatium in quibusdam interpretari, ideòque locos omnes parùm castos honestâ (uti superamus) fraude ad verecundiam quodammodo revocavimus. Tantum enim abest ut juvenes ab asteriscis (quibus editiones in usum delphini scatent) quo minùs quædam legant, impediantur, ut potiùs exindè dirigatur, imò invitetur eorum curva in pravum curiositas.



Q. HORATII FLACCI

CARMINUM

LIBRI.

Q. HORATII FLACCI,

CARMINUM

LIBER I.

CARMEN I.

AD CILNIUM MÆCENATEM.

Alios aliis studiis duci: se lyrici vatis gloriam ambire, unius Mœcenatis judicio obtinendam.

MÆCENAS, atavis edite regibus,
O et præsidium et dulce decus meum!
Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat, metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis
Terrarum dominos evehit * ad Deos.
Hunc, si mobilium † turba Quiritium
Certat tergeminis tollere honoribus;
Illum, si proprio condidit horreo
Quicquid de Libycis verritur areis;

* Evehere. *Bentl.* † Hunc, si nobilium.

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF THE

ODES OF HORACE.

ODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

All men have different attachments: Horace's taste is for Lyric Poetry, for the success of which he depends upon the patronage of Mæcenas.

MÆCENAS, descended from royal ancestors, O both my protection and my darling honour! There are some whose delight it is to have collected Olympic dust in the chariot race; and *whom* the goal, *nicely* avoided by glowing wheels, and the noble palm, exalts to the Gods,—the governors of the world.

This man, if an assembly of the capricious Roman commonalty be bent to raise him to the highest dignities; another, if he hath *stored up in his own granary whatsoever is swept from the

* Hath imported vast quantities of corn from Africa.

Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
Agros ; Attalicis conditionibus
Nunquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypriâ
Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.
Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum
Mercator metuens, otium et oppidi
Laudat rura sui : mox reficit rates
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.
Est, qui nec veteris pocula Massici,
Nec partem solido demere de die
Spernit ; nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ.
Multos castra juvant, et lituo tubæ
Permistus sonitus, bellaque matribus
Detestata. Manet sub Jove frigido
Venator, teneræ conjugis immemor :
Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,
Seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas.
Me * doctarum ederæ præmia frontium
Dîs miscent superis : me gelidum nemus,
Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori
Secernunt populo : si neque tibias
Euterpe cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Lesboum refugit tendere barbiton.
Quòd si me lyricis vatibus inseres †,
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

* Te. *Hare.* † Inseris longe suavius. *Baxt.*

Libyan threshing-floors ; a *third*, as his delight is to plough his patrimonial fields, you could never tempt him, with all the wealth of Attalus, to become a timorous sailor, and cross the Myrtoan sea in a Cyprian bark. The merchant, dreading the south-west wind contending with the Icarian waves, commends tranquillity and the ruralness of his village : but danger over, and incapable of being taught to bear poverty, he refits his shattered vessel. There is another whose highest gust is in cups of old Massic, and in breaking the day, one while stretched *at ease* under the green Arbutus, another at the placid head of some sacred stream.

The camp, and the sound of the trumpet confused with that of the clarion, and wars detested by mothers, rejoice many.

The huntsman, unmindful of his tender spouse, remains in the cold air, whether a hart is held in view by his faithful hounds, or a Marsian boar has broke the circling toils.

Ivy, the reward of learned brows, equals Me (*in happiness*) to the Gods above : the cool grove, and the light dances of Nymphs and Satyrs, distinguish Me from the crowd; if neither Euterpe withholds her pipe, nor Polyhymnia disdains to tune the Lesbian lyre. But if you will rank me among the Lyric poets, I shall tower to the stars with my exalted head.

You to the noblest heights of fame
Shall raise your poet's deathless name.

CARMEN II.

AD AUGUSTUM.

Occasione portentorum, quæ anno ineunte contigerant, Augustum Horatius à deponendo principatu dehortatur.

JAM satis terris, nivis, atque diræ
Grandinis misit Pater ; et rubente
Dexterâ sacras jaculatus arces,
Terruit urbem :
Terruit gentes, grave ne rediret
Sæculum Pyrrhæ nova monstra questæ :
Omne cùm Proteus pecus egit altos
Visere montes ;
Piscium et summâ genus hæsit ulmo,
Nota quæ sedes fuerat * columbis ;
Et superjecto pavidæ natârunt
Æquore damæ.
Vidimus flavum Tiberim, retortis
Littore Etrusco violenter undis,
Ire dejectum monumenta regis,
Templaque Vestæ ;
Iliæ dum se nimium querenti
Jactat ultorem, vagus et sinistrâ
Labitur ripâ, Jove non probante, uxorius amnis.

* Palumbis.

ODE II.

TO AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

Horace dissuades Augustus from resigning the empire, on account of the prodigies which happened at the beginning of the year.

ENOUGH of snow and dreadful hail hath Jupiter now sent upon the earth; and having hurled *his thunderbolts* with his red-flaming righthand against the sacred towers, he hath terrified the city: he hath terrified the nations, lest the grievous age of * Pyrrha, complaining of prodigies till then unheard of, should return, when Proteus drove all his *marine* herd to visit the lofty mountains; and the fishy race was entangled in the elm-top, which before was the frequented seat of doves; and the timorous deer swam in the overwhelming flood. We have seen the † yellow Tiber, with his waves forced back with violence from the ‡ Tuscan shore, proceed to demolish the monuments of king *Numa*, and the temples of Vesta; while he vaunts himself the avenger of the too disconsolate Ilia,§ and the uxorious river, leaving his channel, overflows his left bank,|| notwithstanding the disapprobation of Jupiter.

* An allusion to the deluge of Deucalion and Pyrrha.

† Troubled.

‡ That is, from the Tuscan sea, into which the Tiber discharges itself.

§ Ilia, the mother of Romulus, was thrown into the Tiber: from which circumstance the poets call her the wife of that River God.

|| The shore of Rome.

Audiet cives acuisse ferrum,
Quo graves Persæ melius perirent ;
Audiet pugnas, vitio parentum
Rara juventus.
Quem vocet Divûm populus ruentis
Imperî rebus ? Prece quâ fatigent
Virgines sanctæ minus audientem
Carmina Vestam ?
Cui dabit partes scelus expiandi
Jupiter ? Tandem venias, precamur,
Nube candentes * humeros amictus,
Augur Apollo :
Sive tu mavis, Erycina ridens,
Quam jocus circumvolat, et Cupido :
Sive neglectum genus, et nepotes
Respicis, auctor,
Heu, nimis longo satiate ludo !
Quem juvat clamor, galeæque leves,
Acer et Mauri † peditis cruentem
Vultus in hostem :
Sive mutatâ juvenem figurâ
Ales in terris imitaris, almæ
Filius Maiæ, patiens vocari
Cæsaris ultor.
Serus in cœlum redeas, diuque
Lætus intersis populo Quirini :
Neve te nostris vitiis iniquum
Ocior aura
Tollat. Hîc magnos potius triumphos,
Hîc ames dici Pater atque Princeps :
Neu sinas Medos equitare inultos,
Te duce, Cæsar.

* Candenti. *al.* et *Bentl.*

† Marsi. *Faber.* et *Bentl.*

Our youth, less numerous by the vices of their fathers, shall hear of the citizens having whetted that sword *against themselves*, with which it had been better that the formidable Persians had fallen; they shall hear of *actual* engagements. Which of the Gods shall the people invoke to the affairs of the sinking empire? With what prayer shall the sacred Virgins importune Vesta, who is now inattentive to their hymns? To whom shall Jupiter assign the task of expiating our wickedness? Do thou at length, prophetic Apollo, (we pray thee!) come, veiling thy radiant shoulders with a cloud: Or *thou*, if it be more agreeable to thee, smiling Venus, about whom hover the Gods of Mirth and Love: Or *thou*, if thou regard thy neglected race and descendants, our founder *Mars*, to whom clamour and polished helmets, and the terrible aspect of the Moorish infantry against their bloody enemy, are delightful, satiated at length with thy sport, alas! of too long continuance: Or if thou, the winged son of gentle Maia, by changing thy figure, personate a youth * upon earth, submitting to be entitled the avenger of Cæsar. Late may'st thou return to the skies, and long may'st thou with pleasure be present to the Roman people: neither may an untimely blast transport thee from us, offended at our crimes. Here may'st thou rather delight in magnificent triumphs, and to be called father and prince; nor suffer the Parthians with impunity to make incursions, you, O Cæsar, being our general.

* Our young emperor Augustus.

CARMEN III.

AD NAVEM, QUA VIRGILIUS ATHENAS PROFICISCENS VEHEBATUR.

Virgilio faustam navigationem precatur Horatius, et impiam hominum audaciam insectatur.

SIC te Diva potens Cypri,
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat pater,
Obstrictis aliis, præter Iapyga,
Navis, quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium; finibus Atticis
Reddas incolumem, precor,
Et serves animæ dimidium meæ.
Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus, nec timuit præcipitem Africum
Decertantem Aquilonibus,
Nec tristes Hyadas, nec rabiem Noti,
Quo non arbiter Adriæ
Major, tollere seu ponere vult freta.
Quem mortis timuit gradum,
Qui siccis* oculis monstra natantia,
Qui vidit mare turgidum, et
Infames scopulos Acroceraunia?
Nequicquam Deus abscidit
Prudens Oceano dissociabili
Terras; si tamen impiæ
Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.

* Rectis. *Bent.* Fixis. *Sanad.*

ODE III.

TO THE SHIP, IN WHICH VIRGIL WAS ABOUT TO SAIL TO ATHENS.

Horace wishes Virgil a good voyage, and inveighs against the impious boldness of mankind.

SO may the powerful Cyprian Goddess; so may the bright stars, the * brothers of Helen; and so may the father of the winds, confining all except Iapyx,† direct thee, O Ship, who art intrusted with Virgil: my prayer is, that thou may land him safe on the Athenian shore, and preserve the half of my soul. Sure oak and threefold brass surrounded his heart, who first trusted a frail vessel to the merciless ocean, nor was afraid of the impetuous African *wind* contending with the Northern storms, nor of the mournful Hyades, nor of the rage of the South-west wind, than which there is not a more absolute controller, of the Adriatic, to either raise or assuage its waves at pleasure. What form of death could terrify him, who beheld unmoved the rolling monsters of the deep; who beheld unmoved the tempestuous swelling of the sea, and the Acroceraunians—infamous rocks? In vain hath God in his wisdom divided the countries of the earth by the separating ocean, if, notwithstanding, profane ships bound over waters which ought not to be violated. The

* Castor and Pollux. † A westerly wind.

Audax omnia perpeti
  Gens humanâ, ruit per vetitum * nefas.
Audax Iapeti genus
  Ignem fraude malâ gentibus intulit :
Post ignem æthereâ domo
  Subductum, macies, et nova febrium
Terris incubuit cohors ;
  Semotique prius tarda necessitas
Lethi, corripuit gradum.
  Expertus vacuum Dædalus aëra
Pennis non homini datis :
  Perrupit Acheronta Herculeus labor.
Nil mortalibus arduum † est.
  Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitiâ : neque
Per nostrum patimur scelus
  Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina.

CARMEN IV.

AD SESTIUM.

Veris adventu et vitæ brevitate nos ad hilaritatem invitari.

SOLVITUR acris hiems gratâ vice Veris et Favonî :
  Trahuntque siccas machinæ carinas :
Ac neque jam stabulis gaudet pecus, aut arator igni ;
  Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.
Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus, imminente Lunâ :

* Vetitum et nefas. *Cod. ant.* † Arduï. *Bentl.* et MSS.

race of man, presumptuous enough to support every thing, rushes on through forbidden wickedness.* The presumptuous son of Iapetus † by an impious ‡ fraud brought down fire into the world: After fire was *thus* stolen from the celestial mansions, consumption, and a new train of fevers, settled upon the earth; and the slow approaching necessity of death, which till now was remote, accelerated its pace. Dædalus essayed the empty air with wings not designed for men: The labour of Hercules broke through Acheron. There is nothing too arduous for mortals to attempt. We aim at Heaven itself through folly: § neither do we suffer by our wickedness Jupiter to lay aside his revengeful thunderbolts.

ODE IV.

TO SESTIUS.

He exhorts him to pleasure, on the considerations of the approach of spring, and the brevity of life.

SEVERE winter is relaxed by the agreeable vicissitude of the spring and the western breeze; and engines haul *from shore* the dry ships: And neither does the cattle any longer delight in the stalls, or the ploughman in the fire-side; nor are the meadows whitened by hoary frosts. Now Cytherean Venus leads up the dance by moon-light;

* Or if, with Hemelius and Sanad. we read, upon the authority of an ancient MS. *vetitum et nefas*—breaks through all *human* and *divine* laws. † Prometheus.

‡ Or, *unhappy*. § Alluding to the fable of the giants.

Junctæque Nymphis Gratiæ decentes
Alterno terram quatiunt pede ; dum graves Cyclopum
Vulcanus ardens urit * officinas.
Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto,
Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt solutæ.
Nunc et in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,
Seu poscat agnam, sive malit hœdum.†
Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres. O beate Sesti,
Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam :
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque Manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia : quò simul meâris,
Non regna vini sortiere talis,
Nec tenerum Lycidam mirabere, quo calet juventus
Nunc omnis, et mox virgines tepebunt.

CARMEN V.

AD PYRRHAM.

Miseros esse qui illius amore teneantur : se ex eo, tanquam è naufragio, enatâsse.

QUIS multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro ?
Cui flavam religas comam,

* Urget. *Scaliger.* † Agnâ—hœdo.

and the comely graces, in conjunction with the nymphs, shake the ground with alternate feet; while ardent Vulcan inflames the laborious forges of the Cyclops. Now it is fitting to encircle the shining head * either with verdant myrtle, or with such flowers as the relaxed earth produces. Now likewise it is fitting to sacrifice to Faunus in the shady groves, whether he demand a lamb, or is more pleased with a kid. Pale death knocks at the cottages of the poor and the palaces of kings with an impartial pace. O happy Sestius, the short sum-total of life forbids us to form remote expectations. Presently shall darkness, and the ghosts so much talked of, and the shadowy mansion of Pluto, oppress you; where, when you shall once arrive, you shall neither decide the dominion of the bottle† by dice, nor shall you admire the tender Lycidas, with whom now all the youth is inflamed, and for whom, ere long, the ladies will grow warm.

ODE V.

TO PYRRHA.

They are miserable who are captivated by her charms: as for his own part, he has escaped from them, as from a shipwreck.

WHAT dainty youth, bedewed with liquid perfumes, caresses you, Pyrrha, in some pleasant grotto, 'midst a profusion of roses? For whom do you fillet up your golden hair, unaffectedly deli-

* The same as *nitidi capilli*, shining hair, *Epis.* I. 14, 32.

† The Romans used to cast lots who should be toast-master.

Simplex munditiis ? Heu ! quoties fidem,
Mutatosque Deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ ;
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis ! Miseri, quibus
Intentata nites. Me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

CARMEN VI.

AD AGRIPPAM.

Se jocosis versibus natum, bellicis virtutibus celebrandis minime parem esse.

SCRIBERIS Vario fortis, et hostium
Victor, Mæonii carminis alite *
Quam rem cunque ferox, navibus aut equis,
Miles, te duce, gesserit.
Nos, Agrippa, neque hæc dicere, nec gravem
Pelidæ stomachum cedere nescii,
Nec cursus duplicis † per mare Ulysseï,
Nec sævam Pelopis domum,
Conamur, tenues grandia ; dum pudor,
Imbellisque lyræ Musa potens vetat

* *Æmulo.* Atterbury *et* Jones, *aliti.* Baxt. *alteri.* Markland.
† *Duplices.* al.

cate ? Alas ! how frequently shall he deplore your perfidy and the altered Gods ; and, through inexperience, be amazed at the seas, rough with blackening storms, who now, credulous, enjoys you all-precious ; who hopes you will be always disengaged, always amiable, ignorant of the faithless gale ! Wretched are those to whom you untried seem fair ! The sacred wall of *Neptune's temple* demonstrates, by a votive tablet, that I have consecrated dropping garments to the powerful God of the sea.

ODE VI.

TO AGRIPPA.

Horace's genius is fitter for amorous subjects, than to celebrate the exploits of heroes.

YOU shall be described by Varius, with *all* the flight of the Mæonian verse, as brave and a subduer of *your* enemies, whatever achievements your fierce soldiery shall have accomplished, under your command, either a shipboard, or on horseback. We humble writers, O Agrippa, neither undertake these high subjects, nor the destructive wrath of inexorable Achilles, nor the voyages of the crafty Ulysses, nor the cruel house of Pelops : while diffidence, and the Muse who presides over the peaceful lyre, forbids me

Laudes egregii Cæsaris, et tuas,
Culpâ deterere ingeni.
Quis Martem tunicâ tectum adamantina
Digne scripserit ? aut pulvere Troïco
Nigrum Merionem ? aut ope Palladis
Tydidem Superis parem ?
Nos convivia, nos prælia virginum,
Sectis in juvenes unguibus acrium,
Cantamus, vacui, sive quid urimur,
Non præter solitum leves.

CARMEN VII.

AD MUNATIUM PLANCUM.

Tiburtini secessûs amœnitatem describit. Proposito Teucri exemplo hortatur ut vino curas eluat.

LAUDABUNT alii claram Rhodon, aut Mitylenen,
Aut Ephesum, bimarisve Corinthi
Mœnia, vel Baccho Thebas, vel Apolline Delphos
Insignes, aut Thessala Tempe.
Sunt, quibus unum opus est, intactæ Palladis urbem *
Carmine perpetuo celebrare, et
Undique decerptæ frondi † præponere olivam.
Plurimus, in Junonis honorem,
Aptum dicit equis Argos, ditesque Mycenas.
Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,

* Arcos. *Bentl* † Decerptam fronti. *al.*

Let those, to whom fortune has given the Calenian vineyards, prune them with a hooked knife: and let the wealthy merchant drink, out of golden cups, the wines procured by his Syrian merchandise, favoured by the Gods themselves, for as much as without loss he visits three or four times a-year the Atlantic *sea*. Me olives support, me succories and emollient mallows. O thou son of Latona, grant me to enjoy my acquisitions, and to have my health, together with an unimpaired understanding, I beseech *thee;* and that I may not lead a dishonourable old age, nor *one* deprived of a taste for music.

ODE XXXII.

TO HIS LYRE.

Being desired to write a secular ode, Horace invokes his lyre to assist him with strains equal to the subject.

WE are *now* called upon. If in idle amusement in the shade with you, we have played any thing that may live for this year and many, come on, assist me with a *lyric* ode in Latin, my dear lyre,—first tuned *in Greek* by the Lesbian citizen *Alcæus:* who, fierce in war, yet amidst arms, or if he had made fast to the watery shore his tossed vessel, sung Bacchus and the muses, and Venus, and the boy her ever close attendant, and Lycus, lovely for his black eyes and jetty locks. O thou ornament

O decus Phœbi, et dapibus supremi
Grata testudo Jovis, ô laborum
Dulce lenimen, mihi* cunque salve
Ritè vocanti.

CARMEN XXXIII.

AD ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

Solatur eum aliorum exemplo, qui amantes non redamentur.

ALBI, ne doleas plus nimio, memor
Immitis Glyceræ, neu miserabiles
Decantes elegos, cur tibi junior
Læsâ præniteat fide.
Insignem tenui fronte Lycorida
Cyri torret amor: Cyrus in asperam
Declinat Pholoën: sed priùs Appulis
Jugentur capreæ lupis,
Quam turpi Pholoë peccet adultero.
Sic visum Veneri; cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga ahenea
Sævo mittere cum joco.
Ipsum me melior cum peteret Venus,
Gratâ detinuit compede Myrtale
Libertina, fretis acrior Adriæ
Curvantis Calabros sinus.

* Mihi, cuique, salve, *Bentl.*

of Apollo, charming shell, agreeable even at the banquets of supreme Jupiter! O thou sweet alleviator of *anxious* toils, be propitious to me, whenever I duly invoke thee.

ODE XXXIII.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

He endeavours to comfort him, by instancing others who were in love without a mutual return.

GRIEVE not too much, my Albius, thoughtful of cruel Glycera; nor chant your mournful elegies, because, having forfeited her faith, a younger man is more agreeable than you in her eyes. *Behold,* a love for Cyrus inflames *Lycoris,* distinguished for her *delicate* little forehead :* Cyrus follows the rough-spun Pholoe; but she-goats shall sooner be united to the Apulian wolves, than Pholoe shall commit a crime with a base adulterer. Such is the will of Venus, who delights in cruel sport to subject to *her* brazen yokes, persons and tempers ill-suited to each other. As for myself, the slave-born Myrtale, more untractable than the Adriatic sea, that forms the Calabrian gulfs, entangled me in a pleasing chain, *at the very time* a more eligible love courted my embraces.

* The ancients thought a small forehead a great beauty, and the ladies affected it in their dress.

CARMEN XXXIV.

Fictâ Palinodiâ Deorum providentiam prorsus evertit.

PARCUS Deorum cultor et infrequens,
Insanientis dum sapientiæ
Consultus erro; nunc retrorsum
Vela dare, atque iterare cursus
Cogor* relictos. Namque Diespiter,
Igni corusco nubila dividens
Plerumque, per purum tonantes
Egit equos volucremque currum;
Quo bruta tellus, et vaga flumina,
Quo Styx et invisi horrida Tænari
Sedes, Atlanteusque finis
Concutitur. Valet ima summis
Mutare, et † insignem attenuat Deus,
Obscura promens: hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum stridore acuto
Sustulit; hîc posuisse gaudet.

* Cogor relecfos. *Heins.* † Insignia attenuat.

ODE XXXIV.

In a pretended recantation, he absolutely overthrows the arguments in favour of the providence of the Gods.

I WAS an unfrequent and remiss worshipper of the Gods, while I professed the errors of a senseless philosophy; but now I am obliged to set sail back again, and to renew the course that I had deserted: For Jupiter, who usually cleaves the clouds* with his gleaming lightning, lately drove his thundering horses and rapid chariot through the clear serene: at which the sluggish earth, and wandering rivers, at which Styx, and the horrid seat of detested Tænarus, and the utmost boundary of Atlas, was shaken. The Deity is able to make an exchange between the highest and lowest, and diminishes the exalted, by bringing to light the obscure: rapacious fortune, with a shrill whizzing, hath borne off the plume from one head, and delights in having placed, *not fixed*, it on another.

* It was the opinion of the Epicureans, that thunder was caused by the collision of one cloud against another. But Horace, hearing thunder in a cloudless sky, gives up their doctrine.

CARMEN XXXV.

AD FORTUNAM.

Pro republicâ, Augusto, et Romanis exercitibus deprecatur.

O DIVA, gratum quæ regis Antium,
Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos;
Te pauper ambit sollicitâ prece
Ruris colonus: te dominam æquoris,
Quicunque Bithynâ lacessit
Carpathium pelagus carinâ.
Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ,
Urbesque, gentesque, et Latium ferox,
Regumque matres barbarorum, et
Purpurei metuunt tyranni:
Injurioso ne pede proruas
Stantem columnam; neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.
Te semper anteit* sæva Necessitas,
Clavos trabales et cuneos manu
Gestans ahena: nec severus
Uncus abest, liquidumque plumbum.
Te Spes, et albo rara Fides colit
Velata panno; nec comitem abnegat,
Utcunque mutatâ potentes
Veste domos inimica† linquis.
At vulgus infidum, et meretrix retro

* Serva Necessitas. † Inimica vertis. *Bentl.*

ODE XXXV.

TO FORTUNE.

He prays to her for the commonwealth, Augustus, and the Roman armies.

O GODDESS, who presidest over beautiful Antium; thou that art ready to exalt mortal man from the most abject state, or to convert superb triumphs into funerals! Thee, the poor countryman solicits with his anxious vows; and whosoever ploughs the Carpathian sea with the Bithynian vessel, importunes thee as mistress of the sea. Thee, the rough Dacian; thee, the wandering Scythians, and cities and nations, the warlike Latium also, and the mothers of barbarian kings, and tyrants clad in purple, are in dread of. Spurn not, with destructive foot, that column which now stands firm, nor let popular tumults rouse those who now rest quiet to arms,—to arms—and break the empire. Inexorable necessity always marches before you, holding in her brazen hand huge* spikes and wedges: nor is the tormenting hook absent, or the melted lead. Thee hope reverences, and fidelity rare, robed in a white garment; nor does she desert thee, howsoever in wrath thou change thy robe, and abandon the houses of the powerful. But the faithless crowd of *companions*,

* These were several instruments of punishment and death, which were sculptured in the temple of Fortune at Antium.

Perjura cedit; diffugiunt cadis
Cum fæce siccatis amici,
Ferre jugum pariter dolosi.
Serves iturum Cæsarem in ultimos
Orbis Britannos, et juvenum recens
Examen, Eois timendum
Partibus, Oceanoque rubro.
Eheu! cicatricum et sceleris pudet,
Fratrumque: quid nos dura refugimus
Ætas? quid intactum nefasti
Liquimus? unde manus juventus
Metu Deorum continuit? quibus
Pepercit aris? ô utinam novâ
Incude defingas* retusum in
Massagetas Arabasque ferrum.

CARMEN XXXVI.

AD POMPONIUM NUMID.

Pomponio Numidæ faustum ex Hispaniâ reditum gratulatur.

ET thure et fidibus juvat
Placare, et vituli sanguine debito
Custodes Numidæ Deos:
Qui nunc Hesperiâ sospes ab ultimâ,
Caris multa sodalibus,
Nulli plura tamen dividit oscula,
Quam dulci Lamiæ, memor
Actæ non alio rege puritiæ,

* Diffingas recusum.

and the perjured harlot, draws back: Friends, treacherous *in their promises* to bear equally the burden of *adversity*, when casks are exhausted, very dregs and all fly off. Preserve thou Cæsar, who is meditating an expedition against the Britons, the farthest people in the world, and also the new levy of youths to be dreaded by the eastern regions, and the Red Sea. Alas! I am ashamed of the wounds and wickedness *of the public*, and brethren *slain by brethren*. What have we, a hardened age, abhorred? What have we in our impiety left unviolated? From what has our youth restrained their hands, out of reverence to the gods? What altars have they spared? O may you forge anew our blunted swords on a different anvil against the Messagetæ and Arabians.

ODE XXXVI.

TO POMPONIUS NUMIDA.

He congratulates Pomponius Numida upon his happy return from Spain.

THIS is a joyful occasion to sacrifice with incense and music, and the votive blood of a heifer, to the gods, the guardians of Numida; who, now returning in safety from the extremest part of Spain, imparts many embraces to his beloved companions, but to none more than his dear Lamia, mindful of his childhood spent under one and the

Mutatæque simul togæ.
Cressâ ne careat pulchra dies notâ :
Neu promptæ modus amphoræ ;
Neu morem in Saliûm sit requies pedum :
Neu multi Damalis meri
Bassum Threïciâ vincat amystide :
Neu desint epulis rosæ,
Neu vivax apium, neu breve lilium.
Omnes in Damalin putres
Deponent oculos ; nec Damalis novo
Divelletur adultero,
Lascivis hederis ambitiosior.

CARMEN XXXVII.

AD SODALES.

Ob Cleopatræ mortem lætandum esse.

NUNC est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus : nunc Saliaribus
Ornare pulvinar Deorum
Tempus erat dapibus, sodales.
Antehac nefas depromere Cæcubum
Cellis avitis ; dum Capitolio
Regina dementes ruinas,
Funus et imperio parabat,

same governor, and of the * gown, which they changed at the same time. Let not this joyful day be without a † Cretan mark of distinction; let us not spare the jar at hand; nor, ‡ Salian-like, let there be any cessation of feet; nor let the toping Damalis conquer Bassus in the Thracian § Amystis; nor let there be roses wanting to the banquet, nor the ever-green parsley, nor short-lived lily. All the company will fix their dissolving eyes on Damalis; but she, more luxuriant than the wanton ivy, will not be separated from her new lover.

ODE XXXVII.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

That they ought to make a rejoicing on account of Cleopatra's death.

NOW, my companions, is the time to carouse, now to beat the ground with a light foot: now is the time that was to deck the couch of the Gods with *sumptuous* Salian dainties. Before this, it was impious to produce the *old* Cæcuban stored up by our ancestors; while the queen, with a con-

* At the beginning of the seventeenth year, the Roman youth changed the *prætexta*, or boy's gown, for the *toga virilis*, or man's gown.

† The Cretans marked their lucky days with *white*, and the reverse with *black*.

‡ Salii: priests of Mars, who made dancing a principal part of their religious worship.

§ Amystis, a large Thracian cup, which to exhaust at a breath was esteemed a piece of drunken bravery.

Contaminato cum grege turpium
Morbo virorum: quidlibet impotens
  Sperare, fortunâque dulci
  * Ebria. Sed minuit furorem
Vix una sospes navis ab ignibus:
Mentemque lymphatam Mareotico
  Redegit in veros timores
    Cæsar, ab Italia volantem
Remis adurgens, (accipiter velut
Molles columbas, aut leporem citus
  Venator in campis nivalis
    Æmoniæ,) daret ut catenis
Fatale monstrum: quæ generosiùs
Perire quærens, nec muliebriter
  Expavit ensem, nec latentes
    Classe citâ* reparavit oras.
Ausa et † jacentem visere regiam
Vultu sereno fortis, et asperas
  Tractare serpentes, ut atrum
    Corpore combiberet venenum,
Deliberatâ morte ferocior:
Sævis Liburnis scilicet invidens,
  Privata deduci superbo
    Non humilis mulier triumpho.

* Penetravit oras. *Bentl.* † Ausas et tacentem.

Neither will I pass thee by in silence, O Bacchus, bold in combat: nor thee, O virgin,* who art an enemy to the savage beasts; nor thee, O Phœbus, formidable for thy unerring dart. I will sing also of Hercules, and the *two* sons † of Leda, the one illustrious for his achievements on horseback, the other on foot; whose benign constellation, as soon as it has shone forth to the sailors, the troubled surge falls down from the rocks, the winds cease, the clouds vanish, and the threatening waves subside in the sea, because it was their will. After these, I am in doubt whom I shall first commemorate; whether Romulus, or the peaceful reign of Numa, or the haughty ensigns of Tarquinius,‡ or the glorious death of Cato. I will celebrate, out of gratitude, with the choicest verses, Regulus, and the Scauri, and Paulus, § prodigal of his great soul, when Carthage conquered, and also Fabricius.

Severe poverty, and an hereditary farm, with a dwelling adapted to it, formed this hero, useful in war, as it did also Curius, with his rough locks, and Camillus. The fame of Marcellus increases, as a tree does in the insensible progress of time. But the Julian constellation shines amidst them all, as the moon amongst the lesser stars. O thou son of Saturn, the author and preserver of the human race; the protection of Cæsar is committed to thy charge by the fates: thou shalt reign supreme, with Cæsar for thy second. Whether he

* Diana.
† Castor and Pollux.
‡ Tarquinius Priscus.
§ Æmilius Paulus.

Ille, seu Parthos Latio imminentes
Egerit justo domitos triumpho;
Sive subjectos Orientis oræ
Seras et Indos;
Te minor latum* reget æquus orbem:
Tu gravi curri quaties Olympum;
Tu parum castis inimica mittes
Fulmina lucis.

CARMEN XIII.

AD LYDIAM.

CUM tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia; væ, meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur.
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ sede manet: humor et in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quàm lentis penitus macerer ignibus.
Uror, seu tibi candidos
Turpârunt humeros immodicæ mero
Rixæ; sive puer furens
Impressit memorem dente labris notam.
Non, si me satis audias,
Speres perpetuum, dulcia barbarè
Lædentem oscula, quæ Venus
Quintâ † parte sui nectaris imbuit.
Felices ter et ampliùs,
Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis,
Supremâ citiùs solvet amor die.

* Lætum. *Bentl.* † Quantâ. *de Prado.*

shall subdue with a just victory the Parthians making inroads upon Italy, or shall render subject the Seres and Indians on the eastern coasts; he shall rule the wide world with equity, in subordination *only* to thee: thou shalt shake Olympus with thy tremendous car; thou shalt hurl thy hostile thunderbolts against the polluted groves.

ODE XIII.

TO LYDIA.

Horace describes his own jealousy.

O LYDIA, when you commend Telephus's rosy neck, and the waxen arms of Telephus; alas! my inflamed liver swells with bitter choler. At that time, neither is my mind firm, nor does my colour maintain a certain situation;* and the involuntary tears glide on my cheek, demonstrating with what lingering flames I am inwardly consumed. I am on fire, whether excessive quarrels in *your* cups have stained your fair shoulders; or whether the youth, in his fury, has impressed with his teeth a memorial *of himself* on your lips. If you will give due attention to my advice, never expect that he will be constant, who inhumanly wounds those sweet kisses, which Venus has steeped in the quintessence of her own nectar. O more than thrice happy are those whom an indissoluble connexion binds together; and whose love, undivided by impious complainings, does not separate them sooner than the day of death.

* *That is*, my reason is confused, and my colour comes and goes.

CARMEN XIV.

O NAVIS, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus? ô quid agis? fortiter occupa
  Portum. Nonne vides, ut
    Nudum remigio latus,
Et malus celeri saucius Africo,
Antennæque gemant? ac sine funibus
  Vix durare carinæ
    Possint imperiosius
Æquor? non tibi sunt integra lintea;
Non Dî, quos iterum pressa voces malo.
  Quamvis Pontica pinus,
    Silvæ filia nobilis,
Jactes et genus et nomen inutile:
Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
  Fidit. Tu, nisi ventis
    Debes ludibrium, cave.
Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,
  Interfusa nitentes
    Vites æquora Cycladas.

CARMEN XV.

Nerei vaticinium de Ruinâ Trojæ.

PASTOR cùm traheret per freta navibus
Idæis Helenam perfidus hospitam;
Ingrato celeres obruit otio
  Ventos, ut caneret fera
Nereus fata. Malâ ducis avi domum,

ODE XIV.

The Poet dissuades the Romans from reviving the civil war. The Republic is represented under the allegory of a ship.

O SHIP, shall new waves bear thee back to sea again? O what are you doing? Bravely seize the port. Do you not perceive, that your sides are destitute of oars, and your mast wounded by the violent south, and your main-yards groan, and your keel can scarce support the impetuosity of the waves, without the help of cordage? Your sails are not entire; neither have you Gods,* whom you may again invoke in your distress; notwithstanding you are made of the pines of Pontus, and, being the daughter of an illustrious wood, you boast of your race, and a fame now of no service to you. The timorous sailor has no dependence on a painted stern. Look to yourself, unless you are destined to be the sport of the winds. O thou, that wast lately my trouble and fatigue, but who now createst in me tenderness and solicitude, mayest thou escape those dangerous seas, which flow among the shining Cyclades.

ODE XV.

Nereus's prophecy of the destruction of Troy.

WHEN the perfidious shepherd (*Paris*) carried off by sea in Trojan ships his hostess Helen, Nereus suppressed the swift winds in an unpleas-

* The statues of the Gods on the poop are broken off.

Quam multo repetet Græcia milite,
Conjurata tuas rumpere nuptias,
Et regnum Priami vetus.
Eheu, quantus equis, quantus adest vir
Sudor ! quanta moves funera Dardana
Genti ! jam galeam Pallas, et ægida,
Currusque, et rabiem parat.
Nequicquam, Veneris præsidio ferox,
Pectes cæsariem, grataque fœminis
Imbelli citharâ carmina divides :
Nequicquam thalamo graves
Hastas, et calami spicula Cnossii*
Vitabis, strepitumque, et celerem sequi
Ajacem : tamen, heu ! serus adulteros
Crines pulvere collines.
Non Laërtiaden, exitium tuæ†
Gentis, non Pylium Nestora respicis ?
Urgent impavidi te Salaminius
Teucerque, et Sthenelus sciens
Pugnæ, sive opus est imperitare equis,
Non auriga piger. Merionen quoque
Nosces. Ecce furit te reperire atrox
Tydides melior patre :
Quem tu, cervus uti vallis in alterâ
Visum parte lupum, graminis immemor,
Sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,
Non hoc pollicitus tuæ.
Iracunda diem proferet Ilio,
Matronisque Phrygum, classis Achillei.
Post certas hiemes uret Achaïcus
Ignis Iliacas domos.

* Gnossii. *Bent.* † Excidium tuæ genti. *Cod. ap. Bentl.*

ing calm, that he might sing *to them their* dire fates. With unlucky omens do you convey home *that woman*, whom Greece shall demand back again with a numerous army, having entered into a confederacy to dissolve your nuptials, and the ancient kingdom of Priam. Alas! what sweat to horses, what to men, is just at hand! What a destruction are you preparing for the Trojan nation! Even now Pallas is fitting her helmet and her shield, and her chariot and her fury. In vain, looking fierce through the patronage of Venus, will you comb your hair, and run divisions upon the effeminate harp with songs pleasing *only* to women. In vain will you escape the spears that disturb the nuptial bed, and the poignance of the Cretan dart, and the din *of battle*, and Ajax swift in pursuit. Nevertheless, alas! the time will come, though late, when you shall besmear your adulterous hairs in the dust. Do you not see the son of Laërtes, fatal to your nation, and the Pylian Nestor? Salaminian Teucer, and Sthenelus skilled in fight, or, if there be occasion to manage horses, an expert charioteer, pursue you with intrepidity. Meriones also shall you experience. Behold! the gallant son of Tydeus, even a better man than his father, glows to find you out: him, as a stag flies a wolf, which he has seen on the opposite side of the vale, unmindful of his pasture, shall you effeminate fly, grievously panting: not such the promises you made your *mistress*. The fleet of the enraged Achilles shall defer for a time that day, which is to be fatal to Troy and the Trojan matrons: but after a certain number of years, Grecian fire shall consume the Trojan palaces.

CARMEN XVI.

Gratidiam Tyndaridis matrem Horatius maledicis versibus laceraverat. Offensum filiæ animum lenire aggreditur, iracundiæ impotentiam maximè causando.

O MATRE pulchrâ filia pulchrior,
Quem criminosis cunque voles modum
Pones iambis : sive flammâ,
Sive mari libet Adriano.
Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
Mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius,
Non Liber æquè, non acuta
Sic* geminant Corybantes æra,
Tristes ut iræ : quas neque Noricus
Deterret ensis, nec mare naufragum,
Nec sævus ignis, nec tremendo
Jupiter ipse ruens tumultu.
Fertur Prometheus addere principi
Limo coactus† particulam undique
Desectam, et insani leonis
Vim stomacho apposuisse nostro.
Iræ Thyesten exitio gravi
Stravêre ; et altis urbibus ultimæ
Stetêre causæ, cur perirent
Funditùs, imprimeretque muris
Hostile aratrum exercitus insolens.
Compesce mentem ; me quoque pectoris
Tentavit in dulci juventâ
Fervor, et in celeres iambos

* Si. *Bentl.*

† Coactum. *Bentl.*

ODE XVI.

Horace had lampooned Gratidia, the mother of Tyndaris. He attempts to appease her offended daughter, chiefly by alleging the ungovernableness of passion.

O DAUGHTER, more charming than thy charming mother, put what end you please to those injurious iambics; either in the flames, or, if you choose it, in the Adriatic *sea.* Neither Cybele, nor Apollo, the possessor of the priests, so shakes the breast in his inmost shrines; Bacchus does not do it equally, nor do the Corybantes so redouble their strokes on their sharp-sounding cymbals, as direful anger; which neither the Noric sword can deter, nor the shipwrecking sea, nor dreadful fire, nor Jupiter himself rushing *from above* in the tremendous tumult *of his thunder.* It is reported that Prometheus was obliged to add to that original clay, *with which he formed mankind,* some ingredient taken from every animal, and that he applied the vehemence of the raging lion to the human breast. It was rage that destroyed Thyestes with an horrible perdition; and has been the final cause, that lofty cities have been entirely demolished, and that an insolent army has drove the hostile ploughshare over their walls. Compose your mind. An ardour of soul attacked me also in blooming youth, and drove me in a rage to the writing of swift-footed iambics. *But* now I am desirous of exchanging

Misit furentem : nunc ego mitibus
Mutare quæro tristia ; dum mihi
Fias recantatis amica
Opprobriis, animumque reddas.

CARMEN XVII.

AD TYNDARIDEM.

Tyndaridi Horatius in Sabinâ villâ certum adversus Cyri proterviam offert perfugium.

VELOX amœnum sæpe Lucretilem
Mutat Lycæo Faunus, et igneam
Defendit æstatem capellis
Usque meis, pluviosque ventos.
Impunè tutum per nemus arbutos
Quærunt latentes et thyma deviæ
Olentis uxores mariti :
Nec virides metuunt colubras,*
Nec Martiales hœdilia lupos ;
Utcunque dulci, Tyndari, fistulâ
Valles, et Usticæ cubantis
Lævia personuêre saxa.
Dî me tuentur : Dîs pietas mea
Et musa cordi est. Hîc tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.
Hîc in reducta valle, Caniculæ
Vitabis æstus, et fide Teïâ
Dicest laborantes in uno
Penelopen, vitreamque Circen.

* Colubros. † Disces.

severity for good nature, provided you will become my friend, after my having recanted my ill language, and restore me your affections.

ODE XVII.

TO TYNDARIS.

Horace invites Tyndaris to a safe retreat from the audaciousness of Cyrus in his Sabine villa.

THE nimble Faunus often exchanges the Lycæan mountain for the pleasant Lucretilis, and always defends my she-goats from the scorching summer, and the rainy winds. The wandering wives* of the unsavoury husband seek the hidden strawberry trees and thyme with security through the dangerless grove: nor do the kids dread the green lizards, or the martial wolves; whenever, *my* Tyndaris, the vales and the smooth rocks of the sloping Ustica, have resounded with his melodious pipe. The Gods are my protectors. My piety and my muse are agreeable to the Gods. Here plenty, rich with rural honours, shall flow to you, with her generous horn filled to the brim. Here, in a sequestered vale, shall you avoid the heat of the dog-star; and on your Anacreontic harp shall you sing of Penelope and the frail Circe, striving for one lover: here shall you quaff, under a shade, cups

* She-goats.

Hîc innocentis pocula Lesbii
Duces sub umbra : nec Semeleïus
Cum Marte confundet Thyoneus
Prælia : nec metues protervum
Suspecta Cyrum, nec malè dispari
Incontinentes injiciat manus,
Et scindat hærentem coronam
Crinibus, immeritamque vestem.

CARMEN XVIII.

AD VARUM.

Miseram esse abstemiorum vitam, ebriosorum miseriorem.

NULLAM, Vare, sacrâ vite priùs severis arborem
Circa mite solum Tiburis, et mœnia Catili :
Siccis omnia nam dura Deus proposuit : neque
Mordaces aliter diffugiunt solicitudines.
Quis post vina gravem militiam, aut paupertem
crepat ?*
Quis non te potiùs, Bacche pater, teque, decens
Venus ?
At, ne quis modici transiliat munera Liberi,
Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero
Debellata ; monet Sithoniis non levis Evius,
Cùm fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
Discernunt avidi. Non ego te, candite Bassareu,
Invitum quatiam ; nec variis obsita frondibus
Sub divum rapiam. Sæva tene cum Berecynthio

* Increpat.

of unintoxicating Lesbian. Nor shall the raging son of Semele enter the combat with Mars; and unsuspected you shall not fear the insolent Cyrus, lest he should lay his intemperate hands on you, who are by no means a match for him; and should cut the chaplet that is plaited in your hair, and your inoffensive garment.

ODE XVIII.

TO VARUS.

That miserable is the life of milk-sops, but more so that of drunkards.

O VARUS, you can plant no tree preferably to the vine, about the mellow soil of Tibur, and the walls of Catilus. For God hath rendered every thing cross to the sober: nor do biting cares disperse any otherwise, *than by the use of wine.* Who, after drinking, ever complains of the hardships of war or poverty? Who does not rather *celebrate* thee, father Bacchus, and thee, O lovely Venus? Nevertheless, the battle of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ, which was fought in their cups, admonishes us not to exceed a moderate use of the gifts of Bacchus. And Bacchus himself admonishes us in his severity to the Thracians, when, greedy to satisfy their lusts, they make little distinction between right and wrong. O candid Bacchus, I will not rouse thee against thy will, nor will I bring abroad thy *mysteries which are* covered with various leaves. Cease your direful cym-

Cornu tympana, quæ subsequitur cæcus amor sui,
Et tollens vacuum plus nimio gloria verticem,
Arcanique fides prodiga, perlucidior vitro.

CARMEN XIX.

DE GLYCERA.

Se illius amore uri.

MATER sæva Cupidinum,
Thebanæque jubet me Semeles puer,
Et lasciva licentia
Finitis animum reddere amoribus.
Urit me Glyceræ nitor,
Splendentis Pario marmore puriùs :
Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.
In me tota ruens Venus
Cyprum deseruit ; nec patitur Scythas,
Et versis animosum equis
Parthum dicere, nec quæ nihil attinent.
Hîc vivum mihi cespitem, hîc
Verbenas, pueri, ponite, thuraque
Bimi cum paterâ meri :
Mactatâ veniet lenior hostiâ.

bals, together with your Phrygian horn, whose followers, are blind self-love, and arrogance, holding up too high her empty head, and that sort of faith which is communicative of secrets, *and is* more transparent than glass.

ODE XIX.

OF GLYCERA.

That he was inflamed with the love of her.

THE cruel mother of the Cupids, and the son of the Theban Semele, and *my own* lascivious ease, command me to give back my mind to its deserted loves. The splendour of Glycera, shining brighter than the Parian marble, inflames me: her agreeable petulancy, and her countenance, too unsteady to be beheld, inflame me. Venus, attacking me with her whole force, has quitted Cyprus; nor suffers me to sing of the Scythians, and the Parthian, furious when his horse is turned for flight, nor any subject which is not to my present purpose. Here, slaves, place me a live turf; here, place me the vervains and frankincense, with a flagon of two year old wine. *Glycera* will approach more propitious, after I have sacrificed a victim.

CARMEN XX.

AD MÆCENATEM.

Mæcenati, qui se Horatio convivum obtulerat, innuit poeta deteriore illum vino excipiendum, nisi domo generosum attulerit.

VILE potabis modicis Sabinum
Cantharis, Græcâ quod ego ipse testâ
Conditum levi, datus in theatro
Cùm tibi plausus,
Care Mæcenas eques : ut paterni
Fluminis ripæ, simul et jocosa
Redderet laudes tibi Vaticani
Montis imago.*
Cæcubum, et prælo domitam Caleno
Tu bibes uvam : mea nec Falernæ
Temperant vites, neque Formiani
Pocula colles.

CARMEN XXI.

IN DIANAM ET APOLLINEM.

DIANAM teneræ dicite virgines :
Intonsum, pueri, dicite Cynthium,
Latonamque supremo
Dilectam penitùs Jovi.

* *Subintellige*, vocis.

ODE XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

The poet intimates to Mæcenas, who had offered himself to be his guest, that he should only treat him with common wine, unless he himself brought better along with him.

MY dear knight Mæcenas, you shall drink *at my house* the ignoble Sabine *wine* in sober cups, which I myself sealed up, in a Grecian cask, stored at that time, when so great an applause was given you in the amphitheatre, that the banks of your family river, together with the cheerful echo of the Vatican mountain, returned your praises. You, *when you are at home*, will drink the Cecuban, and the *juice of that* grape which is squeezed in the Calenian press: for neither the Falernian vines, nor the Formian hills, season my cups.

ODE XXI.

ON DIANA AND APOLLO.

Ye tender virgins, sing Diana; ye boys, sing Apollo, with his unshorn hair, and Latona, passionately beloved by the supreme Jupiter. Ye

Vos lætam fluviis, et nemorum comâ,
Quæcunque aut gelido prominet Algido,
Nigris aut Erymanthi
Silvis, aut viridis Cragi.
Vos Tempe totidem tollite laudibus,
Natalemque, mares, Delon Apollinis,
Insignemque pharetrâ,
Fraternâque humerum lyrâ.
Hic bellum lachrymosum, hic miseram famem,
Pestemque, à populo, et principe Cæsare, in
Persas atque Britannos,
Vestrâ motus aget prece.

CARMEN XXII.

AD ARISTIUM FUSCUM.

Se probitatis conscientiâ et Lalages patrocinio munitum nihil usquam timere.

INTEGER vitæ, scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis, neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,
Fusce, pharetrâ.
Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.
Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor * expeditus,
Fugit inermem.

* Expeditis.

(*virgins*) praise her that rejoices in the rivers, and the thick groves, which project either from the cold Algidos, or the gloomy woods of Erymanthus, or the green Cragus. Ye boys, extol with equal praises Tempe and Apollo's Delos, and his shoulder adorned with a quiver, and his brother Mercury's lyre. He, prevailed upon by your intercession, shall drive away calamitous war, and miserable famine, and the plague, from the Roman people, and their sovereign Cæsar, to the Persians and the Britons.

ODE XXII.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

That through the protection of conscious innocence, and Lalage's favour, he never feared any thing.

THE man of perfect life, and pure from wickedness, O Fuscus, has no occasion for the Moorish javelins nor bow, nor the quiver, loaded with poisoned darts, whether he is about to make his journey through the sultry Syrtes, or the inhospitable Caucasus, or those places which Hydaspes, celebrated in story, washes. For lately, as I was singing my Lalage, and wandered beyond my *usual* bounds, devoid of care, a wolf in the Sabine wood fled from me, though I was unarmed: Such a monster, as neither the warlike Apulia nourish-

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis * alit esculetis ;
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.
Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ ;
Quod latus mundi nebulæ malusque
Jupiter urget :
Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata ;
Dulcè ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

CARMEN XXIII.

AD CHLOEN.

Non esse jam quòd viriles complexus, viro matura, extimescat.

VITAS hinnuleo me similis, Chloë,
Quærenti pavidam montibus aviis
Matrem, non sine vano
Aurarum et silïæ metu.
Nam, seu mobilibus veris† inhorruit
Adventus foliis, seu virides rubum
Dimovêre lacertæ,
Et corde et genibus tremit.
Atqui non ego te, tigris ut aspera,
Gætulusve leo, frangere persequor.
Tandem desine matrem
Tempestiva sequi viro.

* Daunias latis. Daunius latis. *Cunn.* † Vepris.

es in its extensive woods, nor the land of Juba, the dry nurse of lions, produces. Place me in those barren plains, where no tree is refreshed by the genial air; at that part of the world, which clouds and an inclement atmosphere infest; place me under the chariot of the sun too near, in a land deprived of habitations; *there* will I love my sweetly-smiling, sweetly-speaking Lalage.

ODE XXIII.

TO CHLOE.

That being now marriageable, she had no reason to be frightened at the sight of a man.

YOU shun me, my Chloe, like a fawn that is seeking its timorous mother in the pathless mountains, not without a vain dread of the breezes and the thickets: for she trembles both in her heart and knees, whether the arrival of the spring hath become terrible to her by its rustling leaves, or the green lizards have stirred the bush. But I do not follow you, like a savage tigress, or a Gætulian lion, to tear you to pieces. Therefore quit your mother, now you are mature for a husband.

CARMEN XXIV.

AD VIRGILIUM.

Monet ut Quintilii mortem æquo animo ferat.

QUIS desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam cari capitis ? præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
  Vocem cum citharâ dedit.
Ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor
Urget ? cui Pudor, et Justitiæ soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
  Quando ullum inveniet parem ?
Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit :
Nulli flebilior, quàm tibi, Virgili.
Tu * frustra pius, heu ! non ita creditum,
  Poscis Quintilium Deos.
Quòd † si Threïcio blandiùs Orpheo
Auditam moderere arboribus fidem ;
Non ‡ vanæ redeat sanguis imagini,
  Quam virgâ semel horridâ,
Non lenis precibus fata recludere,
Nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi.
Durum : sed levius fit patientia,
  Quicquid corrigere est nefas.

* Sed. † Quid. ‡ Num

ODE XXIV.

TO VIRGIL.

He admonishes him to bear with patience the death of Quintilius.

WHAT shame or bound can there be to our affection for so dear a person? O Melpomene, to whom your father has given a melting voice, and the harp, teach me the mournful strains. Does then a perpetual sleep oppress Quintilius! To whom when will modesty, and uncorrupt faith, the sister of justice, and undisguised truth, find any equal? He died lamented by many good men, but more lamented by none than you, O Virgil. You, *though* pious, alas! in vain demand Quintilius back from the Gods, who did not lend him to us on such terms. What though you could strike the lyre, listened to by the trees, with more sweetness than the Thracian Orpheus, yet the blood can never return to the empty shade, which Mercury, inexorable to reverse the fates, has, with his dreadful Caduceus, once driven to the gloomy throng. This is hard: but every thing becomes more supportable by patience, which it is out of our power to amend.

CARMEN XXV.

AD LYDIAM.

Insultat ei, quòd, jam vetula, vicissim à juvenibus contemnatur.

PARCIUS junctas quatiunt fenestras
Ictibus* crebris juvenes protervi :
Nec tibi somnos adimunt : amatque
Janua limen,
Quæ priùs multùm faciles movebat
Cardines. Audis minùs et minùs jam :
" Me tuo longas pereunte noctes,†
" Lydia, dormis ?"
Invicem mœchos anus arrogantes
Flebis, in solo levis angiportu,
Thracio bacchante‡ magis sub inter-
lunia vento :
Cùm tibi flagrans amor, et libido,
Quæ solet matres furiare equorum,
Sæviet circa jecur ulcerosum ;
Non sine questu,
Læta quòd pubes hederâ virenti
Gaudeat, pullâ magis atque myrto ;
Aridas frondes, hiemis sodali,
Dedicet Hebro.§

* Jactibus. † Longam pereunte noctem. *Bentl.*
‡ Bacchata. *Bentl.* § Euro. *Bentl.* Igni. *Anon.*

ODE XXV.

TO LYDIA.

He takes occasion to insult her for her former haughtiness, and tells her, that she is now grown old, and, in return for her former insolence, forsaken by all the young men.

THE wanton sparks less violently shake your fastened windows with their redoubled raps; nor do they rob you of your rest: and your door, which formerly moved much *its* yielding hinges, *now* sticks lovingly to its threshold. Less and less do you now hear *this serenade*, "My Lydia, do you "sleep the live-long night, while I your lover am "dying?" Now you are an old woman, it will be your turn to bewail the insolence of rakes, when you are neglected in a lonely alley, while the Thracian wind rages at the Interlunium:* when that hot desire and lust, which is wont to render furious the dams of horses, shall rage about your ulcerous liver, not without complaint that sprightly youth rejoice rather in the verdant ivy and growing myrtle, and dedicate sapless leaves to Hebrus, the companion of winter.

* The intermediate space between new and full moon.

CARMEN XXVI.

Se, omni curâ solutum ac metu, Lamiæ laudes adornare.

MUSIS amicus, tristitiam et metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis: quis sub Arcto
Rex gelidæ metuatur oræ,
Quid Tiridaten terreat, unice
Securus. O quæ fontibus integris
Gaudes, apricos necte flores,
Necte meo Lamiæ coronam,
Pimplea dulcis:* nil sine te mei
Possunt† honores. Hunc fidibus novis,
Hunc Lesbio sacrare plectro
Teque, tuasque decet sorores.

CARMEN XXVII.

AD SODALES.

Rixas inter convivia prorsus intempestivas esse.

NATIS in usum lætitiæ scyphis
Pugnare Thracum est. Tollite barbarum
Morem, verecundumque Bacchum‡
Sanguineis prohibite rixis.
Vino et Lucernis Medus acinaces
Immanè quantùm discrepat! impium
Lenite clamorem, sodales,
Et cubito remanete presso.

* Pimplei dulcis. *Bentl. Cunn.* † Prosunt.
‡ Inverecundumque Bacchum. *Bentl.* Verecundique. *Cunn.*

ODE XXVI.

That free from all care and anxiety, he celebrates the praises of Lamia.

A FRIEND to the Muses, I will deliver up grief and fears to the wanton winds, to waft into the Cretan sea; being singularly careless, what king of a frozen region is dreaded under the pole, or what may give apprehensions to Tiridates. O sweet Muse, who art delighted with pure fountains, weave together the sunny flowers, weave a chaplet for my Lamia. Without thee my praises profit nothing. To render him immortal by new strains, to render him immortal by the Lesbian lyre, becomes both you and your sisters.

ODE XXVII.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

That it is perfectly unseasonable to wrangle over their liquor.

TO quarrel in your cups, which were made for joyous purposes, is downright Thracian. Away with the barbarous custom, and protect modest Bacchus from bloody frays. How immensely disagreeable to wine and candles is the sabre of the Medes! O my companions, repress your horrible vociferations, and rest quietly on bended elbow.

Vultis severi me quoque sumere
Partem Falerni? dicat Opuntiæ
Frater Megillæ, quo beatus
Vulnere, quâ pereat sagittâ.
Cessat voluntas? non aliâ bibam
Mercede. Quæ te cunque domat Venus,
Non erubescendis adurit
Ignibus, ingenuoque semper
Amore peccas: quicquid habes, age,
Depone tutis auribus.—Ah miser,
Quantâ laboras in Charybdi!
Digne puer meliore flammâ.
Quæ saga, quis te solvere Thessalis
Magus venenis, quis poterit Deus?
Vix illigatum te triformi
Pegasus expediet Chimærâ.

CARMEN XXVIII.

Instituto nautam inter et Archytæ umbram dialogo, Pythagoreorum hæresin insectatur, et sepulturæ curam commendat.

TE maris et terræ, numeroque carentis arenæ
Mensorem cohibent, Archyta,
Pulveris exigui prope littus parva Matinum
Munera: nec quidquam tibi prodest
Aërias tentâsse domos, animoque rotundum
Percurrisse polum, morituro.
Occidit et Pelopis genitor, conviva Deorum,
Tithonusque remotus in auras,
Et Jovis arcanis Minos admissus; habentque

Would you have me also take my share of stout Falernian? Let the brother of Opuntian Megilla then declare, with what wound he is happy, with what dart he is dying.—What, do you refuse?—I will not drink upon any other condition. Whatever kind of passion rules you, it scorches you with flames you need not be ashamed of, and you always go a raking after an ingenuous love. Come on; whatever is your case, trust it to faithful ears. Ah, unhappy! in how great a Charybdis are you struggling, a youth worthy of a better flame! What witch, what magician with his Thessalian incantations, what deity can free you? Pegasus himself will scarce deliver you, so entangled, from this threefold chimera.

ODE XXVIII.

Under the form of a dialogue between a sailor and the ghost of Archytas, he ridicules the opinion of the Pythagoreans, and recommends the care of the burial of the dead.

THE *want of* the small present of a little sand near the Matinian shore confines thee, O Archytas, the surveyor of sea and earth, and the innumerable sand: nor is it of any advantage to you, a mere mortal, to have explored the celestial regions, and to have traversed the round world in your comprehensive imagination. Thus also did the father of Pelops, the guest of the Gods, die; and Tithonus likewise was translated to the skies, and Minos, *though* admitted to the secrets of Jupiter;

Tartara Panthoïden, iterum Orco
Demissum; quamvis clypeo Trojana refixo
Tempora testatus, nihil ultra
Nervos atque cutem morti concesserat atræ;
Judice te, non sordidus auctor
Naturæ verique. Sed omnes una manet nox,
Et calcanda semel via lethi.
Dant alios Furiæ torvo spectacula Marti:
Exitio est avidis* mare nautis:
Mista senum ac juvenum densantur funera: nullum
Sæva caput Proserpina fugit,
Me quoque devexi rapidus comes Orionis,
Illyricis Notus obruit undis.
At tu, nauta, vagæ ne parce malignus arenæ
Ossibus et capiti inhumato
Particulam dare. Sic, quodcunque minabitur Eurus
Fluctibus Hesperiis, Venusinæ
Plectantur silvæ, te sospite: multaque merces,
Unde potest, tibi defluat æquo
Ab Jove Neptunoque sacri custode Tarenti.
Negligis immeritis nocituram
Postmodo te natis fraudem committere forsan.
Debita jura vicesque superbæ†
Te maneant ipsum. Precibus non linquar inultis;
Teque piacula nulla resolvent.
Quanquam festinas, non est mora longa, licebit
Injecto ter pulvere, curras.

* Avidum. † Vicesque superbè. *Passeratius.*

and the Tartarean regions are possessed of the son of Panthous,* once more sent down to the receptacle of the dead, notwithstanding, having retaken his shield from *the temple*, he gave evidence of the Trojan times, and that he had given up to gloomy death nothing but his nerves and skin; and *he is* no inconsiderable judge of truth and nature in your opinion. But one night awaits all, and the road of death must once be travelled. The furies give up some to the sport of horrible Mars: the sea is destructive to the avaricious sailors: the mingled funerals of young and old are crowded together: not one single person does the cruel Proserpine pass by. The south wind, the tempestuous attendant on the setting Orion, has sunk me also in the Illyrian waves. But do not thou, O sailor, malignantly grudge to give a portion of loose sand to my bones and unburied head. So whatever the east *wind* shall threaten to the Italian sea, let the Venusinian woods suffer, while you are in safety; and may a manifold profit, from whatever port it may, come to you by favouring Jove, and Neptune, the defender of the consecrated Tarentum. But if you by chance make light of committing a crime, which will be hurtful to your innocent posterity, just laws and contemptuous treatment await you in your turn. I shall not be deserted with fruitless prayers; and no expiations shall atone for you. Though you are in a hurry, you need not tarry long; after having three times sprinkled the dust over me, you may proceed.

* Pythagoras.

CARMEN XXIX.

AD ICCIUM.

Juvenem è philosopho militem factum irridet.

ICCI, beatis nunc Arabum invides
Gazis, et acrem militiam paras
Non antè devictis Sabææ
Regibus; horribilique Medo
Nectis catenas. Quæ tibi virginum,
Sponso necato, barbara serviet?
Puer quis ex aulâ capillis
Ad cyathum statuetur unctis,
Doctus sagittas tendere Sericas
Arcu paterno? Quis neget arduis
Pronos relabi posse rivos
Montibus, et Tiberim reverti:
Cùm tu coëmtos undique nobiles
Libros Panætî, Socraticam et domum
Mutare loricis Iberis,
Pollicitus meliora, tendis?*

* Pollicitus meliora, tendis.

ODE XXIX.

TO ICCIUS.

He banters the young man for leaving his study of philosophy to become a soldier.

O ICCIUS, you now covet the opulent treasures of the Arabians, and are making vigorous preparations for a war against the kings of Saba, hitherto unconquered, and are forming chains for the formidable Mede. What barbarian virgin shall be your slave, after you have killed her betrothed husband? What boy from the court shall be made your cupbearer with his perfumed locks, skilled to direct the Serican arrows with his father's bow? Who will now deny that it is possible for precipitate rivers to flow back again to the high mountains, and for Tiber to change his course, since you are about to exchange the noble works of Panætius, collected from all parts, together with the whole Socratic family, for Iberian armour, after you had given us hopes of better things.

CARMEN XXX.

AD VENEREM.

Rogat Venerem Horatius ut domestico Glyceræ sacrificio intersit.

O VENUS, regina Cnidi Paphique,
Sperne dilectam Cypron, et vocantis
Thure te multo Glyceræ decoram
Transfer in ædem.
Fervidus tecum Puer, et solutis
Gratiæ zonis, properentque Nymphæ,
Et parum comis sine te Juventas,
Mercuriusque.

CARMEN XXXI.

AD APOLLINEM.

Corporis animique sanitatem cum poëseos studio conjunctam, cæteris vitæ bonis antecellere.

QUID dedicatum poscit Apollinem
Vates? quid orat, de patera novum
Fundens liquorem? non opimas
Sardiniæ segetes feracis;
Non æstuosæ grata Calabriæ
Armenta; non aurum, aut ebur Indicum;
Non rura, quæ Liris quietâ
Mordet aquâ, taciturnus amnis.

ODE XXX.

TO VENUS.

Horace invokes Venus to be present at Glycera's private sacrifice.

O VENUS, queen of Cnidos and Paphos, neglect your favourite Cyprus, and transport yourself into the beautiful temple of Glycera, who is invoking you with abundance of frankincense. Let your fervid son hasten along with you, and the Graces, with their zones loosed, and the Nymphs, and Youth disagreeable without you, and Mercury.

ODE XXXI.

TO APOLLO.

That a sound state of body and mind, together with a taste for poetry, exceeds all other blessings of life.

WHAT does the poet beg from the consecrated *shrine* of Phœbus? What does he pray for, while he pours from the flagon the first libation *of wine*? Not the rich crops of fertile Sardinia: not the goodly flocks of the scorched Calabria: not gold, or Indian ivory: not those countries, which the still river Liris eats away with its silent streams.

Premant* Calenâ falce, quibus dedit
Fortuna, vitem : dives† et aureis
Mercator exsiccet cululis
Vina Syrâ reparata merce,
Dîs carus ipsis : quippe ter et quater
Anno revisens æquor Atlanticum
Impunè. Me pascunt olivæ,
Me cichorea, levesque malvæ.
Frui paratis et valido mihi,
Latoë, dones ; et, precor, integrâ
Cum mente, nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec citharâ carentem.

CARMEN XXXII.

AD LYRAM.

Rogatus seculare carmen scribere, lyram suam precatur Horatius ut cantus argumento pares sibi suggerat.

POSCIMUS.‡ Si quid vacui sub umbrâ
Lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
Vivat, et plures ; age, dic Latinum,
Barbite, carmen,
Lesbio primùm modulate civi :
Qui ferox bello, tamen inter arma,
Sive jactatam religârat udo
Littore navim ;
Liberum et Musas, Veneremque, et illi
Semper hærentem puerum canebat,
Et Lycum nigris oculis nigroque
Crine decorum.

* Premant Calenâ. *Bentl.* Dives ut aureis.
† Poscimur—vacui sub antro.

Let those, to whom fortune has given the Calenian vineyards, prune them with a hooked knife: and let the wealthy merchant drink, out of golden cups, the wines procured by his Syrian merchandise, favoured by the Gods themselves, for as much as without loss he visits three or four times a-year the Atlantic *sea.* Me olives support, me succories and emollient mallows. O thou son of Latona, grant me to enjoy my acquisitions, and to have my health, together with an unimpaired understanding, I beseech *thee;* and that I may not lead a dishonourable old age, nor *one* deprived of a taste for music.

ODE XXXII.

TO HIS LYRE.

Being desired to write a secular ode, Horace invokes his lyre to assist him with strains equal to the subject.

WE are *now* called upon. If in idle amusement in the shade with you, we have played any thing that may live for this year and many, come on, assist me with a *lyric* ode in Latin, my dear lyre,—first tuned *in Greek* by the Lesbian citizen *Alcæus:* who, fierce in war, yet amidst arms, or if he had made fast to the watery shore his tossed vessel, sung Bacchus and the muses, and Venus, and the boy her ever close attendant, and Lycus, lovely for his black eyes and jetty locks. O thou ornament

O decus Phœbi, et dapibus supremi
Grata testudo Jovis, ô laborum
Dulce lenimen, mihi* cunque salve
Ritè vocanti.

CARMEN XXXIII.

AD ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

Solatur eum aliorum exemplo, qui amantes non redamentur.

ALBI, ne doleas plus nimio, memor
Immitis Glyceræ, neu miserabiles
Decantes elegos, cur tibi junior
Læsâ præniteat fide.
Insignem tenui fronte Lycorida
Cyri torret amor: Cyrus in asperam
Declinat Pholoën: sed priùs Appulis
Jugentur capreæ lupis,
Quam turpi Pholoë peccet adultero.
Sic visum Veneri; cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga ahenea
Sævo mittere cum joco.
Ipsum me melior cum peteret Venus,
Gratâ detinuit compede Myrtale
Libertina, fretis acrior Adriæ
Curvantis Calabros sinus.

* Mihi, cuique, salve, *Bentl.*

of Apollo, charming shell, agreeable even at the banquets of supreme Jupiter! O thou sweet alleviator of *anxious* toils, be propitious to me, whenever I duly invoke thee.

ODE XXXIII.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

He endeavours to comfort him, by instancing others who were in love without a mutual return.

GRIEVE not too much, my Albius, thoughtful of cruel Glycera; nor chant your mournful elegies, because, having forfeited her faith, a younger man is more agreeable than you in her eyes. *Behold,* a love for Cyrus inflames *Lycoris,* distinguished for her *delicate* little forehead :* Cyrus follows the rough-spun Pholoe; but she-goats shall sooner be united to the Apulian wolves, than Pholoe shall commit a crime with a base adulterer. Such is the will of Venus, who delights in cruel sport to subject to *her* brazen yokes, persons and tempers ill-suited to each other. As for myself, the slave-born Myrtale, more untractable than the Adriatic sea, that forms the Calabrian gulfs, entangled me in a pleasing chain, *at the very time* a more eligible love courted my embraces.

* The ancients thought a small forehead a great beauty, and the ladies affected it in their dress.

CARMEN XXXIV.

Fictâ Palinodiâ Deorum providentiam prorsus evertit.

PARCUS Deorum cultor et infrequens,
Insanientis dum sapientiæ
  Consultus erro; nunc retrorsum
    Vela dare, atque iterare cursus
Cogor* relictos. Namque Diespiter,
Igni corusco nubila dividens
  Plerumque, per purum tonantes
    Egit equos volucremque currum;
Quo bruta tellus, et vaga flumina,
Quo Styx, et invisi horrida Tænari
  Sedes, Atlanteusque finis
    Concutitur. Valet ima summis
Mutare, et † insignem attenuat Deus,
Obscura promens: hinc apicem rapax
  Fortuna cum stridore acuto
    Sustulit; hîc posuisse gaudet.

* Cogor relectos. *Heins.* † Insignia attenuat.

ODE XXXIV.

In a pretended recantation, he absolutely overthrows the arguments in favour of the providence of the Gods.

I WAS an unfrequent and remiss worshipper of the Gods, while I professed the errors of a senseless philosophy; but now I am obliged to set sail back again, and to renew the course that I had deserted: For Jupiter, who usually cleaves the clouds* with his gleaming lightning, lately drove his thundering horses and rapid chariot through the clear serene: at which the sluggish earth, and wandering rivers, at which Styx, and the horrid seat of detested Tænarus, and the utmost boundary of Atlas, was shaken. The Deity is able to make an exchange between the highest and lowest, and diminishes the exalted, by bringing to light the obscure: rapacious fortune, with a shrill whizzing, hath borne off the plume from one head, and delights in having placed, *not fixed*, it on another.

* It was the opinion of the Epicureans, that thunder was caused by the collision of one cloud against another. But Horace, hearing thunder in a cloudless sky, gives up their doctrine.

CARMEN XXXV.

AD FORTUNAM.

Pro republicâ, Augusto, et Romanis exercitibus deprecatur.

O DIVA, gratum quæ regis Antium,
Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos:
Te pauper ambit sollicitâ prece
Ruris colonus: te dominam æquoris,
Quicunque Bithynâ lacessit
Carpathium pelagus carinâ.
Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ,
Urbesque, gentesque, et Latium ferox,
Regumque matres barbarorum, et
Purpurei metuunt tyranni:
Injurioso ne pede proruas
Stantem columnam; neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.
Te semper anteit* sæva Necessitas,
Clavos trabales et cuneos manu
Gestans ahena: nec severus
Uncus abest, liquidumque plumbum.
Te Spes, et albo rara Fides colit
Velata panno; nec comitem abnegat,
Utcunque mutatâ potentes
Veste domos inimicat linquis.
At vulgus infidum, et meretrix retro

* Serva Necessitas. † Inimica vertis. *Bentl.*

ODE XXXV.

TO FORTUNE.

He prays to her for the commonwealth, Augustus, and the Roman armies.

O GODDESS, who presidest over beautiful Antium; thou that art ready to exalt mortal man from the most abject state, or to convert superb triumphs into funerals! Thee, the poor countryman solicits with his anxious vows; and whosoever ploughs the Carpathian sea with the Bithynian vessel, importunes thee as mistress of the sea. Thee, the rough Dacian; thee, the wandering Scythians, and cities and nations, the warlike Latium also, and the mothers of barbarian kings, and tyrants clad in purple, are in dread of. Spurn not, with destructive foot, that column which now stands firm, nor let popular tumults rouse those who now rest quiet to arms,—to arms—and break the empire. Inexorable necessity always marches before you, holding in her brazen hand huge* spikes and wedges: nor is the tormenting hook absent, or the melted lead. Thee hope reverences, and fidelity rare, robed in a white garment; nor does she desert thee, howsoever in wrath thou change thy robe, and abandon the houses of the powerful. But the faithless crowd of *companions*,

* These were several instruments of punishment and death, which were sculptured in the temple of Fortune at Antium.

Perjura cedit; diffugiunt cadis
Cum fæce siccatis amici,
Ferre jugum pariter dolosi.
Serves iturum Cæsarem in ultimos
Orbis Britannos, et juvenum recens
Examen, Eois timendum
Partibus, Oceanoque rubro.
Eheu! cicatricum et sceleris pudet,
Fratrumque: quid nos dura refugimus
Ætas? quid intactum nefasti
Liquimus? unde manus juventus
Metu Deorum continuit? quibus
Pepercit aris? ô utinam novâ
Incude defingas* retusum in
Massagetas Arabasque ferrum.

CARMEN XXXVI.

AD POMPONIUM NUMIDAM

Pomponio Numidæ faustum ex Hispaniâ reditum gratulatur.

ET thure et fidibus juvat
Placare, et vituli sanguine debito
Custodes Numidæ Deos:
Qui nunc Hesperiâ sospes ab ultimâ,
Caris multa sodalibus,
Nulli plura tamen dividit oscula,
Quam dulci Lamiæ, memor
Actæ non alio rege puritiæ,

* Diffingas recusum.

and the perjured harlot, draws back: Friends, treacherous *in their promises* to bear equally the burden of *adversity*, when casks are exhausted, very dregs and all, fly off. Preserve thou Cæsar, who is meditating an expedition against the Britons, the farthest people in the world, and also the new levy of youths to be dreaded by the eastern regions, and the Red Sea. Alas! I am ashamed of the wounds and wickedness *of the public*, and brethren *slain by brethren*. What have we, a hardened age, abhorred? What have we in our impiety left unviolated? From what has our youth restrained their hands, out of reverence to the gods? What altars have they spared? O may you forge anew our blunted swords on a different anvil against the Messagetæ and Arabians.

ODE XXXVI.

TO POMPONIUS NUMIDA.

He congratulates Pomponius Numida upon his happy return from Spain.

THIS is a joyful occasion to sacrifice with incense and music, and the votive blood of a heifer, to the gods, the guardians of Numida; who, now returning in safety from the extremest part of Spain, imparts many embraces to his beloved companions, but to none more than his dear Lamia, mindful of his childhood spent under one and the

Mutatæque simul togæ.
Cressâ ne careat pulchra dies notâ :
Neu promptæ modus amphoræ ;
Neu morem in Saliûm sit requies pedum :
Neu multi Damalis meri
Bassum Threïciâ vincat amystide :
Neu desint epulis rosæ,
Neu vivax apium, neu breve lilium.
Omnes in Damalin putres
Deponent oculos ; nec Damalis novo
Divelletur adultero,
Lascivis hederis ambitiosior.

CARMEN XXXVII.

AD SODALES.

Ob Cleopatræ mortem lætandum esse.

NUNC est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus : nunc Saliaribus
Ornare pulvinar Deorum
Tempus erat dapibus, sodales.
Antehac nefas depromere Cæcubum
Cellis avitis ; dum Capitolio
Regina dementes ruinas,
Funus et imperio parabat,

same governor, and of the * gown, which they changed at the same time. Let not this joyful day be without a † Cretan mark of distinction; let us not spare the jar at hand; nor, ‡ Salian-like, let there be any cessation of feet; nor let the toping Damalis conquer Bassus in the Thracian § Amystis; nor let there be roses wanting to the banquet, nor the ever-green parsley, nor short-lived lily. All the company will fix their dissolving eyes on Damalis; but she, more luxuriant than the wanton ivy, will not be separated from her new lover.

ODE XXXVII.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

That they ought to make a rejoicing on account of Cleopatra's death.

NOW, my companions, is the time to carouse, now to beat the ground with a light foot: now is the time that was to deck the couch of the Gods with *sumptuous* Salian dainties. Before this, it was impious to produce the *old* Cæcuban stored up by our ancestors; while the queen, with a con-

* At the beginning of the seventeenth year, the Roman youth changed the *prætexta*, or boy's gown, for the *toga virilis*, or man's gown.

† The Cretans marked their lucky days with *white*, and the reverse with *black*.

‡ Salii: priests of Mars, who made dancing a principal part of their religious worship.

§ Amystis, a large Thracian cup, which to exhaust at a breath was esteemed a piece of drunken bravery.

Contaminato cum grege turpium
Morbo virorum : quidlibet impotens
  Sperare, fortunâque dulci
    Ebria. Sed minuit furorem
Vix una sospes navis ab ignibus :
Mentemque lymphatam Mareotico
  Redegit in veros timores
    Cæsar, ab Italia volantem
Remis adurgens, (accipiter velut
Molles columbas, aut leporem citus
  Venator in campis nivalis
    Æmoniæ,) daret ut catenis
Fatale monstrum : quæ generosiùs
Perire quærens, nec muliebriter
  Expavit ensem, nec latentes
    Classe citâ* reparavit oras.
Ausa et † jacentem visere regiam
Vultu sereno fortis, et asperas
  Tractare serpentes, ut atrum
    Corpore combiberet venenum,
Deliberatâ morte ferocior :
Sævis Liburnis scilicet invidens,
  Privata deduci superbo
    Non humilis mulier triumpho.

* Penetravit oras. *Bentl.* † Ausas et tacentem.

taminated gang of creatures, noisome through distemper, was preparing giddy destruction for the capitol, and the subversion of the empire, being weak enough to hope for any thing, and intoxicated with the favours of fortune. But scarcely a single ship preserved from the flames abated her fury; and Cæsar reduced her mind, inflamed with Egyptian wine, to real fears, close pursuing her, in her flight from Italy, with his galleys, (as the hawk *pursues* the tender doves, or the nimble hunter the hare in the plains of snowy Emon,) that he might throw into chains this destructive monster *of a woman*, who, seeking a more generous death, neither had an effeminate dread of the sword, nor repaired with her swift ship to hidden shores. She was able also to look upon her palace lying in ruins with a countenance unmoved, and courageous enough to handle exasperated asps,* that she might imbibe into her body the deadly poison, being more resolved by having premeditated her death: for she was a woman of such greatness of soul, as to scorn to be carried off in haughty triumph, like a private person, by rough Liburnian tars.

* Plutarch says it was that kind of serpent called an asp.

CARMEN XXXVIII.

AD PUERUM.

Admonet ut cœnam sine ambitioso apparatu struat.

PERSICOS odi, puer, apparatus:
Displicent nexæ philyrâ coronæ:
Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.
Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Sedulus* curo: neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus, neque me, sub arcta
Vite bibentem.

* Sedulus curæ. *Cunn.* Sedulus curâ. *Bentl.*

ODE XXXVIII.

TO HIS SERVANT.

He forewarns him against any extravagant doings at his entertainment.

BOY, I detest the pomp of the Persians: chaplets, which are woven with the *Philyra displease me: by no means hunt *for* the place where the latter rose abides. It is my particular desire that you make no laborious addition to the plain myrtle; for myrtle is neither unbecoming you a servant, nor me, while I quaff under this mantling vine.

* Philyra: a thin membrane between the bark and the wood of the Tilia, or Linden-tree, which they made use of by way of riband in their chaplets, &c.

Q. HORATII FLACCI

CARMINUM

LIBER II.

CARMEN I.

AD ASINIUM POLLIONEM.

Hortatur ut, intermissis tragœdiis, det se totum scribendæ bellorum civilium historiæ.

MOTUM ex Metello consule civicum,
Bellique causas, et vitia, et modos,
Ludumque Fortunæ, gravesque
Principum amicitias, et arma
Nondum expiatis* uncta cruoribus,
Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ,
Tractas, et incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.

* Tincta cruoribus.

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF THE

ODES OF HORACE.

ODE I.

TO ASINIUS POLLIO.

He entreats him to quit tragedy for the present, that he may apply himself wholly to the history of the civil wars.

YOU are treating of the civil commotion *which began* in the consulship of Metellus, and the causes of the war, and the crimes that *were committed*, and the measures *that were taken*, and the sport of fortune, and the pernicious* confederacy of the chiefs, and arms stained with blood not yet expiated,—a work full of hazardous consequence: and you are treading upon fires hid under

* The triumvirate of Octavius, Lepidus, and Antony.

Paulùm severæ Musa tragœdiæ
Desit threatris : mox, ubi publicas
Res ordinâris, grande munus
Cecropio repetes cothurno,
Insigne mœstis præsidium reis,
Et consulenti, Pollio, curiæ :
Cui laurus æternos honores
Dalmatico peperit triumpho.
Jam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
Perstringis aures : jam litui strepunt :
Jam fulgor armorum fugaces
Terret equos, equitumque vultus.
Audire* magnos jam videor duces
Non indecoro pulvere sordidos,
Et cuncta terrarum subacta,
Præter atrocem animum Catonis.
Juno, et Deorum quisquis amicior
Afris, inultâ cesserat impotens
Tellure, victorum nepotes
Retulit inferias Jugurthæ.
Quis non Latino sanguine pinguior
Campus sepulchris impia prælia
Testatur, auditumque Medis
Hesperiæ sonitum ruinæ ?
Quis gurges, aut quæ flumina lugubris
Ignara belli ? quod mare Dauniæ
Non decoloravêre cædes ?
Quæ caret ora cruore nostro ?
Sed ne relictis, Musa procax, jocis,
Ceæ retractes munera næniæ :
Mecum Dionæo sub antro
Quære modos leviore plectro.

* Videre magnos, *Bentl. Cunn.*

deceitful ashes: Let *therefore* the muse that presides over severe tragedy be for a while absent from the theatres: shortly, when you shall have regulated the public affairs, you shall resume your great work in the tragic style, O Pollio, you excellent succour to melancholy defendants and a consulting senate; *Pollio*, to whom the laurel produced immortal honours in the Dalmatian triumph. Even now you stun *our* ears with the threatening murmur of horns: now the clarions sound; now the glitter of arms affrights the flying steeds, and dazzles the sight of the riders. Now I seem to see great commanders besmeared with glorious dust, and the whole earth subdued, except the stubborn soul of Cato. Juno, and every other god propitious to the Africans, impotently went off, leaving that land unrevenged; *but soon* offered the descendants of the conquerors as sacrifices to the manes of Jugurtha. What plain, enriched by Latin blood, bears not record, by its *numerous* sepulchres, of our impious battles, and of the sound of the downfal of Italy, heard *even* by the Medes? What pool, what rivers, are unconscious of our deplorable war? What sea have not the Daunian slaughters discoloured? What shore is not stained by our blood? But do not, rash muse, neglecting your jocose strains, resume the task of Cæan plaintive song, *but rather* seek with me for measures of a lighter style, beneath some love-sequestered grotto.

CARMEN II.

AD CRISPUM SALLUSTIUM.

Eum, qui benè utatur divitiis, solum divitem; qui cupiditatibus imperet, solum beatum esse.

NULLUS argento color est avaris
Abditæ terris, inimice lamnæ
Crispe Sallusti, nisi temperato
Splendeat usu.
Vivet extento Proculeius ævo,
Notus in fratres animi paterni:
Illum* aget pennâ metuente solvi
Fama superstes.
Latiùs regnes, avidum domando
Spiritum, quàm si Libyam remotis
Gadibus jungas, et uterque Pœnus
Serviat uni.
Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops,
Nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi
Fugerit venis, et aquosus albo
Corpore languor.
Redditum Cyri solio Phraaten,
Dissidens plebi, numero beatorum
Eximit virtus; populumque falsis
Dedocet uti
Vocibus; regnum, et diadema tutum
Deferens uni, propriamque laurum,
Quisquis ingentes oculo irretorto
Spectat acervos.

* Illum agit pennâ.

ODE II.

TO CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS.

That he alone is rich, who makes a proper use of his riches; and he alone is happy, that can command his passions.

O CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS, thou foe to the bullion that is concealed in the niggard earth,* there is no lustre in money, unless it derives its splendour from a moderate enjoyment. Proculeius shall live an extended age, conspicuous for fatherly affection to brothers: surviving fame shall bear him on an indissoluble wing. You may have a more extensive dominion by controlling a craving disposition, than if you could unite Libya to the distant Gades, and each of the Carthages were subject to you alone. The direful dropsy increases by self-indulgence, nor extinguishes the thirst, unless the cause of the disorder has departed from the veins, and the watery languor from the pallid body. Virtue, differing from the vulgar, excepts Phraates, *though* restored to the throne of Cyrus, from the number of the happy; and corrects the false language of the populace, by conferring the kingdom, and the established diadem, and perpetual laurel, on him alone, whosoever *he is, that* views the largest heaps *of treasure* without one wishful cast of his eye.

* Covetously hoarded in the earth.

CARMEN III.

AD QUINTUM DELIUM.

Vitæ felicitatem in mentis æquabilitate et honestis voluptatibus positam esse.

ÆQUAM memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem; non secus* in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitiâ; moriture Deli:
Seu mœstus omni tempore vixeris,
Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
Festos reclinatum beâris
Interiore notâ Falerni;
Quo† pinus ingens, albaque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis, et obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.
Huc vina, et unguenta, et nimium brevis
Flores amœnos ferre jube rosæ:
Dum res, et ætas, et sororum
Fila trium patiuntur atra.
Cedes coëmtis saltibus, et domo,
Villâque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
Cedes; et exstructis in altum
Divitiis potietur hæres.
Divesne, prisco natus ab Inacho,
Nil interest, an pauper, et infimâ,
De gente, sub‡ dio moreris,
Victima nil miserantis Orci.

* Non secus ac bonis. † *Al.* Quâ. ‡ Sub divo moreris.

ODE III.

TO QUINTUS DELIUS.

That the happiness of life consists in serenity of mind and virtuous enjoyments.

O DELIUS! since you were born to die, be mindful to preserve a temper of mind even in times of difficulty, as well as secured from insolent exultation in prosperity: whether you shall lead a life of continual sadness, or you shall through happy days regale yourself with Falernian wine of the richest date, at ease reclined in some grassy retreat, where the lofty pine and hoary poplar delight to interweave their boughs into an hospitable shade, and the clear current with trembling surface purls along in meandering rivulet. Hither order *your slaves* to bring the wine, and the perfumes, and the grateful flowers of the too transitory rose; while fortune and age, and the sable threads of the three *fatal* sisters, permit you. You must depart from your numerous purchased groves: from your *stately* house also, and that *delightful* villa, which the yellow (*sandy*) Tiber washes, you must depart: and an heir shall possess these high-piled riches. It is of no consequence, whether you are the wealthy descendant of ancient Inachus, or whether poor and of ignoble race you live without a covering from the open air, since you are the victim of merciless

Omnes eôdem cogimur : omnium
Versatur urna, seriùs, ociùs,
Sors exitura, et nos in æternum
Exilium impositura cymbæ.

CARMEN IV.

AD XANTHIAM PHOCEUM.

Quòd ancillam amet, non esse cur eum pudeat ; multis enim magnis viris idem usu venisse.

NE sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori,
Xanthia Phoceu : priùs insolentem
Serva Briseïs niveo colore
Movit Achillem.
Movit Ajacem Telamone natum
Forma captivæ dominum Tecmessæ :
Arsit Atrides medio in triumpho
Virgine raptâ ;
Barbaræ postquam cecidêre turmæ
Thessalo victore, et ademptus Hector
Tradidit fessis leviora tolli
Pergama Graiis.
Nescias, an te generum beati
Phyllidis flavæ decorent parentes :
Regium certè genus, et Penates
Mœret iniquos.
Crede non illam tibi de scelestâ
Plebe* delectam ; neque sic fidelem,
Sic lucro aversam potuisse nasci
Matre pudendâ.

* Plebe dilectam.

Pluto. We are all compelled to take the same road: the lot is shaking in the universal urn; sooner or later it must come forth, *and* embark us in *Charon's* boat to eternal exile.

ODE IV.

TO XANTHIAS PHOCEUS.

That he had no occasion to be ashamed at being in love with his maid; for that had been the case with many great men.

LET not, O Xanthias Phoceus, your passion for your maid put you out of countenance: before your time the slave Briseis moved the haughty Achilles by her fair complexion: the beauty of the captive Tecmessa smote her master the Telamonian Ajax: Agamemnon, in the midst of victory, burned for a ravished virgin; when the barbarian troops fell by the hands of their Thessalian conqueror, and Hector, being taken off, left Troy more liable to be destroyed by the Grecians. You do not know but the beautiful Phyllis has parents of condition happy *enough* to do honour to you their son-in-law. Certainly she must be of royal race, and laments the unpropitiousness of *her* family gods.* Be confident, she was not selected for you out of the paltry vulgar; nor that one so true, so unmercenary, could possibly be born of a mother to be ashamed of. I can commend arms, and face,

* Laments the distress of her family.

Brachia, et vultum, teretesque suras
Integer laudo: fuge suspicari,
Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
Claudere* lustrum.

CARMEN V.

Revocandum esse mentem à cupiditate virginis immaturæ.

NONDUM subactâ ferre jugum valet
Cervice; nondum munia comparis
Æquare, nec tauri ruentis
In Venerem tolerare pondus.
Circa virentes est animus tuæ
Campos juvencæ, nunc fluviis gravem
Solantis æstum, nunc in udo
Ludere cum vitulis salicto
Prægestientis. Tolle cupidinem
Immitis uvæ: jam tibi lividos
Distinguet autumnus racemos
Purpureo varius† colore.
Jam te sequetur (currit enim ferox
Ætas, et illi, quos tibi demserit,
Apponet annos) jam protervâ
Fronte petet Lalage maritum:
Dilecta, quantùm, non Pholoë fugax,
Non Chloris: albo sic humero nitens,
Ut pura nocturno renidet
Luna mari, Cnidiusve Gyges:
Quem si puellarum insereres choro,
Mirè sagaces falleret hospites
Discrimen obscurum, solutis
Crinibus, ambiguoque vultu.

* Condere lustrum. † Varios colore. *Bentl.*

and well-made legs, quite chastely. Be far from being jealous of one, whose age hath trembled upon the verge of forty.*

ODE V.

That he ought to recal his affection from the pursuit of a young lady as yet unripe for his addresses.

NOT as yet is she fit to be broken to the yoke; nor as yet is she equal to the duties of a partner, nor can she support the weight of the bull impetuously rushing upon enjoyment. Your heifer's sole inclination is about verdant fields; one while in running streams, abating the grievous heat; at another, highly delighted to frisk with the steerlings in the moist willow ground. Suppress your appetite for the immature grape; shortly variegated autumn shall tinge the livid clusters with a purple hue. Shortly she shall follow you; for impetuous time runs on, and shall place to her account those years, of which it abridges you: shortly Lalage, with a wanton assurance, shall seek a husband, beloved in a higher degree than the coy Pholoe, or even Chloris; with a resplendency on her fair shoulder,† like the lustre of the spotless moon upon the nocturnal sea, or even the Cnidian Gyges, whom, if you intermix in a company of girls, the indiscernible difference *occasioned* by his flowing locks and equivocal countenance would wonderfully impose on strangers, though of sagacity.

* Closed the eighth lustrum.

† The gay ladies in Rome dressed so as to show their shoulders.

CARMEN VI.

AD SEPTIMIUM.

Invitat illum Horatius ad vitam secum ruri degendam.

SEPTIMI Gades aditure mecum, et
Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre nostra, et
Barbaras Syrtes, ubi Maura semper
Æstuat unda:
Tibur Argeo positum colono
Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ;
Sit modus lasso maris, et viarum,
Militiæque.
Unde si Parcæ prohibent iniquæ:
Dulce pellitis ovibus Galesi
Flumen, et regnata petam Laconi
Rura Phalanto.
Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet; ubi non Hymetto
Mella decedunt, viridique certat
Bacca Venafro:
Ver ubi longum, tepidasque præbet
Jupiter brumas; et* amicus Aulon
Fertili† Baccho, minimùm Falernis
Invidet uvis.
Ille te mecum locus, et beatæ
Postulant arces: ibi tu calentem
Debitâ sparges lachrymâ favillam
Vatis amici.

* Et apricus Aulon. *Bentl.* † Fertilis Baccho.

ODE VI.

TO SEPTIMIUS.

Horace invites him to come and live in the country with him.

SEPTIMIUS, who art ready to go with me, *even* to Gades, and to the Cantabrian, *still* untaught to bear our (*the Roman*) yoke, and the inhospitable Syrtes, where perpetually boils the Mauritanian wave. O may Tibur, founded by a Grecian colony, be the habitation of my old age! *There* let there be an end to my fatigues by sea and land, and war; from whence if the cruel fates debar me, I will seek the river of Galesus, delightful for sheep covered with skins,* and the countries reigned over by Lacedæmonian Phalantus. That corner of the world smiles in my eye beyond all others; where the honey yields not to the Hymettian, and the olive rivals the verdant Venafrian; where the temperature of the air† produces a long spring and mild winters; and Aulon, friendly to the fruitful vine,‡ envies not the Falernian grapes. That place, and *those* blest towering hills, solicit you and me: there you shall bedew the glowing ashes of your poetical friend with a tributary tear.

* To preserve the delicacy of their fleeces from the inclemency of the weather.

† See *Jupiter*, the *climate*, or the *air*, thus translated. *Ode* I. 25, *&c.*

‡ *Bacchus*, in like manner, here signifies *the vine*.

CARMEN VII.

AD POMPEIUM VARUM.

Amicum sibi ac patriæ restitutum gratulatur.

O SÆPE mecum tempus in ultimum
Deducte, Bruto militiæ duce,
Quis te redonavit Quiritem*
Dîs patriis, Italoque cœlo,
Pompei, meorum prime sodalium?
Cum quo morantem sæpe diem mero
Fregi, coronatus nitentes
Malobathro Syrio capillos.
Tecum Philippos et celerem fugam
Sensi, relictâ non bene parmulâ;
Cùm fracta virtus, et minaces
Turpe solum tetigêre mento.
Sed me per hostes Mercurius celer
Denso paventem sustulit aëre;
Te rursus in bellum resorbens
Unda fretis tulit æstuosis
Ergo obligatam redde Jovi dapem;
Longâque fessum militiâ latus
Depone sub lauro mea; nec
Parce cadis tibi destinatis.
Oblivioso lævia Massico
Ciboria exple: funde capacibus
Unguenta de conchis. Quis udo
Deproperare apio coronas,

* Redonavit Quiritum. *Mervillius.*

ODE VII.

TO POMPEIUS VARUS.

He congratulates his friend on his being restored to him and his country.

O OFTEN reduced with me to the last extremity, in the war which Brutus carried on, who has restored thee, a Roman citizen, to the Gods of thy country and the Italian air; Pompey, thou first of my companions, with whom I have frequently broken* the loitering day in drinking, having my hair, shining with the Syrian unguents, crowned *with flowers?* Together with thee did I experience the *battle of* Philippi, and a precipitate flight, having shamefully enough left my shield: when valour itself was broken, and the most daring smote the squalid earth with their faces. But Mercury swift conveyed me away, terrified as I was, in a thick cloud, through the midst of the enemy. Thee the reciprocating sea, with its tempestuous waves, bore back again to war. Wherefore render to Jupiter the offering that is due, and deposite your limbs, wearied with a tedious war, under my laurel, and spare not those casks that were reserved for you. Fill up the polished bowls with oblivious Massic: pour out the *perfumed* ointments from the capacious shells. Who takes care to hasten the chaplets of fresh parsley or myrtle? Whom shall the

* *To break a day*, is with us also a common form of expression, in many parts of England, for leaving part of the proper business of the day undone.

Curatve myrto? quem Venus arbitrum
Dicet bibendi? Non ego saniùs
Bacchabor Edonis: recepto
Dulce mihi furere est amico.

CARMEN VIII.

AD BARINEN.

Non esse cur ei juranti credatur: formosarum enim perjuria à Diis non vindicari.

ULLA si juris tibi pejerati
Pœna, Barine, nocuisset unquam;
Dente si nigro fieres, vel uno
Turpior ungui;
Crederem; sed tu simul obligasti
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multò, juvenumque prodis
Publica cura.
Expedit matris cineres opertos
Fallere, et toto taciturna noctis
Signa cum cœlo, gelidâque Divos
Morte carentes.
Ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa; rident
Simplices Nymphæ, ferus et Cupido,
Semper ardentes acuens sagittas
Cote cruentâ.
Adde quòd pubes tibi crescit omnis:
Servitus crescit nova: nec priores
Impiæ tectum dominæ relinquunt,
Sæpe minati.

Venus* pronounce to be toast-master? In wild carouse I will become frantic as the Bacchanalians. It is delightful to me to play the madman, on the reception of my friend.

ODE VIII.

TO BARINE.

That her swearing was no reason for his believing her; for the Gods never punished the perjuries of beauties.

IF any punishment, Barine, for your violated oath had ever been of prejudice to you; if you had become less agreeable by the blackness of a single tooth or nail, I might believe you. But you no sooner have bound your perfidious head with *solemn* vows, but you shine out more charming by far, and come forth the public care of *all* our youth. It is of advantage to you to deceive the buried ashes of your mother, and the silent constellations of the night, together with all heaven, and the immortal gods. Venus, herself, I profess, laughs at this; the gentle Nymphs laugh, and cruel Cupid, who is perpetually sharpening his burning darts on a bloody whetstone. Add *to this*, that all our boys are growing up for you; a new set of slaves is growing up; nor do the former ones quit the house of their impious† mistress, *notwithstanding* they

* The Romans chose their toast-master by casting of dice, and the fortunate throw they named *Venus*.

† As having so often broken her faith.

Te suis matres metuunt juvencis;
Te senes parci; miseræque nuper
Virgines nuptæ, tua ne retardet
Aura* maritos.

CARMEN IX.

AD TITUM VALGIUM.

Amicum mœrentem de filii morte consolatur.

NON semper imbres nubibus hispidos
Manant in agros; aut mare Caspium
Vexant inæquales procellæ
Usque; nec Armeniis in oris,
Amice Valgi, stat glacies iners
Menses per omnes; aut Aquilonibus
Querceta Gargani laborant,
Et foliis viduantur orni.
Tu semper urges flebilibus modis
Mysten ademptum: nec tibi Vespero
Surgente decedunt amores,
Nec rapidum fugiente Solem.
At non ter ævo functus amabilem
Ploravit omnes Antilochum senex
Annos; nec impubem parentes
Troïlon aut Phrygiæ sorores
Flevêre semper: desine mollium
Tandem querelarum; et potiùs nova
Cantemus Augusti tropæa
Cæsaris; et rigidum Niphaten,
Medumque flumen, gentibus additum
Victis, minores volvere vertices;

* Cura maritos. *Bentl.*

often have threatened it. The matrons are in dread of you on account of their young lads; the thrifty old men are in dread of you; and the girls but just married are in distress, lest your beauty should slacken *the affections* of their husbands.

ODE IX.

TO TITUS VALGIUS.

He comforts his friend grieving for the loss of his son.

SHOWERS do not perpetually pour down upon the furrowed fields, nor do hurricanes for ever harass the Caspian sea; nor my friend Valgius, does the motionless ice remain fixed throughout all the months in the regions of Armenia: nor do the Garganian oaks *always* labour under the northerly winds, and the ash-trees are not always widowed of their leaves. *But* you continually pursue Mystes, who is taken from you, with mournful measures: nor do *the effects* of your love *for him* cease at the rising of Vesper, nor when he flies the rapid *approach of the* sun. But the three-aged old man (*Nestor*) did not lament for the amiable Antilochus all the years *of his life:* nor did his parents, or his Trojan sisters, perpetually bewail the blooming Troilus. At length *then* desist from your tender complaints; and rather let us sing the fresh trophies of Augustus Cæsar, and how the frozen Niphates, and the river Medus, added to the van-

Intraque præscriptum Gelonos
Exiguis equitare campis.

CARMEN X.

AD LICINIUM MURENAM.

Hortatur ut mediocritate contentus æquanimitatem retineat.

RECTIUS vives, Licini, neque altum
Semper urgendo; neque, dum procellas
Cautus horrescis, nimiùm premendo
Littus iniquum.
Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidendâ
Sobrius aulâ.
Sæpiùs ventis agitatur ingens
Pinus; et celsæ graviore casu
Decidunt turres; feriuntque summos
Fulmina* montes.
Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
Alteram sortem benè præparatum
Pectus. Informes hiemes reducit
Jupiter; idem
Submovet. Non, si malè nunc, et olim
Sic erit: quondam citharâ† tacentem
Suscitat Musam, neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo.
Rebus angustis animosus atque
Fortis appare: sapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimiùm secundo
Turgida vela.

* Fulgura montes. † Citharæ tacentem.

quished nations, roll more humble tides, and the Gelonians ride within a small tract of land, *and pass not the bound* prescribed *them.*

ODE X.

TO LICINIUS MURENA.

He advises him to be content with a mean, and to maintain an evenness of temper.

O LICINIUS, you will lead a better course of life by neither always pursuing the main sea, nor, while you cautiously are in dread of storms, by pressing too much upon the hazardous shore. Whosoever loves the golden mean is secure from the sordidness of an antiquated cell, and is too prudent to have a palace that might expose him to envy. The lofty pine is more frequently agitated with winds, and high towers fall down with a heavier ruin; and thunderbolts strike the summits of the mountains. A well-provided breast hopes in adversity, and fears in prosperity. It is the same Jupiter, that brings the hideous winters back, and that takes them away. If it is bad with us now, it shall not be so hereafter. Apollo sometimes rouses the silent lyric muse, nor does he always bend his bow. In narrow circumstances, appear in high spirits, and undaunted. In the same manner you will prudently contract your sails, *which are apt to be* too much swollen in a prosperous gale.

CARMEN XI.

AD QUINTIUM HIRPINUM.

Animam Quintii à publicis privatisque curis ad hilaritatem convertit.

QUID bellicosus Cantaber, et Scythes,
Hirpine Quinti, cogitet, Hadriâ
Divisus objecto, remittas
Quærere: nec trepides in usum
Poscentis ævi pauca. Fugit retro
Levis juventus et decor; aridâ
Pellente lascivos amores
Canitie, facilemque somnum.
Non semper idem floribus est honos
Vernis: neque uno Luna rubens nitet
Vultu: quid æternis minorem
Consiliis animum fatigas?
Cur non sub altâ vel platano, vel hâc
Pinu jacentes sic temerè, et rosâ
Canos odorati capillos,
Dum licet, Assyriâque nardo,
Potamus uncti? Dissipat Evius
Curas edaces. Quis puer ociùs
Restinguet ardentis Falerni
Pocula prætereunte lymphâ?
Quis devium scortum eliciet domo
Lyden? eburnâ, dic age, cum lyrâ
Maturet, in comptum* Lacænæ
More comam religata nodum.†

* *M.* Incomptum. *Al.* Incomptam. † Nodo. *Tor. Bent.*

ODE XI.

TO QUINTIUS HIRPINUS.

He endeavours to divert the mind of Quintius from public and private solicitudes, to a taste for gayety and enjoyment.

O QUINTIUS HIRPINUS, forbear to be inquisitive what the Cantabrian, and the Scythian, divided from us by the interposition of the Adriatic, is meditating; neither be fearfully solicitous for the necessaries of life, which requires but a few things. Youth and beauty fly swift away, *while* sapless old age expels the wanton loves and gentle sleep. The same glory does not always remain to the vernal flowers; nor does the ruddy moon shine with one *continued* aspect: why, *therefore*, do you fatigue your mind, unequal to eternal projects? Why do we not *rather*, (while it is in our power,) thus carelessly reclining under a lofty plane-tree, or this pine, with our hoary locks made fragrant with roses, and anointed with Syrian perfume, indulge ourselves with *generous* wine? Bacchus dissipates preying cares. What slave is at hand here instantly to cool some cups of ardent Falernian in the passing stream? Who will tempt the vagrant wanton Lyde from her house? See that you bid her hasten with her ivory lyre, not staying to dress her hair, but being content to have it collected into a *careless* knot, after the Spartan fashion.

CARMEN XII.

AD MÆCENATEM.

Se Licymniæ addictum non posse ad graviora argumenta assurgere.

NOLIS longa feræ bella Numantiæ,
Nec durum* Annibalem, nec Siculum mare
Pœno purpureum sanguine, mollibus
  Aptari citharæ modis;
Nec sævos Lapithas, et nimium mero
Hylæum; domitosque Herculeâ manu
Telluris juvenes, unde periculum
  Fulgens contremuit domus
Saturni veteris: tuque pedestribus
Dices historiis prælia Cæsaris,
Mæcenas, meliùs, ductaque per vias
  Regum colla minantium.†
Me dulces dominæ Musa Licymniæ
Cantus, me voluit dicere lucidum
Fulgentes oculos, et benè mutuis
  Fidum pectus amoribus:
Quam nec ferre pedem dedecuit choris,
Nec certare joco, nec dare brachia
Ludentem nitidis virginibus, sacro
  Dianæ celebris die.
Num tu, quæ tenuit dives Achæmenes,
Aut pinguis Phrygiæ Mygdonias opes
Permutare velis crine Licymniæ,
  Plenas aut Arabum domos?

* Nec dirum Annibalem. † Minacium

ODE XII.

TO MÆCENAS.

That he was so given up to Licymnia, that he could not rise to more serious subjects.

DO not insist that the long wars of fierce Numantia, or the formidable Hannibal, or the Sicilian sea, impurpled with Carthaginian blood, should be adapted to the tender lays of the lyre: nor the cruel Lapithæ, nor Hylæus, excessive in wine, and the earth-born youths (*giants*) subdued by Herculean force, from whom the splendid habitation of old Saturn dreaded danger. And you *yourself*, Mæcenas, with more propriety shall recount the battles of Cæsar, and the necks of haughty kings led *in triumph* through the streets, in historical prose. It was the Muse's will that I should celebrate the sweet strains of *my* mistress Licymnia, that I should celebrate her bright-darting eyes, and her breast, laudably faithful to mutual love; who can with a grace introduce her foot into the dance, or, sporting, contend in raillery, or join arms with the tight virgins, on the celebrated Diana's festival. Would you, *Mæcenas*, change one of Licymnia's tresses for all the rich Achæmenes possessed, or the Mygdonian wealth of fertile Phrygia, or *all* the dwellings of the Arabians, replete *with treasures?*

Dum fragrantia* detorquet ad oscula
Cervicem; aut facili sævitiâ negat,
Quæ poscente magis gaudeat eripi,
Interdum rapere occupet.†

CARMEN XIII.

Diræ in arborem, cujus casu penè fucrat obrutus.

ILLE‡ et nefasto te posuit die,
Quicunque primùm, et sacrilegâ manu
Produxit, arbos, in nepotum
Perniciem, opprobriumque pagi.
Illum et parentis crediderim sui
Fregisse cervicem, et penetralia
Sparsisse nocturno cruore
Hospitis: ille venena Colcha,
Et quicquid usquam concipitur nefas,
Tractavit, agro qui statuit meo
Te triste lignum, te caducum
In domini caput immerentis.
Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis.
Cautum est in horas. Navita Bosporum
Pœnus perhorrescit; neque ultra
Cæca timet aliunde fata;
Miles sagittas et celerem§ fugam
Parthi; catenas Parthus, et Italum
Robur: sed improvisa lethi
Vis rapuit, rapietque gentes.
Quàm penè furvæ regna Proserpinæ,
Et judicantem vidimus Æacum,

* Flagrantia. † Occupat.
‡ Illum et. *Heins.* Illum ô. *Bentl.*
§ Et reducem fugam. *Bentl.*

Especially when she turns her neck *to meet* the ardent kisses, or with a gentle cruelty denies what she would more delight to have ravished by the petitioner,——sometimes she eagerly anticipates to snatch *them herself.*

ODE XIII.

To the Tree, by the fall of which he had like to have been crushed.

O TREE, he planted you in an inauspicious hour, whoever did it first, and with an impious hand raised you to the destruction of posterity, and the scandal of *my* ground. I could believe that he had broke his own father's neck, and stained his most secret apartments with the midnight blood of his guest. He has practised the Colchan poisons, and whatever wickedness is any where conceived, who planted in my field thee, a sorry log; thee, ready to tumble on the head of thy inoffensive master. What we ought to be aware of, no man is sufficiently cautious at all hours. The Carthaginian sailor thoroughly dreads the Bosphorus; nor, beyond that, does he fear his hidden fate from any other quarter. The soldier *dreads* the arrows and the expeditious retreat of the Parthian; the Parthian, the chains and force of the Italians: but the unexpected assault of death has carried off, and will carry off the world *in general.* How near was I seeing the dominions of auburn Proserpine, and Æacus sitting in judgment; the selected mansions

Sedesque* discretas piorum, et
Æoliis fidibus querentem
Sappho puellis de popularibus;
Et te sonantem pleniùs aureo,
Alcæe, plectro dura navis,
Dura fugæ mala, dura belli.
Utrumque sacro digna silentio
Mirantur umbræ dicere: sed magis
Pugnas et exactos tyrannos
Densum† humeris bibit aure vulgus.
Quid mirum? ubi illis carminibus stupens
Demittit atras bellua centiceps
Aures, et intorti capillis
Eumenidum recreantur angues:
Quin et Prometheus, et Pelopis parens
Dulci laborum‡ decipitur sono:
Nec curat Orion leones,
Aut timidos agitare lyncas.

CARMEN XIV.

AD POSTHUMUM.

Nec vitari mortem posse, nec retardari; divitiis, dum vivimus, liberaliter utendum.

EHEU! fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni: nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectæ
Afferet, indomitæque morti.
Non, si trecenis, quotquot eunt dies,

* Sedesque descriptas piorum.
† Densum hilari. *Heins.* Humili. *Bentl.*
‡ Laborem. *Bentl.*

also of the pious, and Sappho, complaining on her Æolian lyre of her *own* country damsels; and thee, O Alcæus, sounding in fuller strains, on thy golden harp, the distresses of the sea, the distresses of exile, and the distresses of war. The ghosts admire them both, while they utter *strains* worthy of a religious silence: but the crowded multitude, with *pressing* shoulders, imbibes with a more greedy ear battles and banished tyrants. What wonder? since the many-headed monster *of hell*,* astonished at those lays, hangs down his sable ears; and the snakes, entwined in the hair of the furies, are soothed. Moreover, Prometheus, and the sire of Pelops, are deluded into an insensibility of their torments, by the melodious sound: nor is Orion *any longer* solicitous to harass the lions, or the fearful lynxes.

ODE XIV.

TO POSTHUMUS.

That death can neither be avoided nor retarded; and that therefore we ought to make a generous use of riches while we live.

ALAS! my Posthumus, my Posthumus, the fleeting years glide on; nor will piety cause any delay to wrinkles, and advancing old age, and insuperable death. You could not, if you were to sacrifice every day three hundred bulls, render

* Cerberus.

Amice, places illachrymabilem
Plutona tauris; qui ter amplum
Geryonem Tityonque tristi
Compescit undâ, scilicet omnibus,
Quicunque terræ munere vescimur,
Enavigandâ, sive reges,
Sive inopes erimus coloni.
Frustra cruento Marte carebimus,
Fractisque rauci fluctibus Adriæ:
Frustra per Autumnos nocentem
Corporibus metuemus Austrum.
Visendus ater flumine languido
Cocytus errans, et Danaï genus
Infame, damnatusque longi
Sisyphus Æolides laboris.
Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens
Uxor: neque harum, quas colis, arborum
Te, præter invisas cupressos,
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.
Absumet hæres Cæcuba dignior,
Servata centum clavibus, et mero
Tinget pavimentum superbum,*
Pontificum potiore cœnis.

CARMEN XV.

Antiquorum parsimoniam et frugalitatem recenti luxui opponit.

JAM pauca aratro jugera regiæ
Moles relinquent: undique latiùs
Extenta visentur Lucrino
Stagna lacu; platanusque cœlebs

* Superbo. Superbus. *Cunn.*

propitious pitiless Pluto, who confines the thrice-monstrous Geryon, and Tityos, with the dismal *Stygian* stream, namely, *that stream* which is to be passed over by all who are fed upon the munificence of the earth, whether kings or poor hinds. In vain shall we be free from sanguinary Mars, and the broken billows of the hoarse Adriatic; in vain shall we be apprehensive of the South, noxious to *human* bodies in the time of Autumn. The black Cocytus, wandering with languid current, and the infamous race of Danaus, and Sisyphus, the son of Æolus, doomed to eternal toil, must be visited: your land, and house, and pleasing wife, must be left; nor shall any of these trees, which you are nursing, follow you, their transitory master, except the hated cypresses: A worthier heir shall consume your Cæcuban wines, *now* guarded with a hundred keys, and shall *lavishly* tinge the pavement with noble wine, more exquisite than *what graces* pontifical entertainments.

ODE XV.

He opposes the ancient thriftiness and frugality to the modern luxury and extravagance.

THE royal edifices will in a short time leave but a few acres for the plough: ponds of wider extent than the Lucrine lake will be every where to be seen; and the barren plane-tree will sup-

Evincet ulmos: tum violaria, et
Myrtus, et omnis copia narium,
Spargent olivetis odorem,
Fertilibus domino priori.
Tum spissa ramis laurea fervidos
Excludet ictus.* Non ita Romuli
Præscriptum, et intonsi Catonis
Auspiciis, veterumque normâ.
Privatus illis census erat brevis,
Commune magnum: nulla decempedis
Metata privatis opacam
Porticus excipiebat Arcton:
Nec fortuitum spernere cespitem
Leges sinebant, oppida publico
Sumptu jubentes, et Deorum
Templa novo decorare saxo.

CARMEN XVI.

AD GROSPHUM.

Felicitatem coërcendis cupiditatibus comparari.

OTIUM Divos rogat in patenti
Prensus† Ægæo, simul atra nubes
Condidit Lunam, neque certa fulgent
Sidera nautis:
Otium bello furiosa Thrace,
Otium Medi pharetrâ decori,
Grosphe, non gemmis, neque purpurâ venale, neque auro.
Non enim gazæ, neque consularis

* Excludet æstus. † Pressus.

plant the elms. Then banks of violets, and myrtle groves, and all the tribe of nosegays, shall diffuse their odours in the olive plantations, which were fruitful to their preceding master. Then the dense boughs of the laurel shall exclude the burning beams. It was not so prescribed by the institutes of Romulus, and the *stern* unshaven Cato, and ancient custom. Their private revenue was contracted, *while* that of the community was great. No private men were then possessed of ten-foot galleries, *which* collected the shady northern breezes; nor did the laws permit them to reject the casual turf *for their own huts*, though at the same time they obliged them to ornament in the most sumptuous manner, with new stone, the buildings of the public, and the temples of the Gods, at a common expense.

ODE XVI.

TO GROSPHUS.

That happiness is obtained by bridling our affections.

O GROSPHUS, he that is caught in the wide Ægean *sea*, when a black tempest hath obscured the moon, and never a star appears for the mariners to regulate their course by, supplicates the Gods for ease; for ease, Thrace, furious in war; for ease, the Mede, with quiver graceful, neither purchasable by jewels, nor by purple, nor by gold. For neither regal treasures, nor the Consul's offi-

Summovet lictor miseros tumultus
Mentis, et curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes.
Vivitur parvo benè, cui paternum
Splendet in mensâ tenui salinum
Nec leves somnos timor aut cupido
Sordidus aufert.
Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa? quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? patriæ quis exsul
Se quoque fugit?
Scandit æratas vitiosa naves
Cura; nec turmas equitum relinquit,
Ocior cervis, et agente nimbos
Ocior Euro.
Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultra est
Oderit curare, et amara* lento
Temperet risu: nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum.
Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem:
Longa Tithonum minuit senectus:
Et mihi forsan, tibi quod negârit,†
Porriget hora.
Te greges centum, Siculæque circum
Mugiunt vaccæ; tibi tollit hinnitum
Apta quadrigis equa; te bis Afro
Murice tinctæ
Vestiunt lanæ: mihi parva rura, et
Spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camœnæ
Parca non mendax dedit, et malignum
Spernere vulgus.

* Leni. *Bentl.* Læto. *Minel.* † Tibi quod negavit.

ter, can remove the wretched tumults of the mind, nor cares that hover about the splendid ceilings *of the great*. That man lives happily on a little, who can view with pleasure the *old-fashioned* family saltcellar on his frugal board; neither anxiety, nor sordid avarice, robs him of gentle sleeps. Why do we, whose vigour is so transitory, aim at many things? Why do we change *our own* for climates heated by another sun? Who ever, by becoming an exile from his country, likewise escaped from himself? Consuming care boards *even* brazen-beaked ships; nor does it quit the troops of horsemen; *for* it is more fleet than the stags, more fleet than the storm-driving east-*wind*. A mind that is cheerful for its present *state* will disdain to be solicitous any farther, and can correct the bitters *of life* with an ingenuous smile. Nothing *on earth* is completely blest. A premature death carried off the celebrated Achilles; a protracted old age wore down Tithonus; and time perhaps may extend to me what it shall deny to you. Around you a hundred flocks *bleat*, and Sicilian heifers low; for your use, the mare, fit for the harness, neighs; wool, doubly dipped in the African *purple*-die, clothes you: On me, unerring fate hath bestowed a small country estate, and a little genius for the Grecian muse,* and a contempt for the malignity of the vulgar.

* Horace being the first who brought Lyric poetry to any degree of perfection among the Romans.

CARMEN XVII.

AD MÆCENATEM.

Mæcenatem perpetuâ febre laborantem consolatur, eique se negat fore superstitem.

CUR me querelis exanimas tuis?
Nec Dîs amicum est, nec mihi, te priùs
Obire, Mæcenas, mearum
Grande decus columenque rerum.
Ah! te meæ si partem animæ rapit
Maturior vis, quid moror altera,
Nec carus æquè, nec superstes
Integer? ille dies utramque
Ducet ruinam: non ego perfidum
Dixi sacramentum: ibimus, ibimus,
Utcunque præcedes, supremum
Carpere iter comites parati.
Me nec Chimæræ spiritus igneæ,
Nec, si resurgat, centimanûs Gyas,*
Divellet unquam: sic potenti
Justitiæ, placitumque Parcis.
Seu Libra, seu me Scorpius aspicit
Formidolosus, pars violentior
Natalis horæ, seu tyrannus
Hesperiæ Capricornus undæ:
Utrumque nostrum incredibili modo
Consentit astrum: te Jovis impio
Tutela Saturno refulgens
Eripuit, volucrisque† fati

* Centimanus Gyges. † Volucresque fati.

ODE XVII.

TO MÆCENAS.

He comforts Mœcenas, labouring under a perpetual fever, and denies that he can possibly survive him.

WHY do you kill me with your complaints? it is neither agreeable to the Gods, nor to me, that you should depart first. O Mæcenas, thou grand ornament and support of my affairs. Alas! if an untimely blow hurry away you, a part of my soul, why do I, the other moiety, remain, my value lost, nor any longer whole? That *fatal* day shall bring destruction on us both. I have by no means taken a false oath: we will go, we will go, whenever you shall lead the way, prepared to be fellow-travellers in the last journey. *As for me,*—neither the breath of the fiery Chimera, nor the hundred-handed Gyas, were he to rise again, shall ever tear me from you: such is the will of powerful Justice and of the Fates. Whether Libra, or malignant Scorpio, had the ascendant at my natal hour, or Capricorn, the tyrant of the western wave, our horoscopes agree in a wonderful manner. Thee, the benign protection of Jupiter, shining with friendly aspect, rescued from the baleful influence of impious Saturn,* and retarded the wings of precipitate destiny, at

* In Astrology, Saturn is always esteemed unlucky, unless corrected by the Trine of Jupiter, and supposed to incline persons born under him to vice and wickedness.

Tardavit alas; cùm populus frequens
Lætum theatris ter crepuit sonum:
Me truncus illapsus cerebro
Sustulerat, nisi Faunus ictum
Dextrâ levâsset, Mercurialium
Custos virorum. Reddere victimas
Ædemque votivam memento:
Nos humilem feriemus agnam.

CARMEN XVIII.

Romanorum luxum et avaritiam insectatur.

NON ebur, neque aureum
Meâ renidet in domo lacunar:
Non trabes Hymettiæ*
Premunt columnas ultimâ recisas†
Africâ: neque Attali
Ignotus hæres regiam occupavi:
Nec Laconicas mihi
Trahunt honestæ purpuras clientæ.
At fides, et ingenî
Benigna vena est; pauperemque dives
Me petit: nihil supra
Deos lacesso, nec potentem amicum
Largiora flagito,
Satis beatus unicis Sabinis.
Truditur dies die,
Novæque pergunt interire Lunæ:
Tu secanda marmora
Locas sub ipsum funus; et sepulchri
Immemor, struis domos;

* Trabes Hymettias. *Gale.* † Ultimâ recisæ. *Gale.*

the time the crowded people, in resounding applauses, thrice hailed you in the theatre: me, the trunk of a tree, falling upon my skull, would have despatched, had not Faunus,* the protector of men of genius, with his right hand warded off the blow. Be you mindful to pay the victims and the votive temple; I will sacrifice an humble lamb.

ODE XVIII.

He inveighs against the Roman luxury and covetousness.

NOR ivory, nor gilded arch, makes a figure in my house: no Hymettian beams rest upon pillars cut out of the extreme parts of Africa; nor, a pretended heir, have I possessed myself of the palace of Attalus: nor do ladies, *my* dependents, spin Laconian purple for my use. But honour, and a liberal vein of genius, are *mine:* and the man of fortune makes his court to me, who am but poor. I importune the Gods no farther, nor do I require of my friend in power any larger enjoyments, sufficiently happy with my Sabine farm alone. Day is driven on by day, and the new moons hasten to their wane. You put out marble to be hewn, *though* with one foot in the grave, and, unmindful of a sepulchre, are building houses, and are busy to extend the shore of the sea, that beats with violence

* Or Pan.

Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges
Summovere littora,
Parum locuples continente ripâ,
Quid, quòd usque proximos
Revellis agri terminos, et ultra
Limites clientium
Salis avarus? pellitur paternos
In sinu ferens Deos
Et uxor, et vir, sordidosque natos.
Nulla certior tamen
Rapacis Orci* sede destinatâ
Aula divitem manet
Herum. Quid ultra tendis? Æqua tellus
Pauperi recluditur,
Regumque pueris: nec satelles Orci
Callidum Promethea
Revexit,† auro captus. Hic superbum
Tantalum atque Tantali
Genus coërcet: hic levare functum
Pauperem laboribus,
Vocatus atque non vocatus audit.

* Orci fine destinatâ. † Revinxit auro captus.

at Baiæ, not rich enough while restrained to the limits of land. Why is it, that, through avarice, you even remove the landmarks of your neighbour's ground, and trespass beyond the bounds of your clients? and wife and husband are turned out, bearing in their bosom their household Gods, and their poor-looking children. Nevertheless, no court more certainly awaits its wealthy lord, than the destined seat of rapacious Pluto. Why do you go on? The impartial earth is open to the poor, as well as to the sons of kings: nor has the lifeguard *ferryman* of hell, bribed with gold, reconducted the artful Prometheus: He confines the proud Tantalus, and the race of Tantalus: He condescends, whether invoked or not, to relieve the poor, freed from their labours.

CARMEN XIX.

IN BACCHUM.

DITHYRAMBUS.

Sibi fas esse Bacchi laudes, ut ejus numine pleno et concitato, canere.

BACCHUM in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem (credite, posteri,)
Nymphasque discentes, et aures
Capripedum Satyrorum acutas.
Euœ! recenti mens trepidat metu,
Plenoque Bacchi pectore turbidum
Lætatur. Euœ! parce, Liber,
Parce, grave metuende thyrso.
Fas pervicaces est mihi Thyadas,
Vinique fontem, lactis et uberes
Cantare rivos, atque truncis
Lapsa cavis iterare mella:
Fas et beatæ conjugis additum
Stellis honorem, tectaque Penthei
Disjecta non leni* ruinâ,
Thracis et exitium Lycurgi.
Tu flectis amnes, tu mare barbarum:

* Non levi ruinâ.

ODE XIX.

ON BACCHUS.

A DITHYRAMBIC, OR DRINKING SONG.

That it was his duty to celebrate the praises of Bacchus, as being full of, and roused and animated by, his divinity.

I SAW Bacchus (believe it, posterity,) dictating verses amongst the remote rocks, and the nymphs a-learning them, and the attentive ears of the goat-footed satyrs. Evœ!* (*huzza!*) my mind trembles with recent dread, and my soul, being replete with Bacchus, has a tumultuous joy. Evœ! spare me, Bacchus; spare me, thou that art formidable for thy dreadful Thyrsus.† It is given me to sing the wanton Bacchanalian priestess, and the fountain of wine, and rivulets flowing with milk, and to reiterate the honeys distilling from hollow trunks. It is granted me likewise to *celebrate* the honour, added to the constellations by your happy spouse,‡ and the palace of Pentheus, demolished with hideous ruin, and the perdition of Thracian Lycurgus. You command the rivers, you the barbarian sea: You,

* An interjection, used by the priestesses of Bacchus on this festival, which cannot be literally translated.

† A spear, round the shaft of which ivy and vine-leaves were twined.

‡ Ariadne.

Tu separatis uvidus in jugis
Nodo coërces viperino
Bistonidum sine fraude crines.
Tu, cùm parentis regna per arduum
Cohors Gigantum scanderet impia,
Rhœtum retorsisti leonis
Unguibus, horribilique malâ:
Quanquam choreis aptior et jocis
Ludoque dictus, non sat idoneus
Pugnæ ferebaris; sed idem
Pacis eras mediusque belli.
Te vidit insons Cerberus aureo
Cornu decorum, leniter atterens
Caudam, et recedentis trilingui
Ore pedes tetigitque crura.

CARMEN XX.

AD MÆCENATEM.

Æternam sibi ex suis carminibus famam pollicetur.

NON usitatâ, nec* tenui ferar
Pennâ, biformis per liquidum æthera
Vates; neque in terris morabor
Longiùs; invidiâque major
Urbes relinquam. Non ego pauperum
Sanguis parentum; non ego, quem vocas
Dilecte, Mæcenas, obibo,
Nec Stygiâ cohibebor undâ.
Jam jam residunt cruribus asperæ
Pelles; et album mutor in alitem

* Non tenui ferar.

moist *with wine*, in selected mountains, bind the hair of your Thracian priestesses with a knot of vipers, without hurt. You, when the impious band of giants scaled the realms of father *Jupiter*, through the sky repelled Rhœtus, with the paws and horrible jaw of the lion-*shape you had assumed*. Though reported to be better adapted for dances, and jokes, and play, you were accounted insufficient for fight; yet *it then appeared* you had the same common talent for peace and war. Thee, ornamented with thy golden horn, Cerberus innocently gazed at, gently wagging his tail, and with his triple tongue licked your feet and legs as you returned.

ODE XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

He promises himself eternal fame from his verses.

I, a two-formed poet, will be conveyed through the liquid air with no vulgar nor humble wing: nor will I loiter upon earth any longer; and, superior to envy, will I quit cities. Not I, even I, whom *my rivals* style the blood of low parents, my dear Mæcenas, shall die; nor will I be restrained by the Stygian wave. At this instant, a rough skin settles upon my ankles, and *all* upwards I am transformed into a white bird,* and the downy plu-

* The poets allegorically represented themselves as transformed into swans.

Supernè;* nascunturque leves
Per digitos humerosque plumæ.
Jam Dædaleo ociorꝗ Icaro,
Visam gementis littora Bospori,
Syrtesque Gætulas, canorus
Ales, Hyperboreosque campos.
Me Colchus, et, qui dissimulat metum
Marsæ cohortis, Dacus, et ultimi
Noscent Geloni: me peritus
Discet Iber, Rhodanique potor.
Absint inani funere næniæ,
Luctusque turpes et querimoniæ:
Compesce clamorem, ac sepulchri
Mitte supervacuos honores.

* Superna. ꝗ Dædalco tutior Icaro. *Bentl.*

niage arises over my fingers and shoulders. Now, having become a melodious bird, more expeditious than the Dædalean Icarus, I will visit the shores of the murmuring Bosphorus, and the Getulean Syrtes, and the Hyperborean plains. Me, the Colchan, and the Dacian who pretends not to fear the Marsian cohort, and the remotest Gelonians, shall know: me, the learned Spaniard shall study, and he that drinks the waters of the Rhone. Let there be no dirges, or shameful lamentation, or bewailings, at my only seeming funeral: suppress your crying, and forbear the superfluous honours of a sepulchre.

Q. HORATII FLACCI

CARMINUM

LIBER III.

CARMEN I.

Felicitatem in honoribus ac divitiis positam non esse.

ODI profanum vulgus, et arceo.
Favete linguis: carmina non priùs
  Audita, Musarum sacerdos,
    Virginibus puerisque canto.
Regum timendorum in proprios greges,
Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis,
  Clari Giganteo triumpho,
    Cuncta supercilio moventis.

THE

THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ODES OF HORACE.

ODE I.

That happiness consists not in honours and riches.

I ABOMINATE the uninitiated vulgar, and drive them off. Give a religious attention: I, the priest of the muses, sing to virgins and boys verses not heard before. The dominion of dread sovereigns is *only* over their own subjects,* that of Jupiter, glorious for his conquest over the giants, who shakes all nature with his nod, *is* over sovereigns themselves. It happens that one man plants

* Literally *flocks*. Homer is fond of terming kings *shepherds of the people*. Thus the true God entitles himself the *shepherd of his people*, and them, *the sheep of his pasture*: the expression therefore is not *too low for the pomp of the strophe*.

Est,* ut viro vir latiùs ordinet
Arbusta sulcis; hic generosior
Descendat in campum petitor;
Moribus hic meliorque famâ
Contendat; ille turbâ clientium
Sit major: æquâ lege Necessitas
Sortitur insignes et imos;
Omne capax movet urna nomen.
Districtus ensis cui super impiâ
Cervice pendet, non Siculæ dapes
Dulcem elaborabunt saporem;
Non avium citharæque cantus
[illegible]num reducent. Somnus agrestium
[illegible]s virorum non humiles domos
Fastidit, umbrosamque ripam,
Non Zephyris agitata Tempe.
Desiderantem quod satis est, neque
Tumultuosum solicitat mare,
Nec sævus Arcturi cadentis
Impetus, aut orientis Hœdi:
Non verberatæ grandine vineæ,
Fundusque mendax; arbore nunc aquas
Culpante; nunc torrentia agros
Sidera, nunc hiemes iniquas.
Contracta pisces æquora sentiunt,
Jactis in altum molibus: huc frequens
Cæmenta demittit redemptor
Cum famulis, dominusque terræ
Fastidiosus: sed timor, et minæ
Scandunt eôdem quô dominus: neque
Decedit æratâ triremi, et
Post equitem sedet atra cura.

* Esto ut viro. *Bentl.*

trees, in regular rows, to a greater extent than another; this man comes down into the Campus *Martius* as a candidate of a better family, *while* another vies with him for morals and a better reputation; a third has a superior number of dependents: but death, by the impartial law *of nature*, is allotted *both* to the conspicuous and the obscure: the capacious urn keeps every name in motion. Sicilian dainties will not force a delicious relish* to that man, over whose impious neck the naked sword impends: the songs of birds or the lyre will not restore his sleep. Gentle sleep disdains not the humble cottages of peasants, and the shady bank; he *disdains* not Tempe, fanned by zephyrs. Him, who desires *but* a competency, neither the tempestuous sea renders anxious, nor the malign violence of Arcturus setting, or of the rising kid; nor his vineyards beaten down with hail, and a deceitful farm, his plantations at one season blaming the rains, at another, *the influence* of the constellations parching the grounds; at another, severe winters *disturb him.* The fishes perceive the seas contracted by the vast foundations that have been laid into the deep: hither numerous undertakers, with their men, and lords disdainful of the land, send down mortar: but anxiety, and the threats of conscience, ascend by the same way as the possessor: nor does gloomy care depart from the brazen-beaked galley, and she mounts behind the horseman. Seeing then neither the Phrygian marble, nor the

* Alluding to the story of Damocles.

Quòd si dolentem nec Phrygius lapis,
Nec purpurarum sidere clarior
  Delenit usus, nec Falerna
    Vitis, Achæmeniumve costum;
Cur invidendis postibus, et novo
Sublime ritu moliar atrium?
  Cur valle permutem Sabinâ
    Divitias operosiores?*

CARMEN II.

AD AMICOS.

Bellicam fortitudinem, probitatem, et arcani fidem commendat.

ANGŬSTAM, amici, pauperiem pati
Robustus acri militiâ puer
  Condiscat, et Parthos feroces
    Vexet eques metuendus hastâ;
Vitamque sub dio, et trepidis agat
In rebus: illum ex mœnibus hosticis
  Matrona bellantis tyranni
    Prospiciens, et adulta virgo,
Suspiret: Eheu! ne rudis agminum
Sponsus lacessat regius asperum
  Tactu leonem, quem cruenta
    Per medias rapit ira cædes!
Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori:

* Divitias onerosiores. *Bentl.*

use of purple, more dazzling than the sun,* nor the Falernian vine, nor the Persian perfume, composes a troubled mind, why should I set about a lofty edifice, with envy-exciting columns, and in the modern taste? Why should I exchange my Sabine vale for wealth, that is attended with more trouble?

ODE II.

TO HIS FRIENDS.

He praises military bravery, probity, and fidelity, in the keeping of a secret.

LET the robust youth, my friends, learn to endure pinching want in the active exercise of arms, and an expert horseman, dreadful for his spear, let him harass the fierce Parthians; let him lead a life exposed to the open air, and in familiarity with dangers. Him the consort and marriageable virgin-daughter of some warring tyrant, viewing from the hostile walls, may sigh—alas! lest the royal husband, unacquainted with the state of the battle, should provoke, by a touch, this terrible lion, whom rage hurries through the midst of slaughter?† It

* It is presumed, that commentators upon this passage might have succeeded better, had they remembered Seneca's expression, *clarum inundi sidus*, speaking of the sun. The sun, in many languages, is frequently and emphatically termed the *star*. *Clarior*, here rendered *dazzling*, refers not at all to the *colour* of the purple, but only to the *use* of it as a badge of dignity and office.

† Which he spreads wherever he goes.

Mors et fugacem persequitur* virum;
Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
Poplitibus, timidove tergo.
Virtus, repulsæ† nescia sordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus;
Nec sumit, aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.
Virtus, recludens immeritis mori
Cœlum, negatâ tentat iter viâ;
Cœtusque vulgares, et udam
Spernit humum fugiente pennâ.
Est et fideli tuta silentio
Merces: vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum
Vulgârit arcanæ sub îsdem
Sit trabibus, fragilemve mecum
Solvat phaselum. Sæpe Diespiter
Neglectus incesto addidit integrum:
Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna claudo.

* Fugacem prosequitur virum. Consequitur virum. *Bentl.*
† Nescia sordidæ, incontaminatis fulget.

is sweet and glorious to die for one's country: death even pursues the man that flies from him; nor does he spare the *trembling* knees of effeminate youth, nor the coward back. Virtue, unknowing of base repulse,* shines with immaculate honours; nor does she assume or lay aside the ensigns of her dignity, at the *capricious* veering of popular air. Virtue, throwing open heaven to those who deserve not to die, directs her progress through paths of difficulty, and spurns, with a rapid wing, grovelling crowds, and the slabby earth. There is likewise a sure reward for faithful silence. I will prohibit that man, who shall divulge the sacred rites† of mysterious Ceres, from being under the same roof with me, or from setting sail with me in the same precarious vessel: for Jupiter, when he is slighted, often joins a good man *in the same fate* with a bad one. It is seldom that punishment, *though* lame of foot, hath failed to overtake a villain.

* *Virtue*, as independent of factions and parties, can suffer no diminution of its native honours by popular caprice. Cato's *virtues* are here supposed to be alluded to, and how did they

Through the dark cloud of ills that covered him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness!

† The Eleusinian mysteries, so named from Eleusis, in Attica, where they were celebrated.

CARMEN III.

Augustum, ne sedem imperii Trojam transferat, clam dehortatur.

JUSTUM, et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
  Non vultus instantis tyranni
    Mente quatit solidâ; neque Auster
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus:
  Si fractus illabatur orbis,
    Impavidum ferient ruinæ.
Hâc arte Pollux, et vagus Hercules
Innixus,* arces attigit igneas:
  Quos inter Augustus recumbens
    Purpureo bibit ore nectar.
Hâc te merentem, Bacche pater, tuæ
Vexêre tigres, indocili jugum
  Collo trahentes: hâc Quirinus
    Martis† equis Acheronta fugit;
Gratum elocutâ consiliantibus
Junone Divis: Ilion, Ilion
  Fatalis incestusque judex,
    Et mulier peregrina vertit
In pulverem, ex quo destituit Deos
Mercede pactâ Laomedon, mihi
  Castæque damnatum Minervæ,
    Cum populo et duce fraudulento.

* Innisus, arces attigit. Enisus arces. *Bentl.*
† Patris equis. *Barthius.*

ODE III.

He privately dissuades Augustus from any thoughts of transferring the seat of empire to Troy.

NOT the rage of the people pressing to hurtful measures, not the aspect of a threatening tyrant, can shake from his settled purpose the man that is just, and determined in his resolution; nor can the south wind, that tumultuous ruler of the restless Adriatic, nor can the mighty hand of thundering Jupiter: if a crushed world should fall in upon him, the ruins would strike him undismayed. By this means Pollux, by this the wandering Hercules, arrived at the starry citadels: amongst whom Augustus hath now taken his place, and quaffs nectar with impurpled lips. Thee, O father Bacchus, meritorious for this *virtue*, thy tigers carried, drawing the yoke with indocile neck; by this, Romulus escaped Acheron (*death*) on the horses of Mars. Juno spoke what the Gods in *full* council approved: "Troy, Troy, a fatal and lewd judge,* and a foreign woman,† have reduced to ashes, condemned, together with its inhabitants and fraudulent prince, by me and the chaste Minerva, ever since Laomedon disappointed the Gods‡ of the stipulated reward. Now neither the infamous guest of the

* Alluding to the judgment of Paris. † Helen.

‡ Apollo and Neptune, for building the walls of Troy. The origin of the fable is supposed to have been, his borrowing money out of the temples of those two Gods, which he never returned.

Jam nec Lacænæ splendet adulteræ
Famosus hospes; nec Priami domus
  Perjura pugnaces Achivos
    Hectoreis opibus refringit:
Nostrisque ductum seditionibus
Bellum resedit. Protinus et graves
  Iras, et invisum nepotem,
    Troïca quem peperit sacerdos,
Marti redonabo. Illum ego lucidas
Inire sedes, ducere* nectaris
  Succos, et ascribi quietis
    Ordinibus patiar Deorum.
Dum longus inter sæviat Ilion
Romamque pontus; quâlibet exsules
  In parte regnanto beati:
    Dum Priami Paridisque busto
Insultet armentum, et catulos feræ
Celent inultæ; stet Capitolium
  Fulgens, triumphatisque possit
    Roma ferox dare jura Medis.
Horrenda late nomen in ultimas
Extendat oras, quâ medius liquor
  Secernit Europen ab Afro,
    Quâ tumidus rigat arva Nilus:
Aurum irrepertum, et sic meliùs situm
Cùm terra celat, spernere fortior,
  Quàm cogere humanos in usus
    Omne sacrum rapiente dextrâ.
Quicunque† mundi terminus obstitit,
Hunc tangat armis; visere gestiens,

* Discere nectaris succos.
† Quicunque mundo terminus. Quâcunque mundo. *Bentl.*

Lacedæmonian adulteress shines *any more;* nor does Priam's perjured family break the warlike Grecians, by the aid of Hector; and that war, spun out *to such* a length by our factions, hath sunk to peace. Henceforth, *therefore,* I will give up to Mars both my bitter resentment and my detested grandson, whom the Trojan priestess bore.* Him will I suffer to enter the bright regions, to drink the juice of nectar, and to be enrolled amongst the peaceful orders of Gods. As long as the extensive sea rages between Troy and Rome, let them, *whilst* exiles, reign happy in any other part *of the world,* as long as cattle trample upon the busts of Priam and Paris, and wild beasts *there* conceal their young ones with impunity, may the capital remain in splendour, and may brave Rome give laws to the conquered Medes. Tremendous, let her extend her name abroad to the extremest boundaries *of the earth,* where the interlocated ocean separates Europe from Africa, where the swollen Nile waters the plains, deriving more bravery from the contempt of gold as yet undiscovered, and so best situated whilst hid in the earth, than from forcing it out for the uses of mankind, with a hand *ready* to make depredations on every thing that is sacred. Whatever end of the world has made resistance, that let her reach with her arms, joyfully alert to

* Romulus, the founder of the Roman state, was grandson to Juno by her son Mars, but detested by the goddess on account of his Trojan mother. This spirited speech strongly sets forth the resentment of a slighted woman, whom the miseries of a ten years' war of half the world, and the destruction of Troy, had not appeased.

Quâ parte debacchentur ignes,
Quâ nebulæ pluviique rores.
Sed bellicosis fata Quiritibus
Hâc lege dico; ne nimiùm pii,
Rebusque fidentes, avitæ
Tecta velint reparare Trojæ.
Trojæ renascens alite lugubri
Fortuna tristi clade iterabitur,
Ducente vitrices catervas
Conjuge me Jovis, et sorore.
Ter si resurgat murus aheneus,
Auctore* Phœbo; ter pereat meis
Excisus Argivis; ter uxor
Capta virum puerosque ploret.
Non hæc jocosæ conveniunt lyræ:
Quò musa tendis? Desine pervicax
Referre sermones Deorum, et
Magna modis tenuare parvis.

* Dactore Phœbo. Structore Phœbo. *Bentl.*

visit *even* that part where fiery heats rage madding, that where clouds and rains* storm with unmoderated fury. But I pronounce this fate to the warlike Romans, on this condition, that, neither through an excess of piety, nor of confidence in their power, they become inclined to rebuild the houses of their ancestors' Troy. The state of Troy, reviving under unlucky auspices, shall be revisited with lamentable destruction, while I, the wife and sister of Jupiter, lead on the victorious bands. Thrice, if a brazen wall should arise by the means of its founder Phœbus, thrice should it fall, demolished by my Grecians, thrice should the captive wife bewail her husband and her children slain." These themes ill suit the merry lyre: whither, muse, are you going? Cease, impertinent, to relate the language of the Gods, and to debase things of such grandeur by your trifling measures.

* A periphrasis beautifully expressive of the torrid and frigid zones, which the ancients thought not habitable, on account of the intolerable extremity of their respective temperatures.

CARMEN IV.

AD CALLIOPEN.

Iis, qui in Deorum tutelâ sunt, benè omnia cedere.

DESCENDE cœlo, et dic age tibiâ
Regina longum Calliope melos;
Seu voce nunc mavis acutâ,
Seu fidibus, citharâve Phœbi.
Auditis? an me ludit amabilis
Insania? audire, et videor* pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt; et auræ.
Me fabulosæ Vulture in Appulo,
Altricis† extra limen‡ Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatumque somno,
Fronde novâ puerum palumbes
Texêre: mirum quod foret omnibus,
Quicunque celsæ nidum Acherontiæ,
Saltusque Bantinos, et arvum
Pingue tenent humilis Ferenti;
Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem et ursis; ut premerer sacrâ
Lauroque, collatâque myrto,
Non sine Dîs animosus infans.
Vester, Camœnæ, vester in arduos
Tollor Sabinos: seu mihi frigidum
Præneste, seu Tibur supinum,
Seu liquidæ placuêre Baiæ:

* Et videor piorum. *Anon.* † Nutricis extra limen.
‡ Limina sedulæ. *Bentl.*

ODE IV.

TO CALLIOPE.

That every thing goes well with those who are under the protection of the Gods.

DESCEND from heaven, O queen Calliope, and come sing with your pipe a lengthened strain; or, if you had now rather, with your clear voice, or on the harp or lute of Phœbus. Do ye hear? or does a pleasing phrenzy delude me! I seem to hear *her*, and to expatiate *with her*, along the hallowed groves, through which pleasant rivulets and gales make their way.—Me, when a child, and fatigued with play, in sleep the woodland doves, famous in story, covered with green leaves in the Apulian *mountain* Vultur, *just* without the limits of plentiful Apulia; so that it was matter of wonder to all that inhabit the nest* of lofty Acherontia, the Bantine forests, and the rich soil of low Ferentum, how I could sleep with my person secure from deadly vipers and ravenous bears; how I could be covered with sacred laurel and myrtle heaped together, *never considering me as* a child not so animated without divine assistance. Yours, O ye muses, *wholly* yours, whether I am elevated to the Sabine heights, or whether the cool Præneste, or the sloping Tibur, or the watery Baiæ, have engaged me.

* Acherontia was situated on the summit of a mountain, like a nest in a tall tree.

Vestris amicum fontibus et choris,
Non me Philippis versa acies retrò,
Devota non exstinxit arbos,
Nec Siculâ Palinurus undâ.
Utcunque mecum vos eritis; libens
Insanientem navita Bosporum
Tentabo, et arentes arenas
Littoris Assyrii viator.
Visam Britannos hospitibus feros,
Et lætum equino sanguine Concanum:
Visam Pharetratos Gelonos,
Et Scythicum inviolatus amnem.
Vos Cæsarem altum, militiâ simul
Fessas cohortes* abdidit oppidis,
Finire quærentem labores,
Piërio recreatis antro.
Vos lene consilium et datis, et dato
Gaudetis almæ. Scimus ut impios
Titanas, immanemque turmam
Fulmine sustulerit† caduco,
Qui terram inertem, qui mare temperat
Ventosum, et‡ urbes, regnaque tristia,
Divosque, mortalesque turbas
Imperio regit unus æquo.
Magnum illa terrorem intulerat Jovi
Fidens juventus horrida brachiis,
Fratresque tendentes opaco
Pelion imposuisse Olympo.
Sed quid Typhœus, et validus Mimas,
Aut quid minaci Porphyrion statu,

* Cohortes reddidit oppidis.
† Sustulerit corusco. *Bentl.*
‡ Et umbras regnaque. *Bentl.*

Me, who am attached to your fountains and choral sports, not the army put to flight at Philippi, not the execrable tree, nor Palinurus* in the Sicilian sea, have destroyed. Whilst you shall be with me, with pleasure will I, a sailor, dare the raging Bosphorus, or, a traveller, the burning sands of the Assyrian shore: I will visit the Britons, inhuman to strangers, and Concanus, delighted *with drinking* the blood of horses: I will visit the quivered Geloni, and the Scythian river *Tanais*, without a hurt. You entertained the sublime Cæsar, studious to put an end to his toils, in the Pierian grotto, soon as he had distributed in towns his troops, wearied by campaigning. You administer *to him* moderate counsels, and, gracious, rejoice at them when administered. We are aware how he, who rules the inactive earth and the stormy main, the cities also, and the dreary *infernal* domains, and alone governs, with a righteous sway, both Gods and the human multitude; *how* he took off the impious Titans, and the gigantic troop, by his falling thunderbolts. That horrid youth, trusting to the *strength* of their arms, and the brethren proceeding to place Pelion upon the shady Olympus, had brought great dread *even* upon Jupiter. But what could Typhœus, and the strong Mimas, or what Porphyrion with his menacing stature; what Rhætus, and Enceladus, a

* A promontory, so called from a pilate of Æneas who was lost there.

Quid Rhœtus, evulsisque truncis
Enceladus jaculator audax,
Contra sonantem Palladis ægida
Possent ruentes? Hinc avidus stetit
Vulcanus; hinc matrona Juno, et
Nunquam humeris positurus arcum,
Qui rore puro Castaliæ lavit
Crines solutos, qui Lyciæ tenet
Dumeta, natalemque silvam,
Delius et Patareus Apollo,
Vis consilî expers mole ruit suâ:
Vim temperatam Dî quoque provehunt
In majus: idem odêre vires
Omne nefas animo moventes.
Testis mearum centimanus Gyges
Sententiarum notus, et integræ
Tentator Orion Dianæ,
Virgineâ domitus sagittâ.
Injecta monstris Terra dolet suis,
Mœretque partus fulmine luridum
Missos ad Orcum: nec peredit
Impositam celer ignis Ætnam:
Incontinentis nec Tityi jecur
Relinquit ales, nequitiæ additus
Custos: amatorem trecentæ
Pirithoum cohibent catenæ.

fierce darter with trees *entire* uptorn, avail, *though* rushing *with all their fury* against the resounding shield of Pallas? At one part stood the eager Vulcan, at another the matron Juno, and he who is never desirous to lay aside his bow from his shoulders, Apollo, *the God* of Delos and Patara, who bathes his flowing hair in the pure water of Castalia, and possesses the groves of Lycia and his native wood. Force, void of conduct, falls by its own weight; moreover, the Gods promote discreet force to farther advantage; but the same *beings* detest forces that meditate every kind of impiety. The hundred-handed Gyges is an evidence of *the justness* of my sentiments, and Orion, the tempter of the spotless Diana, destroyed by a virgin dart. The earth, heaped over her own monsters, grieves and laments her offspring sent to dismal hell by a thunderbolt; nor does the active fire consume, Ætna that is placed over it, nor does the vulture desert the liver of incontinent Tityus, being stationed there as an avenger of his baseness; *and* three hundred chains confine the *amorous Pirithous.

* For being Pluto's rival.

CARMEN V.

Augustum laudat, qui armorum suorum metu Britannos, maxime vero Parthos subegisset.

CŒLO tonantem credidimus Jovem
Regnare: præsens Divus habebitur
  Augustus, adjectis Britannis
    Imperio, gravibusque Persis.
Milesne Crassi conjuge barbarâ
Turpis maritus vixit? et hostium
  (Proh curia, inversique mores!)
    Consenuit socerorum in* armis
Sub rege Medo, Marsus et Appulus,
Anciliorum, et nominis, et togæ
  Oblitus, æternæque Vestæ,
    Incolumi Jove et urbe Româ?
Hoc caverat mens provida Reguli,
Dissentientis conditionibus
  Fœdis, et exemplo trahenti
    Perniciem veniens in ævum,
Si non periret immiserabilis
Captiva pubes. Signa ego Punicis
  Affixa delubris, et arma
    Militibus sinè cæde, dixit,
Derepta vidi: vidi ego civium
Retorta tergo brachia libero,
  Portasque non clausas, et arva
    Marte coli populata nostro.

* Socerorum in arvis.

ODE V.

He praises Augustus, who, by the terror of his arms, had subdued the Britons, but most especially because he had subdued the Parthians.

WE have believed that the thundering Jupiter has dominion in the heavens: Augustus shall be esteemed a present deity, the Britons and terrible Parthians being added to the *Roman* empire. *What!* has *any* soldier of Crassus lived an infamous husband with a barbarian wife? and has (O the *corrupted* senate and inverted morals *of the times!*) the Marsian and Apulian, unmindful of the *sacred** shields, of the *Roman* name and habit, and of† eternal Vesta, grown old in the camps of hostile fathers-in-law, Jupiter *Capitolinus* and the city being *as yet* in safety? The prudent mind of Regulus had provided against this, dissenting from ignominious terms, and a precedent productive of destruction to the succeeding age, if the captive youth was not to perish unpitied. I have beheld, said he, the *Roman* standards affixed to the Carthaginian temples, and their arms taken away from *our* soldiers without bloodshed. I have beheld the arms of *our* citizens inverted behind their free-born backs, and the gates *of the enemy* unshut, and the fields, which were depopulated by our battles, to

* Called *Ancilia*, one of which being sent from heaven, was a token of empire being established at Rome; and, that it might not be distinguished and stolen away, Numa caused eleven more to be forged exactly like it, and to be kept in the temple of Mars.

† Eternal, because a perpetual fire was preserved in her temple by the vestal virgins.

Auro repensus scilicet acrior
Miles redibit? flagitio additis
  Damnum: neque amissos colores
    Lana refert medicata fuco;
Nec vera virtus, cùm semel excidit,
Curat reponi deterioribus.
  Si puguat extricata densis
    Cerva plagis, erit ille fortis,
Qui perfidis se credidit hostibus;
Et Marte Pœnos proteret altero,
  Qui lora restrictis lacertis
    Sensit iners, timuitque mortem.
Hic, undè vitam sumeret,* inscius,
Pacem duello miscuit. O pudor!
  O magna Carthago, probrosis
    Altior Italiæ ruinis!
Fertur pudicæ conjugis osculum,
Parvosque natos, ut capitis minor,
  Ab se removisse, et virilem
    Torvus humi posuisse vultum
Donec labantes consilio Patres
Firmaret auctor nunquam aliàs dato,
  Interque mœrentes amicos
    Egregius properaret exsul.
Atqui sciebat quæ sibi barbarus
Tortor pararet: non aliter tamen
  Dimovit obstantes propinquos,
    Et populum reditus morantem;
Quàm si clientum longa negotia,
Dijudicatâ lite, relinqueret,
  Tendens Venafranos in agros,
    Aut Lacedæmonium Tarentum.

* Hinc, unde vitam sumeret aptius. *Bentl.*
Vitam sumeret aptius.

be cultivated *anew*. The soldier, to be sure, ransomed by gold, will return a braver fellow.—No—you add loss to infamy; *for* neither does the wool prepared in the die *ever* resume its lost native colour; and genuine valour, when once it has failed, scorns to resume the place of which it was dispossessed through cowardice. If the hind, disentangled from the thickset toils, *ever* fights, *then indeed* shall he be valorous, who has intrusted himself to faithless enemies; and he shall trample the Carthaginians in a second war, who dastardly has felt the thongs with his arms tied behind him, and has been afraid of death. He, *through cowardice*, knowing no other way to preserve his life, has confounded peace with the very act of war.—O scandal! O illustrious Carthage, elevated to a higher pitch by Italy's disgraceful downfal! He (*Regulus*) is reported to have rejected the embrace of his virtuous wife and his little sons, like one degraded, and to have sternly fixed his manly countenance on the ground, until he, by his unexampled counsel, had confirmed the wavering senators, and, midst his weeping friends, hasted away, a glorious exile. Notwithstanding he knew what the barbarian executioner was providing for him, yet he pushed his opposing kindred and the populace, retarding his return, from him, in no other manner, than if (after he had quitted the tedious business of his clients by determining their suit) he was only going to the Venafran plains, or the Lacedæmonian Tarentum.

CARMEN VI.

AD ROMANOS.

Religionis contemptum et morum corruptelam maxima Romanis mala intulisse.

DELICTA majorum immeritus lues,
Romane, donec templa refeceris,
Ædesque labentes Deorum, et
Fœda nigro simulachra fumo.
Dîs te minorem quòd geris, imperas :
Hinc omne principium, hùc refer exitum.
Dî multa neglecti dederunt
Hesperiæ mala luctuosæ.
Jam bis Monæses, et Pacori manus
Non auspicatos contudit impetus
Nostros, et adjecisse prædam
Torquibus exiguis renidet
Penè occupatam seditionibus
Delevit urbem Dacus, et Æthiops ;
Hic classe formidatus, ille
Missilibus melior sagittis.
Fœcunda culpæ sæcula, nuptias
Primum inquinavêre, et genus, et domos :
Hoc fonte derivata clades
In* patriam populumque fluxit.
Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura virgo, et fingitur† artubus

* Inque patres populumque. *Bentl.*
† Et fingitur artibus.

ODE VI.

TO THE ROMANS.

That the contempt of religion, and the corruption of morals, had brought the greatest misfortunes upon the Romans.

YOU shall suffer, O Rome, for the sins of your ancestors, though innocent of them, till you shall have repaired the temples and tottering edifices of the Gods, and their statues, that are defiled with sooty smoke. You *justly* reign, because you conduct yourself as subordinate to the Gods: to this source refer every undertaking, to this every event. The Gods, because neglected, have inflicted many evils on calamitous Italy. Already has Monæses, and the band of Pacorus, twice repelled our inauspicious attacks, and exults in having added the *Roman* spoils to their inferior collars. The Dacian and Æthiopian have almost demolished the city engaged in civil broils, the one formidable for his fleet, the other more expert for missile arrows. The times, fertile in wickedness, have, in the first place, polluted the marriage state, and *thereby* the issue and families. From this fountain, perdition being derived, has overwhelmed the nation and people. The virgin, marriageable, delights to be taught the Ionic dances, and at this time even is fashioned in her limbs, and cherishes unchaste de-

Jam nunc, et incestos amores
De tenero meditatur ungui.
Mox juniores quærit adulteros,
Inter mariti vina; neque eligit,
Cui donet* impermissa raptim
Gaudia, luminibus remotis:
Sed jussa coram non sinè conscio
Surgit marito; seu vocat institor,
Seu navis Hispanæ magister,
Dedecorum pretiosus emptor.
Non his juventus orta parentibus
Infecit æquor sanguine Punico,
Pyrrhumque, et ingentem cecidit
Antiochum, Annibalemque dirum;
Sed rusticorum mascula militum
Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus
Versare glebas, et severæ
Matris ad arbitrium recisos
Portare fustes; sol ubi montium
Mutaret umbras, et juga demeret
Bobus fatigatis, amicum
Tempus agens abeunte curru.
Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?
Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem.

* Intermissa. Improvisa.

sires from her very infancy; for she courts younger debauchees when her husband is in his cups; nor has she any choice, to whom she shall privately grant her forbidden pleasures when the lights are removed, but, at the word of command, openly, not without the knowledge of her husband, she will come forth, whether it be a factor that calls for her, or the captain of a Spanish ship, the extravagant purchaser of her impurities. It was not a youth born from parents like these, that tinged the sea with Carthaginian gore, and slew Pyrrhus, and Antiochus the Great, and the terrific Hannibal; but a manly progeny of rustic soldiers, instructed to turn the glebe with Sabine spades, and to carry clubs cut out *of the* woods at the pleasure of a rigid mother, what time the sun shifted the shadows of the mountains, and took the yokes from the wearied oxen, bringing on the pleasant hour with his retreating chariot. What does not wasting time decay? The age of our fathers, worse than our grandsires, produced us *still* more flagitious, *us*, who are about to produce an offspring more vicious *even than ourselves.*

CARMEN VII.

AD ASTERIEN.

Solatur Asterien de mariti absentia, solicitam, et ut in ejus fide perseveret hortatur.

QUID fles, Asterie, quem tibi candidi
Primo restituent vere Favonii
Thynâ merce beatum,
Constantis* juvenem fide
Gygen? Ille Notis actus ad Oricum,
Post insana Capræ sidera, frigidas
Noctes, non sine multis
Insomnis lachrymis, agit.
Atqui solicitæ nuntius hospitæ,
Suspirare Chloën, et miseram tuis
Dicens ignibus uri,
Tentat mille vafer modis.
Ut Prœtum mulier perfida credulum
Falsis impulerit criminibus, nimis
Casto Bellerophonti
Maturare necem, refert.
Narrat penè datum Pelea Tartaro,
Magnessam Hippolyten dum fugit abstinens:
Et peccare docentes
Fallax† historias‡ monet,
Frustra: nam scopulis surdior Icari
Voces audit, adhuc integer. At, tibi
Ne vicinus Enipeus
Plus justo placeat, cave:

* Constanti juvenem fide. † Fallax historias movet.
‡ Pellax historias movet. *Bentl.*

ODE VII.

TO ASTERIE.

He comforts Asterie, troubled for the absence of her husband, and exhorts her to persevere in her fidelity to him.

WHY, O Asterie, do you weep for Gyges, a youth of inviolable constancy, whom the kindly zephyrs shall restore to you with the beginning of the spring, enriched with a Bithynian cargo? Driven as far as Oricum by the southern winds, after *the rising of* the goat's tempestuous constellation, he sleepless passes the cold nights in abundant weeping *for you:* but the agent of his anxious landlady slily tempts him by a thousand methods, informing him that *his mistress*, Chloe, is sighing *for him*, and burns with your flames. He remonstrates to him how a perfidious woman, urged the credulous Prœtus, by false accusations, to hasten the death of the overchaste Bellerophon.—He tells how Peleus was like to have been given up to the infernal regions, while out of temperance he avoided the Magnesian Hippolyte; and the deceiver quotes histories to him that are lessons for sinning. In vain, for, heart-whole as yet, he receives his words deafer than the Icarian rocks.—But with regard to you, have a care lest your neighbour

Quamvis non alius flectere equum sciens
Æquè conspicitur gramine Martio;
Nec quisquam citus æquè
Tusco denatat alveo.
Primâ nocte domum claude: neque in vias
Sub cantu querulæ despice tibiæ:
Et te sæpè vocanti
Duram, difficilis mane.

CARMEN VIII.

AD MÆCENATEM.

Invitat Mœcenatem ad festum domesticum genialiter celebrandum.

MARTIIS cœlebs quid agam Calendis,
Quid velint flores, et acerra thuris
Plena, miraris, positusque carbo in
Cespite vivo,
Docte* sermones utriusque linguæ.
Voveram dulces epulas, et album
Libero caprum, propè funeratus
Arboris ictu.
Hic dies, anno redeunte, festus,
Corticem adstrictum pice dimovebit
Amphoræ fumum bibere institutæ
Consule Tullo.
Sume, Mæcenas, cyathos amici
Sospitis centum; et vigiles lucernas

* Docte sermonis utriusque.

Enipeus prove too pleasing. Though no other person equally skilful to guide the steed is conspicuous in the course, nor does any one with equal swiftness swim down the Etrurian stream, *yet* secure your house at the very approach of night, nor look down into the streets at the sound of the doleful pipe; and *still* remain inflexible, however upbraided with insensibility.

ODE VIII.

TO MÆCENAS.

He invites Mœcenas to a domestic entertainment, which he was resolved to celebrate joyously.

O MÆCENAS, learned in *both languages, you wonder what I, who am a single man, have to do on the Calends† of March; what *these* flowers mean, and the censer replete with frankincense, and the coals laid upon the live turf. I made a vow of a joyous banquet and a white goat to Bacchus, after having been at the point of death by a blow from a‡ tree. This day, sacred in the revolving year, shall remove the cork fastened with pitch from that jar, which was§ set to fumigate in the consulship of Tullus. Take, my Mœcenas, an hundred glasses *on account* of the safety of your friend, and continue the wakeful lamps even to day-light:

* Greek and Latin.

† A festival particularly celebrated by married people.

‡ See Ode XIII. Book 2.

§ The Romans used to ripen or mellow their wine by fumigation.

Profer in lucem : procul omnis esto
Clamor et ira.
Mitte civiles super Urbe curas :
Occidit Daci Cotisonis agmen :
Medus* infestus sibi luctuosis
Dissidet armis :
Servit Hispanæ vetus hostis oræ
Cantaber, serâ domitus catenâ :
Jam Scythæ laxo meditantur arcu
Cedere campis.
Negligens, ne quâ populus laboret,
Parce privatus nimiùm cavere ; et
Dona præsenti† rape lætus horæ, ac
Linque severa.

CARMEN IX.

AD LYDIAM.

Dialogus Horatii et Lydiæ.

HORATIUS.

DONEC gratus eram tibi,
Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat,
Persarum vigui rege beatior.

LYDIA.

Donec non‡ alia magis
Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloën ;
Multi Lydia nominis
Romanâ vigui clarior Iliâ.

* Infestis sibi luctuosus. *Heins.*
† Cape lætus horæ. ‡ Non aliam magis.

all clamour and passion be far away. Postpone your political cares with regard to the state: the army of the Dacian Cotison is defeated: the troublesome Mede is quarrelling with himself in a horrible *civil* war. The Cantabrian, *our* old enemy on the Spanish coast, is subjected to us, *though* conquered by a long disputed victory. Now *too* the Scythians are preparing to quit the field with their unbent bows. Neglectful, as a private person, forbear to be too solicitous, lest the community in any wise suffer, and joyfully seize the boons of the present hour, and quit serious affairs.

ODE IX.

TO LYDIA.

A dialogue between Horace and Lydia.

HORACE.

AS long as I was agreeable to you, nor did any other youth more acceptable fold his arms over your snowy neck, I flourished more blest than the Persian monarch.

LYDIA.

As long as you had not a greater flame for any other, nor was Lydia below Chloe *in your affections*, I, Lydia, of distinguished fame, flourished more eminent than the Roman * Ilia.

* The mother of Romulus.

HORATIUS.

Me nunc Thressa Chloë regit,
Dulces docta modos, et citharæ sciens:
Pro quâ non metuam mori,
Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.

LYDIA.

Me torret face mutuâ
Thurini Calais filius Ornythi;
Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

HORATIUS.

Quid si prisca redit Venus,
Diductosque jugo cogit aheneo?
Si flava excutitur Chloë,
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?

LYDIA.

Quanquam sidere pulchrior
Ille est, tu levior cortice, et improbo
Iracundior Adriâ:
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

HORACE.

The Cretan Chloe now commands me, skilful in sweet modulations, and a mistress of the lyre; for whom I would not dread to die, if the fates would spare *her* my surviving soul.

LYDIA.

Calais, the son of the Thurian Ornythus, inflames me with a mutual fire; for whom I would twice suffer death, if the fates would spare my surviving boy.

HORACE.

But what if our former love returns, and unites by a brazen (*indissoluble*) yoke, us *now* separated? *what* if Chloe with her golden locks be shaken off, and the door of the repudiated Lydia *again* open to me?

LYDIA.

Though he is brighter than a star, you of more levity than a cork, and more passionate than the blustering Adriatic; with you I should love to live, with you I would cheerfully die.

CARMEN X.

AD LYCEN.

Ut, posita duritie, aliquâ ipsius miscricordiâ capiatur.

EXTREMUM Tanaïn si biberes, Lyce,
Sævo nupta viro, me tamen asperas
Porrectum* ante fores, objicere incolis
Plorares Aquilonibus.
Audis quo strepitu janua, quo nemus
Inter pulchra† situm tecta remugiat
Ventis ?‡ et positas ut glaciet nives
Puro numine Jupiter ?
Ingratam Veneri pone superbiam ;
Ne currente retrò funis eat rotâ.
Non te Penelopen difficilem procis
Tyrrhenus genuit parens.
O, quamvis neque te munera, nec preces,
Nec tinctus viola pallor amantium,
Nec vir Pieria pellice saucius
Curvat ; supplicibus tuis
Parcas, nec rigidâ mollior æsculo,
Nec Mauris§ animum mitior anguibus.
Non hoc semper erit liminis, aut aquæ
Cœlestis patiens latus.

* Projectum ante fores. *Bentl.* † Inter pulchra satum.
‡ Sentis, et positas ut glaciet nives Duro numine Jupiter ? *Bentl.* § Animo mitior.

ODE X.

TO LYCE.

That, laying aside her hardness of heart, she would take some pity of him.

O LYCE, had you* drunk from the remote Tanais, in a state of marriage with some barbarian, yet you might be sorry to expose me, prostrated before your obdurate doors, to *those* inhabitants, the north winds. Do you hear with what a noise your gate, with what a *noise* the grove, planted about your elegant buildings, re-bellows to the winds? and how Jupiter glazes the settled snow with his pure influence? Lay aside disdain, offensive to Venus, lest your† rope should run backwards with rapid wheel. Your Tyrrhenian father did not beget you *to be as* inaccessible *as* Penelope to your wooers. O, notwithstanding neither presents, nor prayers, nor the violet-tinctured paleness of your lovers, nor your husband smitten with a musical madam, bend you to pity; yet *at length* spare thy suppliants, thou that art no softer than the sturdy oak, nor of a gentler disposition than the African serpents. This side *of mine* will not always be able to bear your threshold and the rain.

* If you had been an inhabitant of Scythia, of which Tanais is a river.

† Alluding to wheels and pulleys, where, if you once let go your hold, the weight carries off the rope with great velocity.

CARMEN XI.

AD MERCURIUM.

Gravissimas vel inferis pœnas sævitiæ constitutes esse.

MERCURI, (nam te docilis magistro
Movit Amphion lapides canendo)
Tuque testudo resonare septem
Callida nervis,
Nec loquax olim, neque grata, nunc et
Divitum mensis et amica templis;
Dic modos, Lyde quibus obstinatas
Applicet aures:
Quæ, velut latis equa trima campis,
Ludit exsultim, metuitque tangi,
Nuptiarum expers, et adhùc protervo
Cruda marito.
Tu potes tigres comitesque silvas
Ducere, et rivos celeres morari.
Cessit immanis tibi blandienti
Janitor aulæ
Cerberus; quamvis furiale centum
Muniant angues caput ejus, atque
Spiritus teter, saniesque manet
Ore trilingui.
Quin et Ixion, Tityosque vultu
Risit invito: stetit urna paulùm
Sicca, dum grato Danaï puellas
Carmine mulces
Audiat Lyde scelus, atque notas
Virginum pœnas, et inane lymphæ

ODE XI.

TO MERCURY.

That most grievous punishments were appointed for cruelty, even in the other world.

O MERCURY, (since the ingenious Amphion moved rocks by his voice, you being his tutor,) and thou *my* harp, expert to resound with seven strings, formerly neither vocal nor pleasing, *but* now agreeable to the tables of the wealthy, and the temples *of the Gods;* dictate measures to which Lyde may incline her obstinate ears, who, like a filly of three years old, playsome frisks about in the spacious fields, inexperienced in *the sweets* of nuptial loves, and hitherto unripe for the enjoyment of a husband. You are able to draw after you tigers and attendant woods, and to retard rapid rivers. To your blandishments, the enormous porter of *the infernal* palace yielded, though an hundred serpents fortify his head, and a pestilential steam and an infectious poison issues from his triple-tongued mouth. Moreover, Ixion and Tityus smiled with reluctant aspect: *and,* while you sooth the daughter of Danaus with your delightful harmony, their vessel for some time remained dry. Let Lyde hear *an account* of their crime, and their well-known punishment, and the cask still empty by the water streaming through the

Dolium fundo pereuntis imo,
Seraque fata,
Quæ manent culpas etiam sub Orco.
Impiæ, (nam quid potuêre majus?
Impiæ sponsos potuêre duro
Perdere ferro.
Una de multis, face nuptiali
Digna, perjurum fuit in parentem
Splendidè mendax, et in omne virgo
Nobilis ævum:
Surge, quæ dixit juveni marito,
Surge, ne longus tibi somnus, undè
Non times, detur: socerum et scelestas
Falle sorores;
Quæ, velut nactæ vitulos leænæ,
Singulos, eheu! lacerant: ego illis
Mollior, nec te feriam, nec intra
Claustra tenebo.
Me pater sævis oneret catenis,
Quòd viro clemens misero peperci;
Me vel extremos Numidarum in agros
Classe releget.
I, pedes quò te rapiunt et auræ,
Dum favet nox et Venus: i, secundo
Omine; et nostri memorem sepulchro
Sculpe* querelam.

* Scalpæ querelam.

bottom, and what fates await their misdeeds even beyond the grave. Impious? (for what greater *impiety* could they have committed?) Impious they could destroy their bridegrooms with the cruel poniard. One out of many, worthy of the nuptial torch, was nobly false to her perjured parent, and a maiden illustrious to all posterity: *she*, who said to her youthful husband, Arise! arise! lest an eternal sleep be given to you, from a hand you have no suspicion of; disappoint your father-in-law, and my atrocious sisters, who, like lionesses, having possessed themselves of *so many* calves, (alas!) tear each of them to pieces; I am of softer mould than they, neither will I strike thee, nor will I detain thee in my custody. Let my father load me with cruel chains, because out of mercy I spared my unhappy spouse; let him transport me even to the extreme Numidian plains. Depart where your feet and the winds carry you, while the night and Venus are favourable: Depart, with an happy omen, yet, not forgetful of me, engrave my mournful story on my tomb.

CARMEN XII.

AD NEOBULEN.

Eam Hebri adolescentis amore captam inertiæ se ac desidiæ dedisse.

MISERARUM est, neque amori dare ludum,
Neque dulci mala vino lavere; aut exanimari, metuentes patruæ verbera linguæ.
Tibi qualum Cythereæ puer ales,
Tibi telas, operosæque Minervæ
Studium aufert, Neobule, Liparæi nitor Hebri;
Eques ipso melior Bellerophonte,
Neque pugno, neque segni pede victus:
Simul unctos Tiberinis humeros lavit in undis:
Catus idem per apertum fugientes
Agitato grege cervos jaculari, et
Celer* alto latitantem fruticeto excipere aprum.

CARMEN XIII.

AD FONTEM BLANDUSIÆ.

Fonti sacrificium et ab versibus suis celebritatem spondet.

O FONS Blandusiæ, splendidior vitro,
Dulci digne mero, non sinè floribus;
Cras donaberis hœdo,
Cui frons turgida cornibus

* Celer arcto latitantem.

ODE XII.

TO NEOBULE.

That she, being captivated by the love of young Hebrus, had given herself up to sloth and idleness.

IT is only for the unhappy neither to give indulgence to love, nor to wash away cares with delicious wine; or to be dispirited, out of dread for the lashes of an uncle's tongue. The winged boy of Venus, O Neobule, has deprived you of your spindle *and* your webs, and the beauty of Hebrus from Lipara, of the arts of industrious Minerva, after he has bathed his anointed shoulders in the waters of the Tiber, a better horseman than Bellerophon himself, neither conquered at boxing, or by want of swiftness in the race; he is also dexterous to strike with his javelin the stags flying through the open plains in frightened herd, and active to surprise the wild boar lurking in his deep covert.

ODE XIII.

TO THE BLANDUSIAN FOUNTAIN.

He promises the Fountain a sacrifice, and renown from his verses.

O THOU fountain of Blandusia, clearer than glass, worthy of delicious wine from goblets crowned with flowers; to-morrow you shall be presented with a kid, whose forehead, pouting with new horns,

Primis, et Venerem et prælia destinat,
Frustra: nam* gelidos inficiet tibi
Rubro sanguine rivos
Lascivi soboles gregis.
Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculæ
Nescit tangere: tu frigus amabile
Fessis vomere tauris
Præbes, et pecori vago.
Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
Me dicente cavis impositam ilice
Saxis, unde loquaces
Lymphæ† desiliunt tuæ.

CARMEN XIV.

AD ROMANOS.

Augusti reditum ex Hispania celebrat.

HERCULIS ritu modò dictus, ô plebs,
Morte‡ venalem petiisse laurum,
Cæsar, Hispanâ repetit Penates
Victor ab orâ.
Unico gaudens mulier marito
Prodeat, justis§ operata Divis;
Et soror clari ducis, et decoræ
Supplice vittâ
Virginum matres, juvenumque nuper
Sospitum: vos ô pueri, et puellæ
Jam virum expertæ, malè ‖ominatis
Parcite verbis.

* Liquidos. *Bentl.* † Nymphæ. ‡ Marte.
§ Sacris. ‖ Nominatis. Inominatis. *Bentl.*

determines upon both love and war in vain; for this offspring of the wanton flock shall tinge your cooling streams with scarlet blood. The severe season of the burning dog-star cannot reach thee; you afford a refreshing coolness to the oxen fatigued with the plough-share, and to the ranging flock. You also shall become one of the famous fountains, through my celebrating the oak that covers the hollow rocks from whence thy prattling rills bounding descend.

ODE XIV.

TO THE ROMANS.

He celebrates Augustus's return from Spain.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, O ye *Roman* people, who was lately said, like another Hercules, to have explored the laurel purchaseable by death, revisits his domestic Gods, victorious from the Spanish shore. Let the matron *Livia*, to whom her husband alone is dear, come forth in public procession, having first performed her duty to the just Gods, and *Octavia*, the sister of our glorious general, the mother also of the maidens and of the youths just preserved from danger, becomingly adorned with supplicatory fillets. Ye, O young men, and young women lately married, abstain from ominous expressions. This day, to me a real festival, shall

Hic dies verè mihi festus atras
Eximet curas: ego nec tumultum,
Nec mori per vim metuam, tenente
Cæsare terras.
I, pete unguentum, puer, et coronas,
Et cadum Marsi memorem duelli;
Spartacum si* quâ potuit vagantem
Fallere testa.
Dic et argutæ properet Neæræ
Myrrheum nodo† cohibere crinem:
Si per invisum mora janitorem
Fiet, abito.
Lenit albescens animos capillus
Litium et rixæ cupidos protervæ.
Non ego hoc ferrem calidus juventâ,
Consule Planco.

CARMEN XV.

IN CHLORIN.

Ut saltem vetula, nequitiæ ac libidini modum statuat.

UXOR pauperis Ibyci,
Tandem nequitiæ‡ fige modum tuæ,
Famosisque§ laboribus:
Maturo propior, desine, funeri
Inter ludere virgines,
Et stellis nebulam spargere candidis.
Non si quid Pholoën satis,
Et te, Chlori, decet: filia rectiùs

* Si quæ. † Cohibente. *Bentl.* ‡ Pone modum tuæ.
§ Famosisque caloribus. *Heins.*

expel gloomy cares: I will neither dread commotions, nor violent death, while Cæsar is in possession of the earth. Away, slave, and seek for perfume and chaplets, and a cask that remembers the * Marsian war, if any vessel could elude the vagabond Spartacus.† And bid the tuneful Neæra make haste to collect into a knot her essenced hair; *but*, if any delay should happen from the surly porter, come away. Hoary hair mollifies minds that are fond of strife and wrangling petulancy. I would not have endured this *treatment*, warm with youth, in the consulship of Plancus.

ODE XV.

UPON CHLORIS.

That at least, now she is become an old woman, she ought to set some bounds to her debauchery and lewdness.

THOU wife of the indigent Ibycus, at length put an end to your wickedness, and your infamous practices. Cease to sport amongst the damsels, and to intermix a cloud with bright constellations, being now on the verge of a timely death. If any thing well becomes Pholoe, it does not you, Chloris, likewise. Your daughter, with more propriety,

* Dated at the time of the Marsian or Italic war.

† Spartacus the gladiator, the leader of the malecontents in that war.

Expugnat juvenum domos,
Pulso Thyas uti concita tympano.
Illam cogit amor Nothi
Lascivæ similem ludere capreæ:
Te lanæ prope nobilem
Tonsæ Luceriam, non citharæ decent,
Nec flos purpureus rosæ,
Nec poti vetulam fæce tenus cadi.

CARMEN XVI.

AD MÆCENATEM.

Divitiæ malorum omnium fontem esse, summum vitæ bonum in mediocritate consistere.

INCLUSAM Danaën turris ahenea
Robustæque fores, et vigilum canum
Tristes excubiæ munierant satis
Nocturnis ab adulteris:
Si non Acrisium, virginis abditæ
Custodem pavidum, Jupiter et Venus
Risissent: fore enim tutum iter et patens,
Converso in pretium Deo.
Aurum per medios ire satellites,
Et perrumpere amat saxa potentiùs
Ictu fulmineo. Concidit auguris
Argivi domus, ob lucrum
Demersa* excidio. Diffidit urbium
Portas vir Macedo, et subruit æmulos
Reges muneribus. Munera navium
Sævos illaqueant duces.

* Eversa exitio. *Bentl.*

attacks the young men's apartments, like a Bacchanalian roused up by the rattling timbrel. The love of Nothus makes her frisk about like to the wanton she-goat. The wool shorn near the famous Luceria becomes you, now antiquated,* not musical instruments, neither the damask flower of the rose; nor hogsheads drunk down to the lees.

ODE XVI.

TO MÆCENAS.

That riches are the fountain of all evils, and that the greatest happiness of life consists in a mean.

A BRAZEN tower, and doors of oak, and the melancholy watch of wakeful dogs, had sufficiently defended the imprisoned Danae from midnight gallants had not Jupiter and Venus laughed at Acrisius, the anxious keeper of the immured maiden; *for they well knew* that the way would be safe and open, after the God had transformed himself into a bribe. Gold delights to penetrate through the midst of guards, and to break through stone walls, more potent than the thunderbolt. The family of the Grecian †augur perished, immersed in destruction on the account of lucre. The‡ man of Macedonia cleft the gates of cities, and subverted rival monarchs, by bribery. Bribes inthrall *even* fierce captains of ships. Care, and a thirst for more, is

* That is, she had better spin than intrigue.

† Amphiaraus, who for a bribe was betrayed by his wife Eryphile.

‡ Philip, the father of Alexander the Great.

Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam,
Majorumque fames. Jure perhorrui
  Latè conspicuum tollere verticem,
    Mæcenas, equitum decus.
Quantò quisque sibi plura negaverit,
Ab Dîs plura feret. Nil cupientium
  Nudus castra peto; et transfuga divitum
    Partes linquere gestio,
Contemptæ* dominus splendidior rei,
Quàm si quicquid arat non piger Appulus
  Occultare meis dicerer horreis,
    Magnas inter opes inops.
Puræ rivus aquæ, silvaque jugerum
Paucorum, et segetis certa fides meæ,
  Fulgentem† imperio fertilis Africæ
    Fallit, sorte beatior.
Quanquam nec Calabræ mella ferunt apes,
Nec Læstrygonia Bacchus in amphora
  Languescit mihi, nec pinguia Gallicis
    Crescunt vellera pascuis;
Importuna tamen pauperies abest:
Nec, si plura velim, tu dare deneges.
  Contracto meliùs parva cupidine
    Vectigalia‡ porrigam,
Quàm si Mygdoniis regnum Halyattici
Campis continuem. Multa petentibus
  Desunt multa. Benè est, cui Deus obtulit
    Parcâ, quod satis est, manu.

* Contentæ dominus. † Fulgente imperia. *Bentl*
‡ Vectigalia colligam. *Sanad.*

the consequence of increasing wealth. Therefore, O Mæcenas, *thou* glory of the *Roman* knights, I have justly dreaded to raise the far conspicuous head. As much more as any man shall deny himself, so much more shall he receive from the Gods. Naked *as I am*, I seek the camps of those that covet nothing; and, *as* a deserter, rejoice to quit the side of the wealthy: a more illustrious possessor of a contemptible fortune, than if I could be said to treasure up in my granaries all that the industrious Appulian cultivates, poor amidst abundance of wealth. A rivulet of clear water, and a wood of a few acres, and a certain prospect of my good crop, are blessings unknown to him who glitters in the proconsulship of fertile Africa: I am more happily circumstanced. Though neither the Calabrian bees produce honey, nor wine ripens to age for me in a Formian cask, nor rich fleeces increase in Gallic pastures; yet distressful poverty is remote, nor, if I desired more, would you refuse to grant it me. I shall be better able to extend my small revenues by contracting my desires, than if I could join the *kingdom of Halyatticus to the Phrygian plains. Much is wanting to those who covet much. 'Tis well *with him*, to whom God hath given what is necessary with a sparing hand.

* Lydia.

CARMEN XVII.

AD ÆLIUM LAMIAM.

Hortatur ad diem crastinum, qui ater et nubilus fore videbatur, hilarè transigendum.

ÆLI, vetusto nobilis ab Lamo,
(Quando et priores hinc Lamias ferunt
Denominatos, et nepotum
Per memores genus omne fastos,
Auctore ab illo* ducis originem)
Qui Formiarum mœnia dicitur
Princeps, et innantem Maricæ
Litoribus tenuisse Lirin,
Latè tyrannus; cras foliis nemus
Multis, et algâ litus inutili
Demissa tempestas ab Euro
Sternet; aquæ nisi fallit augur
Annosa cornix. Dùm potes, aridum
Compone lignum: cras genium mero
Curabis, et porco bimestri,
Cum famulis operum solutis.

* Illo ducit originem. *Heins.*

ODE XVII.

TO ÆLIUS LAMIA.

He exhorts him to spend the morrow, which threatened to be dark and cloudy, in a liberal indulgence.

O ÆLIUS, who art nobly descended from the ancient Lamias, (*for they report, according to faithful records, that both the first of the Lamian family, and all the race of the descendants, received their name from the founder from whom you derive your origin,) who is said to have possessed, as prince, the Formian walls, and Liris, gliding to the shores of Marica—an extensive potentate: To-morrow, a tempest, sent forth from the east, shall strew the grove with many leaves, and the shore with useless sea-weed, unless that old propheteſs of rain, the raven, deceives me. Pile up the dry wood while you may; to-morrow, you shall indulge your genius with wine, and with a pig of two months old, with your slaves dismissed from their labours.

* This parenthesis is judiciously omitted by Sanadon.

CARMEN XVIII.

AD FAUNUM.

HYMNUS.

Ut sibi propitius sit.

FAUNE, Nympharum fugientum amator,
Per meos fines et aprica rura
Lenis incedas, abeasque parvis
Æquus alumnis;
Si tener pleno cadit hœdus anno,
Larga nec desunt Veneris sodali
Vina crateræ, vetus ara multo
Fumat odore.
Ludit herboso pecus omne campo,
Cum tibi Nonæ redeunt Decembres:
Festus in pratis vacat otioso
Cum bove pagus:
Inter audaces lupus errat agnos:
Spargit agrestes tibi silva frondes:
Gaudet invisam pepulisse fossor
Ter pede terram.

ODE XVIII.

TO FAUNUS.

A HYMN.

That he would be propitious to him.

O FAUNUS, thou lover of the flying nymphs, benignly traverse my borders and sunny fields, and depart propitious to my little nursery; if a tender kid falls a *victim* to you at the completion of the year, nor plenty of wines be wanting to the goblet, the companion of Venus, *and* the ancient altar smokes with liberal perfume. All the cattle sport in the grassy plain, when the Nones of December return to you *for the celebration of your festival;* the village, keeping holiday, enjoys leisure in the fields, together with the oxen, free from toil. The wolf wanders amongst the fearless lambs; the wood scatters its rural leaves for you; and the labourer rejoices to have beaten the hated ground in triple dance.

CARMEN XIX.

AD TELEPHUM.

Narratorem intempestivum ad convivii festivitatem subitò traducit.

QUANTUM distet ab Inacho
Codrus, pro patriâ non timidus mori,
Narras et genus Æaci,
Et pugnata sacro bella sub Ilio:
Quo Chium pretio cadum
Mercemur, quis aquam temperet ignibus,
Quo præbente domum, et quotâ
Pelignis caream frigoribus, taces.
Da Lunæ propere novæ,
Da noctis mediæ, da, puer, auguris
Murenæ. Tribus aut novem
Miscentur* cyathis pocula commodis.
Qui Musas amat impares,
Ternos ter cyathos attonitus petet
Vates: tres prohibet suprà
Rixarum metuens tangere Gratia,
Nudis juncta sororibus.
Insanire juvat: cur Berecynthiæ
Cessant flamina tibiæ?
Cur pendet tacitâ fistula cum lyrâ?
Parcentes ego dexteras
Odi: sparge rosas: audiat invidus
Dementem strepitum Lycus,
Et vicina seni non† habilis Lyco.
Spissâ te nitidum comâ,
Puro te similem, Telephe, Vespero,
Tempestiva petit Chloë:
Me lentus Glyceræ torret amor meæ.

* Miscentor cyathis. *Rutg.* † Non habili Lyco.

ODE XIX.

TO TELEPHUS.

By a sudden interruption, he brings over an unseasonable detailer of ancient history, to think rather of what might promote the festivity of the entertainment.

HOW far Codrus, who was not afraid to die for his country, is removed from Inachus, and the race of Æacus, the battles also that were fought at sacred Troy—*these subjects* you descant upon; but at what price we may purchase a hogshead of Chian, who shall warm the water *for bathing*, who finds a house, and at what hour I am to get rid of *these* Pelignian colds, you are silent. Give me, boy, *a bumper* for the new moon in an instant, give me *one* for midnight, and *one* for Murena the augur. Let the decanters be mixed up with three or nine glasses, according to every one's disposition. The enraptured bard, who delights in the odd numbered muses, shall call for brimmers thrice three. *Each of the* Graces, in conjunction with her naked sisters, fearful of broils, prohibits more than three. It is my pleasure to rave: Why cease the breathings of the Phrygian flute? Why is the pipe hung up with the silent lyre? I hate your niggardly handfuls: strew roses *in abundance*. Let the envious Lycus hear the jovial noise; and *let* our neighbour, ill-suited to the old Lycus *hear it*. The ripe Chloe aims at thee, Telephus, with thy bushy locks, at thee, bright as the clear evening-star; *but* the love of my Glycera slowly consumes me.

CARMEN XX.

AD PYRRHUM.

Ne formosum puerum à puellâ abstrahere conetur.

NON vides quanto moveas* periclo,
Pyrrhe, Gætulæ catulos leænæ ?
Dura pèst paulò fugies inaudax
Prælia raptor,
Cùm per obstantes juvenum catervas
Ibit insignem repetens Nearchum :
Grande certamen, tibi præda cedat
Major, an illi.
Interim dùm tu celeres sagittas
Promis, hæc dentes acuit timendos,
Arbiter pugnæ posuisse nudo
Sub pede palmam
Fertur, et leni recreare vento
Sparsum odoratis humerum capillis :
Qualis aut Nireus fuit, aut aquosâ
Raptus ab Ida.

* Quanto moveas tumultu.

ODE XX.

TO PYRRHUS.

That he should not endeavour to force away the beautiful youth from his damsel.

DO you not perceive, O Pyrrhus, at what an hazard you are taking away the whelps from a Getulian lioness? In a little while, you, a timorous ravisher, shall fly from the severe engagement, when she shall march through the opposing band of youth, redemanding *her* beauteous Nearchus. A grand contest, whether a greater share of the booty shall fall to thee or her. In the meantime, while you produce your swift arrows, she whets her terrific teeth; while the umpire of the combat is reported to have placed the palm under his naked foot, and refreshed his shoulder, overspread with his perfumed hair, with the gentle breeze: just such another as was Nireus, or * he that was ravished from the watery Ida.

* Ganymede

CARMEN XXI.

AD AMPHORAM.

Monet ut in Messalæ gratiam vinum promat generosum.

O NATA mecum consule Manlio,
Seu tu querelas, sive geris jocos,
Seu rixam et insanos amores,
Seu facilem, pia Testa, somnum:
Quocunque* lectum nomine Massicum
Servas, moveri digna bono die;
Descende, Corvino jubente
Promere languidiora vina.
Non ille, quanquam Socraticis madet
Sermonibus, te negliget horridus.
Narratur et prisci Catonis
Sæpè mero caluisse virtus.
Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves
Plerumque duro: tu sapientium
Curas, et arcanum jocoso
Consilium retegis Lyæo:
Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiis,
Viresque; et addis cornua pauperi,
Post te neque iratos trementi
Regum apices, neque militum arma.
Te, Liber, et, si læta aderit, Venus,
Segnesque nodum solvere Gratiæ,
Vivæque producent lucernæ,
Dùm rediens fugat astra Phœbus.

* Quocunque fœtum numine. *Bentl.*

ODE XXI.

TO HIS JAR.

He calls upon it to furnish him with generous wine, in compliment to Messala.

O THOU goodly cask, that was brought to light at the same time with me, in the consulship of Manlius, whether you contain *the occasion* of complaint, or jests, or broils, and madding amours, or gentle sleep; under whatever title you preserve the choice Massic, *thou art* worthy to be removed in an auspicious day; descend, Corvinus bids me draw the mellowest wine. He, though he is imbued in the Socratic lectures, will not morosely reject thee. The virtue even of old Cato is recorded to have frequently been warmed with wine: You apply a gentle violence to that disposition, which is, in general, of the rougher cast: You reveal the cares and secret designs of the wise, by *the assistance of* merry Bacchus: You restore hope and spirit to anxious minds, and give horns* to the poor man, who, after *tasting* you, neither dreads the diadems of enraged monarchs, nor the weapons of the military. Thee, Bacchus, and Venus—if she comes in good humour, and the Graces, loath to † dissolve the knot *of their union*, and living lights shall prolong till returning Phœbus puts the stars to flight.

* Alluding to their affixing horns to the statue of Bacchus.

† Inseparably united. They are painted holding each other's hands.

CARMEN XXII.

AD DIANAM.

Ob amicam partu felicitèr levatam sacrum annuum pollicetur.

MONTIUM custos memorumque, Virgo,
Quæ laborantes utero puellas
Ter vocata audis, adimisque letho,
Diva triformis;
Imminens villæ tua pinus esto,
Quam per exactos ego lætus annos,
Verris obliquum meditantis ictum
Sanguine donem.

CARMEN XXIII.

AD PHIDYLEN.

Deos non tàm sumptuosis, quàm puris muneribus conciliari.

CŒLO supinas si tuleris manus,
Nascente Lunâ, rustica Phidyle;
Si thure plâcaris et hornâ
Fruge Lares, avidâque porcâ:
Nec pestilentem sentiet Africum
Fœcunda vitis, nec sterilem seges
Rubiginem, aut dulces alumni
Pomifero grave tempus anno.

ODE XXII.

TO DIANA.

He promises an annual thanksgiving for the happy delivery of his mistress.

VIRGIN, protectress of the mountains and the groves, thou three-formed goddess, who, thrice* invoked, hearest the young women in labour, and savest them from death; *sacred* to thee be this pine that overshadows my villa, which I, at the completion of *every* year, joyful will present with the blood of a boar pig, *just* meditating his oblique attack.

ODE XXIII.

TO PHIDYLE.

That the blessings of the Gods are not so effectually secured by costly as by pure oblations.

MY country Phidyle, if you raise your suppliant hands to heaven at the new moon, and appease the household Gods with frankincense, and this year's fruits, and a ravening swine; the fertile vine shall neither feel the pestilential south-west, nor the corn the barren blight, nor your dear brood the sickly

* Or, invoked by three different names.

Nam, quæ nivali pascitur Algido
Devota, quercus inter et ilices,
  Aut crescit Albanis in herbis
    Victima, pontificum secures
Cervice tinget: te nihil attinet
Tentare multâ cæde bidentium,
  Parvos coronantem marino
    Rore Deos, fragilique myrto.
Immunis aram si tetigit manus,
Non sumptuosa blandior hostia
  Mollibit* aversos Penates
    Farre pio, et saliente micâ.

CARMEN XXIV.

AD AVARUM.

Sæculi sui vitia insectatur, et eorum remedia proponit.

INTACTIS opulentior
  Thesauris Arabum et divitis Indiæ,
Cæmentis licet occupes
  Tyrrhenum omne tuis, et mare† Apulicum;
Sit‡ figit adamantinos
  Summis verticibus dira Necessitas
Clavos, non animum metu,
  Non mortis laqueis expedies caput.
Campestres meliùs Scythæ,
  Quorum plaustra vagas ritè trahunt domos,
Vivunt, et rigidi Getæ;
  Immetata quibus jugera liberas
Fruges et Cererem ferunt;
  Nec cultura placet longior annuâ;

* Mollivit adversos penates. † Ponticum. Publicum.
‡ Sic figit adamantinos.

season of the fruit-bearing *autumnal* year. For the destined victim, which is pastured in the snowy Algidum, amongst the oaks and holm trees, or thrives in the Albanian meadows, with its throat shall stain the axes of the priests. It is not required of you, who are crowning *our* little Gods with rosemary, and the brittle myrtle, to solicit *them* with a great slaughter of sheep. If an innocent hand touches the altar, a magnificent victim will not pacify the offended Penates* more acceptably than a consecrated cake and crackling salt.

ODE XXIV.

TO THE COVETOUS.

He inveighs against the vices of his age, and proposes remedies for them.

THOUGH more wealthy than the hoarded (*or* unrifled) treasures of the Arabians and rich India, you should possess yourself by your edifices of the whole Tyrrhenian and Apulian seas; *yet*, if cruel fate fixes its adamantine grapples upon the topmost roofs, you shall not disengage your mind from dread, nor your life from the snares of death. The Scythians that dwell in the plains, whose carts, according to their custom, draw their vagrant habitations, live in a better manner, and *so do* the rough Getæ, whose uncircumscribed acres produce fruits and corn free to all *alike*, nor is a longer than annual tillage agreeable, and a successor relieves him

* Household Gods.

Defunctumque laboribus
Æquali recreat sorte vicarius.
Illic matre carentibus
Privignis mulier temperat innocens;
Nec dotata regit virum
Conjux, nec nitido fidit adultero.
Dos est magna parentium
Virtus, et metuens alterius viri
Certo fœdere castitas:
Et peccare nefas, aut pretium est mori.
O![*] quisquis volet impias
Cædes, et rabiem tollere civicam;
Si quæret PATER URBIUM
Subscribi statuis; indomitam audeat
Refrænare licentiam
Clarus[†] postgenitis: quatenùs, heu nefas!
Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.
Quid tristes querimoniæ
Si non supplicio culpa reciditur?
Quid leges sine moribus
Vanæ proficiunt, si neque fervidis
Pars inclusa caloribus
Mundi, nec Boreæ finitimum latus
Duratæque[‡] solo nives
Mercatorem abigunt? horrida callis
Vincunt æquora navitæ?
Magnum pauperies opprobrium jubet
Quidvis et facere et pati,
Virtutisque viam[||] deserit arduæ.
Vel nos in Capitolium,
Quò clamor vocat et turba faventium,

[*] O quis, quis volet. *Bentl.*
[†] Carus postgenitis.
[‡] Duratæque gelu. *Bentl.*
[||] Viam deserere. *Bentl.*

who has accomplished his labours by an equal right. There the guiltless wife spares her motherless children-in-law, nor does the portioned spouse govern her husband, nor puts any confidence in a sleek adulterer. Their portion is the eminent virtue of their parents, and a chastity reserved from *any* other man by a steadfast security: and it is forbidden to sin, or the reward is death. O, if there be any one willing to remove *our* impious slaughters, and civil rage; if he is desirous to be inscribed THE FATHER OF THE STATE, on statues *erected to him*, let him dare to curb insuperable licentiousness, and be famous to posterity; since we (O injustice!) detest virtue while living, *but* invidiously seek for her after she is taken out of our view. To what purpose are our woful complaints, if sin is not cut off with punishment? of what efficacy are empty laws, without morals *to enforce them?* if neither that part of the world which is precluded by the fervent heats, nor that side which borders upon the north, and snows hardened upon the ground, keep off the merchant, *and* the expert sailors get the better of the horrible seas. Poverty, *being esteemed* a great reproach, impels *us* both to do and to suffer any thing, and desert the path of virtue as *too* difficult. Let us *then* cast our gems and precious stones, and useless gold, the cause of extreme evil, either into the Capitol, where the acclamations and crowd of applauding *citizens* call us, or into the adjoining ocean. If we are truly penitent for our

Vel nos in mare proximum
Gemmas, et lapides, aurum et inutile,
Summi materiam mali,
Mittamus; scelerum si bene pœnitet,
Eradenda cupidinis
Pravi sunt elementa, et teneræ nimis
Mentes asperioribus
Formandæ* studiis. Nescit equo rudis
Hærere ingenuus puer,
Venarique timet; ludere doctior,
Seu Græco jubeas trocho,
Seu malis vetitâ legibus aleâ:
Cùm perjura patris fides
Consortem socium fallat et hospitem,
Indignoque pecuniam
Hæredi properet. Scilicet improbæ
Crescunt divitiæ: tamen
Curtæ nescio quid semper abest rei.

CARMEN XXV.

AD BACCHUM.

DITHYRAMBUS.

Augusti laudes, Baccho auspice, exequi meditatur.

QUO me, Bacche, rapis tui
Plenum? quæ nemora, quos agor in specus,
Velox mente novâ? quibus
Antris, egregii Cæsaris audiar
Æternum meditans decus
Stellis inserere, et concilio Jovis?

* Firmandæ studiis. *Bentl.*

enormities, the *very* elements of depraved lusts are to be erased, and the minds of too soft a mould should be hardened by severer studies. The noble youth knows not how to keep his seat on horseback, and is afraid to go a-hunting, more skilled to play (if you choose it) with the Grecian troque or dice, which are prohibited by law; while the father's perjury can deceive his co-heir, partner, and friend, and he hates to get money for an unworthy heir. In a word, iniquitous wealth increases; *and* yet something is ever wanting to the incomplete fortune.

ODE XXV.

TO BACCHUS.

A DITHYRAMBIC.

His design is to praise Augustus, being elevated to it through the inspiration of Bacchus.

WHITHER, O Bacchus, are you hurrying me, replete with your *influence*? into what groves, into what recesses am I driven, actuated with uncommon spirit? In what caverns, meditating the immortal honour of illustrious Cæsar, shall I be heard, enrolling him amongst the stars, and the council of Jove? I will utter something extraor-

Dicam insigne, recens, adhùc
Indictum ore alio. Non secus in jugis
Exsomnis* stupet Evias,
Hebrum prospiciens, et nive candidam
Thracen, ac pede barbaro
Lustratam Rhodopen. Ut mihi devio
Ripas† et vacuum nemus
Mirari libet! O Naïadum potens,
Baccharumque valentium
Proceras manibus vertere fraxinos;
Nil parvum, aut humili modo,
Nil mortale loquar. Dulce periculum est,
O ‡ Lenæe, sequi Deum
Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.

CARMEN XXVI.

AD VENEREM.

Amori valedicit.

VIXI puellis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non sinè glorià:
Nunc arma defunctumque bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit,
Lævum marinæ qui Veneris latus
Custodit. Hìc hîc ponite lucida
Funalia, et vectes, et arcus
Oppositis foribus minaces.
O, quæ beatam Diva tenes Cyprum, et
Memphin carentem Sithoniâ nive,
Regina, sublimi flagello
Tange Chloën semel arrogantem.

* Edonis stupet Evias. *Bentl.* † Rupes. Rivos. *Bentl.*
‡ Te, Lenæe, sequi Ducem. *Bentl.*

dinary, new, hitherto unsung by any other voice. Thus the sleepless Bacchanalian priestess is struck with enthusiasm, casting her eyes upon Hebrus, and Thrace bleached with snow, and Rhodope, traversed by the feet of barbarians. How am I delighted, in my rambles, to admire the rocks and the desert grove! O lord of the Naiads and the Bacchanalian *women*, who are able with their hands to overthrow lofty ash-trees; nothing little, nothing low, nothing mortal, will I sing. It is a charming hazard, O Bacchus, to accompany the God who binds his temples with the verdant vine-leaf.

ODE XXVI.

TO VENUS.

He bids farewell to love.

I LATELY lived a proper person *for the services of the* girls, and campaigned it not without honour; but now this wall, which guards the left side of *the statue* of sea-born Venus, shall have my arms and my lyre discharged from warfare. Here, here, deposit the shining flambeaux, and the wrenching irons, and the bows that threatened the resisting doors. O thou goddess, that possessest the blissful Cyprus, and Memphis, that is free from the Sithonian snow, *O thou* Queen *of love*, give the haughty Chloe one cut with your high-raised lash.

CARMEN XXVII.

AD GALATEAM NAVIGATURAM.

Abeuntem secundis votis prosecutus, navigationis pericula ac maximè Europæ exemplum ipsi proponit.

IMPIOS parræ recinentis omen
Ducat, et prægnans canis, aut ab agro
Rava decurrens lupa Lanuvino,
Fœtaque vulpes:
Rumpat* et serpens iter institutum,
Si per obliquum similis sagittæ
Terruit mannos. Ego cui timebo
Providus auspex,
Antequam stantes repetat paludes
Imbrium divina avis imminentum,
Oscinem corvum prece suscitabo
Solis ab ortu.
Sis licet felix ubicunque mavis,†
Et memor nostri, Galatea, vivas:
Teque nec lævus vetet ire picus,
Nec vaga cornix.
Sed vides quanto trepidet tumultu
Pronus Orion? Ego, quid sit ater
Adriæ, novi, sinus; et quid albus
Peccet Iapyx.
Hostium uxores puerique cæcos
Sentiant motus orientis Hœdi,‡ et
Æquoris nigri fremitum, et trementes
Verbere ripas.

* Rumpit et serpens. † Navis. *Rutg.* Amabis. *Heins* ‡ *Al.* Austri.

ODE XXVII.

TO GALATEA, UPON HER GOING TO SEA.

His best wishes attending her departure, he sets before her the dangers of the sea, and most particularly the example of Europa.

LET the augury of the chattering jay, and a pregnant bitch, or a tawny wolf running down from the Lanuvian fields, or a fox with whelp, conduct the impious *on their way:* the serpent also breaks his undertaken journey, if, like an arrow athwart the way, it has frightened the horses. I, a provident augur for her whom I shall be concerned for, will invoke from the east, with my prayers, the raven foreboding by his croaking, before the bird that is presaging of impending showers revisits the stagnant pools. May you be happy, O Galatea, wheresoever you choose to reside, and live mindful of me, and may neither the unlucky pye, nor the vagrant crow, forbid *your* going on. But do you see with what an uproar the prone Orion labours on? I *well* know what the dangerous bay of the Adriatic is, and in what manner * Iapyx, *seemingly* serene, is guilty *of deceit.* Let the wives and children of our enemies feel the dark tumults of the rising south, and the roaring of the blackened sea, and the shores trembling with its lash. Thus, too, Europa trusted her fair side to the de-

* See Note to Ode III. lib. 1.

Sic et Europe niveum doloso
Credidit tauro latus, et scatentem
Belluis pontum, mediasque fraudes
Palluit audax.
Nuper in pratis studiosa florum, et
Debitæ Nymphis opifex coronæ,
Nocte sublustri nihil astra præter
Vidit et undas.
Quæ simul centum tetigit potentem
Oppidis Creten;* Pater ô relictum
Filiæ nomen, pietasque! dixit
Victa furore.
Undè? quò veni? levis una mors est
Virginum culpæ. Vigilansne ploro
Turpe commissum? an vitiis carentem
Ludit imago
Vana, quæ portâ fugiens eburnâ
Somnium ducit? Meliùsne fluctus
Ire per longos fuit, an recentes
Carpere flores?
Si quis infamem mihi nunc juvencum
Dedat iratæ, lacerare ferro, et
Frangere enitar modò multùm amati
Cornua monstri.†
Impudens liqui patrios penates:
Impudens Orcum moror. O Deorum
Si quis hæc audis, utinam inter errem
Nuda leones.
Antequam turpis macies decentes
Occupet malas, teneræque succus
Defluat prædæ, speciosa quæro
Pascere tigres.
Vilis Europe, pater urget absens:

* O Patris, ô relictum. *Cunn.* † Tauri. *Mindl.*

ceitful bull, and, bold as she was, turned pale at the sea, abounding with monsters, and the cheat now become manifest. *She who* lately in the meadows was busied about flowers, and the composer of the chaplet meet for nymphs, *now* saw nothing in the dusky night but stars and water; who, as soon as she arrived at Crete, powerful with its hundred cities, cried out, overcome with rage, O father, O the lost name of daughter, O my duty! from whence? whither am I come? one death is too little for a virgin's crime. Am I awake while I deplore my base offence? or does some vain phantom, which, escaping from the *ivory gate, brings on a dream, impose upon me, *as yet* free from vice? Was it better to travel over the tedious waves, or to gather the fresh flowers? If any one now would deliver up to me in my anger this infamous bull, I would do my utmost to tear him to pieces with steel, and break off the horns of the monster, lately so much beloved by me. Abandoned, I have left my father's house, *and yet*, abandoned, I procrastinate my doom. O if any of the Gods hear this, I wish I may wander naked amongst lions. Before a disagreeable decay seizes my comely cheeks, and moisture leaves this tender prey, I desire in all the perfection of my beauty, to be the food of tigers. "Thou base Europa, thy "absent father presses thee: why do you hesitate

* The poets fabled two gates of dreams, one of horn, and the other of ivory; out of the former, the true ones were supposed to proceed, and the false ones from the latter.

Quid mori cessas? potes hac ab orno
Pendulum zonâ benè te secutâ
Lædere* collum.
Sive te rupes, et acuta letho
Saxa delectant, age, te procellæ
Crede veloci: nisi herile mavis
Carpere pensum,
Regius sanguis, dominæque tradi
Barbaræ pellex.—Aderat querenti
Perfidùm ridens Venus, et remisso
Filius arcu.
Mox ubi lusit satis, Abstineto,
Dixit, irarum calidæque rixæ;
Cum† tibi invisus laceranda reddet
Cornua taurus.
Uxor invicti Jovis esse nescis?
Mitte singultus: benè ferre magnam
Disce fortunam: tua sectus orbis
Nomina ducet.

* Zonâ benè te secutâ elidere collum.
† Jam tibi injussus. *Bentl.*

" to die? you may do for your neck, suspended " from this ash, with your girdle that has commo- " diously attended you. Or if a precipice, and the " rocks that are edged with death, please you, " come on, commit yourself to the rapid storm; " unless you that are of blood royal had rather card " your mistress's wool, and be given up as a con- " cubine to some barbarian dame." *Here* the treacherously smiling Venus, and her son, with his bow relaxed, approached the complaining *maid*. Presently, when she had sufficiently rallied her, Refrain (she cried) from your rage, and passionate chidings, since *this* detested bull shall surrender his horns to be torn in pieces by you. Are you ignorant, that you are the wife of the invincible Jove? Learn duly to support your distinguished good fortune. A division* of the world shall bear your name.

* The continent of Europe.

CARMEN XXVIII.

AD LYDEN.

Ad transigenda hilaritèr Neptulania, in ejus domum se invitat.

FESTO quid potiùs die
Neptuni* faciam? prome reconditum,
Lyde strenua, Cæcubum,
Munitæque adhibe vim sapientiæ.
Inclinare meridiem
Sentis; ac veluti stet volucris dies,
Parcis deripere horreo
Cessantem Bibuli consulis amphoram.
Nos cantabimus invicem
Neptunum, et virides Nereïdum comas:
Tu curvâ recines lyrâ
Latonam, et celeris spicula Cynthiæ:
Summo carmine, quæ Cnidon
Fulgentesque tenet Cycladas, et Paphon
Junctis visit oloribus.
Dicetur meritâ Nox quoque næniâ.

* Neptuni facias? *Bentl.*

ODE XXVIII.

TO LYDE.

In order to pass Neptune's feast agreeably, he invites her to his house.

WHAT can I do better, on the festal day of Neptune? produce, *my* active Lyde, the hoarded Cæcuban, and make an attack upon wisdom, who is *ever* upon her guard. You perceive the noontide is on its decline; and *yet*, as if the fleeting day stood still, you delay to bring out of the store-house the loitering cask, *that bears its date* from the consulship of Bibulus.* We will sing by turns, Neptune, and the green locks of *his* Nereids; you shall chant on your wreathed lyre, Latona, and the darts of the nimble Cynthia; at the conclusion of your song, let† *her* be celebrated, who, with her yoked swans, visits Cnidos, and the shining Cyclades, and Paphos: let the night also be *celebrated* in a suitable lay.

* Alluding to Bibulus, who, being colleague with Cæsar, was a mere cipher, and his office a sinecure.

† Venus.

CARMEN XXIX.

AD MÆCENATEM.

Invitat ad frugalem cœnam, et ut anxias de rebus futuris curas omittat, sapienter admonet.

TYRRHENA regum progenies, tibi
Non antè verso lene merum cado,
  Cum flore, Mæcenas, rosarum, et
    Pressa tuis balanus capillis
Jamdudùm apud me est. Eripe te moræ:
Ne semper udum Tibur, et Ælulæ
  Declive contempleris arvum, et
    Telagoni juga parricidæ.
Fastidiosam desere copiam, et
Molem propinquam nubibus arduis:
  Omitte mirari beatæ
    Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ.
Plerumque gratæ divitibus vices,
Mundæque parvo sub lare pauperum
  Cœnæ, sinè aulæis et ostro,
    Solicitam explicuêre frontem.
Jam clarus occultum Andromedes pater
Ostendit ignem; jam Procyon furit,
  Et stella vesani Leonis,
    Sole dies referente siccos.
Jam pastor umbras cum grege languido
Rivumque fessus quærit, et horridi
  Dumeta Silvani: caretque
    Ripa vagis taciturna ventis.

ODE XXIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

He invites him to a frugal entertainment, and wisely admonishes him to lay aside all anxious cares about futurity.

O MÆCENAS, thou progeny of Tuscan kings, there has been a long while for you in my house some mellow wine in an unbroached hogshead, with rose flowers and expressed essence for your hair. Disengage yourself from any thing that may retard you, nor continually contemplate the marshy Tibur, and the sloping fields of Æsula, and the hills of *Telegonus the parricide. Leave abundance, which is the source of daintiness, and yon pile of buildings approaching near the lofty clouds: cease to admire the smoke, and opulence, and noise, of flourishing Rome. A change is frequently agreeable to the rich; and a cleanly meal, in the little cottage of the poor, hath smoothed an anxious brow, without carpets or purple. Now the bright †father of Andromeda displays his hidden fire; now Procyon rages, and the constellation of the frantic lion, as the sun causes the thirsty season to revolve. Now the weary shepherd, with his languid flock, seeks the shade, and the river, and the thickets of rough Silvanus; and the silent bank is

* Telegonus, the founder of Tusculum, accidentally killed his father.

† Cepheus.

Tu, civitatem quis deceat status,
Curas, et Urbi solicitus times,
Quid Seres et regnata Cyro
Bactra parent, Tanaïsque* discors.
Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosa nocte premit Deus;
Ridetque, si mortalis ultra
Fas trepidat. Quod adest, memento
Componere æquus: cætera fluminis
Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
Cum pace delabentis Etruscum
In mare; nunc lapides adesos,
Stirpesque raptas, et pecus, et domos
Volventis unà, non sinè montium
Clamore, vicinæque silvæ;
Cum fera diluvies quietos
Irritat amnes. Ille potens sui
Lætusque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixisse, Vixi: cras vel atrâ
Nube polum Pater occupato,
Vel sole puro: non tamen irritum,
Quodcunque retrò est, efficiet; neque
Diffinget, infectumque reddet,
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.
Fortuna sævo læta negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
Laudo manentem: si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et mea
Virtute me involvo, probamque
Pauperiem sinè dote quæro.

* Tanaïsque dissors. *Bentl.*

free from the wavering winds. You regard what constitution may *best* suit the state, and are in an anxious dread for Rome, what preparations the Seres, and the Bactrians subject to Cyrus, and the factious Tanais, are making. The wise Gods involve in obscure darkness the events of the time to come, and laugh if a mortal is over and above solicitous. Be mindful to manage duly that which is present. What remains goes on in the manner of the river, at one time calmly gliding in the middle of its channel to the Tuscan sea, at another rolling along corroded stones, and stumps of trees forced away, and cattle, and houses, not without the noise of *echoing* mountains and neighbouring woods, when the merciless deluge enrages the peaceful waters. That man is master of himself, and shall live happy, who has it in his power to say, I have lived to-day: to-morrow let father *Jupiter* invest the heaven, either with a black cloud, or with clear sunshine: nevertheless, he shall not render ineffectual what is past, nor change nor annihilate what the fleeting hour has once carried off. Fortune, happy in the execution of her cruel office, and persisting to play her insolent game, changes uncertain honours, now to me, *and* by and by indulgent to another. I praise her while she abides by me; *but* if she moves her fleet wings, I resign what she has bestowed, and wrap myself up in my virtue, and court honest poverty without a portion. It is no business of mine, if the mast groan with the

Non est meum, si mugiat Africis
Malus procellis, ad miseras preces
Decurrere, et votis pacisci,
Ne Cypriæ Tyriæque merces
Addant avaro divitias mari.
Tunc me biremis præsidio scaphæ
Tutum per Ægeos tumultus
Aura feret, geminusque Pollux.

CARMEN XXX.

Famæ perennitatem sibi ab suis versibus pollicetur.

EXEGI monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius;
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series, et fuga temporum.
Non omnis moriar; multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam. Usque ego posterâ
Crescam laude recens, dum Capitolium
Scandet cum tacitâ virgine pontifex.
Dicar, quà violens obstrepit Aufidus,
Et quà pauper aquæ Daunus agrestium
Regnavit* populorum, ex humili potens,
Princeps Æolium carmen ad Italos
Deduxisse modos. Sume superbiam
Quæsitam meritis, et mihi Delphicâ
Lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam.

* Regnator populorum.

African storms, to have recourse to piteous prayers, and to make a bargain with my vows, that my Cyprian and Syrian merchandise may not make an addition to the wealth of the insatiable sea. Then the fanning gale and the twin Pollux shall carry me safe, in the protection of a skiff with two oars, through the tumultuous Ægean sea.

ODE XXX.

He promises himself an immortality of fame from his poetical writings.

I HAVE executed a monument more lasting than brass, and more sublime than the regal elevation of pyramids, which the wasting rain, the unavailing north wind, or an innumerable succession of years, and the flight of seasons, shall not be able to demolish. I shall not wholly die, but a great part of me shall escape Libitina.* I shall continually be renewed in the praises of posterity, as long as the priest shall ascend the Capitol with the silent *vestal* virgin. Where the rapid Aufidus shall murmur, and where Daunus, poorly supplied with water, ruled over a rustic people, I, exalted from a low degree, shall be acknowledged as having originally adapted the Æolic verse to Italian measures. —Melpomene, assume that pride which your merits have acquired, and willingly crown my hair with the Delphic laurel.

* Goddess of Death.

Q. HORATII FLACCI

CARMINUM

LIBER IV.

CARMEN I.

AD VENEREM.

Se jam ea ætate esse, ut à rebus Venereis alieno animo esse debeat.

INTERMISSA, Venus, diu
Rursus bella moves? parce, precor, precor.
Non sum qualis eram bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ: desine, dulcium
Mater sæva Cupidinum,
Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis: abi,
Quò blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.
Tempestiviùs in domo

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ODES OF HORACE.

ODE I.

TO VENUS.

He was now arrived at such an age, that he ought no longer to think of love affairs.

AFTER a long cessation, O Venus, again are you stirring up tumult? Spare me, I beseech you, I beseech you. I am not the man I was under the dominion of good-natured Cynara. Forbear, thou cruel mother of soft desires, to bend one bordering upon fifty, now *too* hardened for *your* soft commands; go whither the soothing prayers of youth invoke thee. More seasonably may you revel in the house of Paulus Maximus, flying thither with

Pauli, purpureis ales oloribus,
Commessabere Maximi;
Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum:
Namque et nobilis, et decens,
Et pro solicitis non tacitus reis,
Et centum puer artium,
Latè signa feret militiæ tuæ:
Et, quandoque potentior
Largis muneribus riserit æmuli,
Albanos prope te lacus
Ponet marmoream sub trabe citreâ.
Illic plurima naribus
Duces thura;* lyræque et Berecynthiæ
Delectabere tibiæ
Mixtis carminibus, non sinè fistulâ.
Illic bis pueri die
Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
In morem Salium ter quatient humum.
Me nec fœmina, nec puer
Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero,
Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.
Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur
Manat rara meas lachryma per genas?
Cur facunda parùm decoro
Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?
Nocturnis te ego somniis
Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor
Te per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

* Lyrâque et Berecynthiâ—tibiâ.

your splendid swans, if you seek to inflame a suitable breast; for he is both noble and graceful, and by no means silent in the cause of distressed defendants, and a youth of an hundred accomplishments; he shall bear the ensigns of your warfare far and wide; and whenever more prevailing than the ample presents of a rival, he shall laugh *at his expense*, he shall erect thee in marble, under a citron dome, near the Alban lake. There you shall smell abundant frankincense, and shall be charmed with the mixed music of the lyre and Berecynthian pipe, not without the flageolet. There the youths, together with the tender maidens, twice a-day celebrating your divinity, shall Salian-like,* with *snow*-white foot, thrice shake the ground. As for me, neither woman nor youth, nor the fond hope of a mutual inclination, nor to contend in wine, nor to bind my temples with fresh flowers, delight me *any longer*. But why, ah! why, O Ligurinus, does the tear every now and then trickle down my cheeks? why does my fluent tongue falter between my words with an ill-becoming silence? Thee in my dreams by night I clasp, caught *in my arms*; thee, flying across the turf of the Campus Martius, thee I pursue, O cruel one, through the rolling waters.

* Priests of Mars.

CARMEN II.

AD ANTONIUM IULUM.

Invitatus Horatius ad Augusti victorias, carmine Pindarico celebrandas, ita se excusat ut id ipsum maximè præstet quod videtur detrectare.

PINDARUM quisquis studet æmulari,
Iule, ceratis ope Dædaleâ
Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
Nomina ponto.
Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
Quem super notas aluêre ripas,
Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore;
Laureâ donandus Apollinari,
Seu per audaces nova dithyrambos
Verba devolvit, numerisque fertur
Lege solutis:
Seu Deos, regesque canit, Deorum
Sanguinem, per quos cecidere justâ
Morte Centauri, cecidit tremendæ
Flamma Chimæræ:
Sive, quos Elea domum reducit
Palma cœlestes, pugilemve, equumve
Dicit, et centum potiore signis
Munere donat:
Flebili sponsæ juvenemve raptum
Plorat; et vires, animumque moresque
Aureos* educit in astra, nigroque
Invidet Orco.
Multa Dircæum levat aura cygnum,

* Aureos reducit in astra.

ODE II.

TO ANTONIUS IULUS.

Horace, being desired to celebrate the victories of Augustus in Pindaric verse, excuses himself in such a manner, that the very excuse itself highly performs what he seems to decline.

WHOEVER endeavours, O Iulus, to rival Pindar makes an effort on wings formed of wax, by art Dædalian, about to communicate his name to the azure sea. Like a river pouring down a mountain, when sudden rains have increased it beyond its accustomed banks, such the deep-mouthed Pindar rages, and rushes on immeasurable; sure to merit Apollo's laurel, whether he rolls down *his* new-formed terms through the daring dithyrambic, and is borne on in numbers exempt from rule; whether he sings the Gods, and kings, the offspring of the Gods, by whom the centaurs perished with a just destruction, *by whom* was quenched the flame of the dreadful Chimæra; or celebrates he those whom the palm, *in the Olympic games* at Elis, brings home exalted to the skies—wrestler or steed, and presents them with a gift preferable to a hundred statues; or does he deplore *some* youth, snatched *by death* from his mournful bride, he displays both his strength and courage, and * golden morals to the stars, and rescues him from the dark *oblivion of the* grave. A strong † air elevates the Dircean

* Incorrupt morals of the golden age.
† Flies strongly.

Pendit, Antoni, quoties in altos
Nubium tractus; ego, apis Matinæ
More modoque,
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum, circa nemus, uvidique
Tiburis* ripas operosa parvus
Carmina fingo
Concines majore poëta plectro
Cæsarem, quandoque trahet feroces
Per sacrum clivum, meritâ decorus
Fronde, Sicambros:
Quo nihil majus, meliusve terris
Fata donavêre, bonique Divi;
Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
Tempora priscum.
Concines lætosque dies, et Urbis
Publicum ludum, super impetrato
Fortis Augusti reditu, forumque
Litibus orbum.
Tum meæ (si quid† loquar audiendum)
Vocis accedet bona pars; et, ô sol
Pulcher, ô laudande, canam, recepto
Cæsare, felix.
Tuque‡ dum procedis, Io triumphe,
Non semel dicemus, Io triumphe,
Civitas omnis, dabimusque Divis
Thura benignis.
Te decem tauri, totidemque vaccæ,
Me tener solvet vitulus, relictâ
Matre, qui largis juvenescit herbis
In mea vota;
Fronte curvatos imitatus ignes

* Tiburis rivos. *Bentl.* † Si quid loquor audiendum.
‡ Duxque dum procedit. *Heins.* Isque. *Bentl.*

swan, O Antonius, as often as he soars into the lofty regions of the clouds : *but* I, after the custom and manner of the * Matinian bee, that laboriously gathers the grateful thyme, I, a diminutive creature, compose elaborate verses about the grove and the banks of the watery Tibur. You, a poet of a sublimer rate, shall sing of Cæsar, whenever, graceful in his merited laurel, he shall drag the fierce Sicambri along the sacred hill; *Cæsar*, than whom nothing greater or better the fates and indulgent Gods *ever* bestowed on the earth, nor will bestow, though the times should return to their primitive gold. You shall sing both the festal days, and the public rejoicings on account of the *often*-implored return of the brave Augustus, and the forum silent from law-suits. Then (if I can offer any thing worth hearing) a considerable portion of my voice shall join *the general acclamation*, and *then* will I sing, happy at the reception of Cæsar, " O glorious " day, O worthy art thou to be celebrated." And whilst you move along in procession, shouts of triumph we will repeat, shouts of triumph the whole city *shall repeat*, and we will offer frankincense to the indulgent Gods. Thee ten bulls and as many heifers shall absolve, me a tender steerling, that, having left his dam, thrives in spacious pastures, for the discharge of my vows, resembling, *by the horns on* his forehead, the bright curvature of the

* Matinus was a mountain in Calabria, abounding with thyme.

Tertium lunæ referentis* ortum,
Quà notam† duxit, niveus videri,
Cætera fulvus.

CARMEN III.

AD MELPOMENEN.

Acceptum illi refert, quod aliquem inter poëtas numerum et locum obtineat.

QUEM tu, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem placido lumine videris,
Illum non labor Isthmius
Clarabit pugilem; non equus impiger
Curru ducet Achaïco
Victorem: neque res bellica Deliis
Ornatum foliis ducem,
Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,
Ostendet Capitolio:
Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile perfluunt,
Et spissæ nemorum comæ,
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem.
Romæ principis urbium,
Dignatur soboles inter amabiles
Vatum ponere me choros:
Et jam dente minùs mordeor invido.
O testudinis aureæ
Dulcem quæ strepitum, Pieri, temperas:
O mutis quoque piscibus
Donatura cygni, si libeat, sonum;
Totum muneris hoc tui est,
Quòd monstror digito prætereuntium,
Romanæ fidicen lyræ:
Quòd spiro, et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

* Lunæ referentis orbem. † Quà notam traxit

moon, when she appears of three days old; in which part *also* he has a mark of a snowy aspect, *but* is of a dun colour over the rest of his body.

ODE III.

TO MELPOMENE.

He acknowledges the favour to her, that he obtains some place and rank amongst poets.

HIM, O Melpomene, whom at his birth you have once viewed with a benign aspect, the Isthmian contest shall not render eminent as a wrestler; the swift horse shall not draw him triumphant in a Grecian car; nor shall *any* warlike achievement show him in the Capitol, a general adorned with the Delian laurel, on account of his having quashed the proud threats of kings: but such waters as flow through the fertile Tibur, and the dense leaves of the groves, shall make him distinguished for the * Æolian verse. The sons of Rome, the queen of cities, deign to rank me amongst the amiable band of poets; and now I am less carped at by the tooth of envy. O thou muse, who regulatest the sweet harmony of the gilded † shell! O you, who can immediately bestow, if you please, the notes of the *dying* swan upon the mute fish! it is entirely your gift that I am marked out, as the stringer of the Roman lyre, by the fingers of passengers:—that I breathe, and give pleasure, if I give pleasure, is yours.

* Alcaic. † The lyre was made of a tortoise shell.

CARMEN IV.

DRUSI LAUDES.

Claudii Drusi Neronis de Vindelicis victoriam celebrat.

QUALEM ministrum fulminis alitem
(Cui rex Deorum regnum in aves vagas
Permisit, expertus fidelem
Jupiter in Ganymede flavo)
Olim juventas, et patrius vigor
Nido laborum* propulit inscium;
Vernique jam nimbis remotis,
Insolitos docuêre nisus
Venti paventem; mox in ovilia
Demisit hostem† vividus impetus;
Nunc in reluctantes dracones
Egit amor dapis atque pugnæ:
Qualemve lætis caprea pascuis
Intenta, fulvæ matris ab ubere
Jam‡ lacte depulsum leonem
Dente novo peritura, vidit:
Vidêre§ Rhœti bella sub Alpibus
Drusum gerentem et Vindelici; quibus
Mos unde deductus per omne
Tempus Amazoniâ securi
Dextras obarmet, quærere distuli:
Nec scire fas est omnia. Sed diu
Latêque victrices catervæ
Consiliis juvenis|| revictæ

* Nido laborum protulit. † Fervidus impetus.
‡ Jam mane depulsum. *Bentl.* Jam jamque. *Kuster.*
§ Videre Rhœtis bella. *Bentl.*
|| Consiliis juvenis repressæ.

ODE IV.

THE PRAISES OF DRUSUS.

He celebrates the victory of Claudius Drusus Nero over the Vindelici.

LIKE as the winged minister of thunder, (* to whom Jupiter, the sovereign of the Gods, has assigned the dominion over the fleeting birds, having experienced his fidelity in *the affair* of the beauteous Ganymede,) at one time youth and hereditary vigour drew *him* from his nest, unused to toil; and the vernal winds, the showers being now dispelled, taught him, *at first* timorous, unwonted enterprises; in a little while, his violent impetuosity despatched him, as an enemy, to the sheepfolds; *and* now an appetite for food and fight has impelled him upon the reluctant dragons: or as a she-goat,† intent on rich pastures, has beheld a *young* lion, but just weaned from the udder of his tawny dam, ready to be devoured by his newly grown tooth; *such* did the Rhœti and the Vindelici behold Drusus carrying on the war under the Alps; whence this people derived the custom, which has always prevailed amongst them, of arming their right hands with the Amazonian axe, I have purposely omitted to inquire: neither can we discover every thing. But those troops *which had been* for a long while and extensively victorious, being subdued by

* This parenthesis is omitted by many editors. † A doe.

Sensêre quid mens rite, quid indoles
Nutrita faustis sub penetralibus
Posset, quid Augusti paternus
In pueros animus Nerones.
Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis:
Est in juvencis, est in equis patrum
Virtus; nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.
Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant:
Utcunque defecêre mores,
Dedecorant* benè nata culpæ.
Quid debeas, ô Roma, Neronibus,
Testis Metaurum flumen, et Asdrubal
Devictus, et pulcher fugatis
Ille dies Latio tenebris,
Qui primus almâ risit adoreâ;
Dirus per Urbes Afer ut Italas,
Ceu, flamma per tædas, vel Eurus
Per Siculas equitavit undas.
Post hoc secundis usque laboribus
Romana pubes crevit, et impio
Vastata Pœnorum tumultu
Fana Deos habuêre rectos:
Dixitque tandem, perfidus Annibal;—
Cervi, luporum præda rapacium,
Sectamur ultrò, quos opimus
Fallere et effugere est triumphus.
Gens, quæ cremato fortis ab Ilio
Jactata Tuscis æquoribus sacra,
Natosque, maturosque patres
Pertulit Ausonias ad urbes;

* Indecorant bene nata culpæ.

the conduct of a youth, perceived what a disposition, what a genius rightly educated under an auspicious roof, what the fatherly affection of Augustus towards the young Neros, could *jointly* effect. The brave are generated by the brave; and there is in steers, there is in horses, the virtue of their sires; nor do the courageous eagles procreate the unwarlike dove. But *yet* learning improves the innate force, and good discipline confirms the mind: whenever morals are deficient, vices disgrace what is naturally good. What thou owest, O Rome, to the Neros, the river Metaurus is a witness, and the defeated Asdrubal, and that day *which was* illustrious by the dispelling of darkness from Italy, *and* which first smiled with benignant * victory, when the terrible † African rode through the Latian cities, like a fire through the *pitchy* pines, or the east-wind through the Sicilian waves. After this, the Roman youth increased continually in successful exploits; and temples, laid waste by the impious outrage of the Carthaginians, had the *statues* of their Gods set up *again*. And, at length, the perfidious Hannibal said, we, *like* stags, the prey of rapacious wolves, follow of our own accord *those*, whom to deceive and escape is a signal triumph. *That* nation, which, tossed in the Etrurian waves, bravely transported their Gods, and sons, and aged fathers, from the burnt Troy to the Italian cities,

* Adorea, here used for victory, is properly the distribution of corn to the soldiery after victory.

† Hannibal.

Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido,
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro.
Non Hydra secto corpore firmior
Vinci dolentem crevit in Herculem;
Monstrumve submisêre Colchi
Majus, Echioniæve Thebæ.
Merses profundo, pulchrior evenit:
Luctere, multâ proruet integrum
Cum laude victorem, geretque
Prælia conjugibus loquenda.
Carthagini jam non ego nuntios
Mittam superbos: occidit, occidit
Spes omnis, et fortuna nostri
Nominis, Asdrubale interempto.
Nil Claudiæ non perficient manus,
Quas et benigno numine Jupiter
Defendit, et curæ sagaces
Expediunt per acuta belli.

like an oak lopped by sturdy axes in Algidus, abounding in dusky leaves, through losses and through wounds, derives strength and spirit from the very steel. The Hydra did not with more vigour increase upon Hercules, grieving to be overcome; nor did the * Colchians, or the † Echionian Thebes, produce a greater prodigy. Should you sink it in the deep, it comes out more beautiful; should you contend with it, with great glory will it overthrow the conqueror, unhurt *before*, and will fight battles to be the talk of the wives. No longer can I send boasting messengers to Carthage: all the hope and success of my name is fallen, is fallen by the death of Asdrubal. There is nothing but what the hands of the Claudian *family* will perform; which both Jupiter defends with his propitious divinity, and sagacious precaution conducts through the sharp trials of war.

* Alluding to two dragons, one of Colchos, and one of Thebes, from the sowing of whose teeth armed men came out of the earth.

† Built by Echion.

CARMEN V.

AD AUGUSTUM.

Ut in urbem quam primùm redeat.

DIVIS orte bonis, optime Romulæ
Custos gentis, abes jam nimiùm diu:
Maturum reditum pollicitus Patrum
Sancto concilio, redi.
Lucem redde tuæ, dux bone, patriæ:
Instar veris enim, vultus ubi tuus
Affulsit populo, gratior it dies,
Et soles meliùs nitent.
Ut mater juvenem, quem Notus* invido
Flatu Carpathii trans maris æquora
Cunctantem spatiò longiùs annuo,
Dulci distinet à domo,
Votis, ominibusque, et precibus vocat,
Curvo nec faciem littore demovet:
Sic desideriis icta fidèlibus
Quærit patria Cæsarem.
Tutus bos etenim rura† perambulat:
Nutrit‡ rura Ceres, almaque Faustitas:
Pacatum volitant per mare navitæ:
Culpari metuit fides.
Nullis polluitur casta domus stupris:
Mos et lex maculosum edomuit nefas:
Laudantur simili prole puerperæ:
Culpam pœna premit comes.

* Notus uvido flatu. † Prata. *Fab.* Culta. *Cum.*
‡ Nutrit farra Ceres. *Bentl.*

ODE V.

TO AUGUSTUS.

That he would return as soon as possible into the city.

O BEST guardian of the Roman people, who wert born under propitious Gods, you are absent *from* us too long: after having promised a mature arrival to the sacred council of the senators, return. Restore, O excellent general, the light to your country; for, like the spring, wherever your countenance has shone upon the people, the day proceeds more agreeably, and the sun has a superior lustre. As a mother, with vows, omens, and prayers, calls for her son, (whom the south-wind, with adverse gales, detains from his sweet home, staying more than a year beyond the Carpathian sea) nor turns aside her looks from the wishing shore; in like manner, inspired with loyal wishes, his country seeks for Cæsar. For, *under your auspices*, the ox in safety traverses the meadows: Ceres nourishes the ground, and *so does* abundant prosperity: the sailors skim through the calm ocean, and honour is * in dread of being censured. The chaste family is polluted by no adulteries; morality and the law have got the better of *that* foul crime; the child-bearing women are commended for an offspring like *the father; and* punishment

* And therefore takes proper precaution against it.

Quis Parthum paveat? quis gelidum Scythen? 25
Quis, Germania quos horrida parturit
Fœtus, incolumi Cæsare? quis feræ
Bellum curet Iberiæ?
Condit quisque diem collibus in suis,
Et vitem viduas ducit ad arbores; 30
Hinc ad vina* redit lætus, et alteris
Te mensis adhibet Deum.
Te multâ prece, te prosequitur mero
Defuso pateris, et Laribus tuum
Miscet numen, uti Græcia Castoris, 35
Et magni memor Herculis.
Longas ô utinam, dux bone, ferias
Præstes Hesperiæ! dicimus integro
Sicci mane die, dicimus uvidi,
Cùm Sol Oceano subest. 40

* Ad vina venit lætus.

presses as a companion upon guilt. Who can fear the Parthian? who the frozen Scythian? who the progeny that rough Germany produces, while Cæsar is in safety? who the war of fierce Spain? Every man *now* puts a period to the day midst his own hills, and marries the vine to the widowed elm trees; from hence he returns joyful to his wine, and invites you, as a deity, to his second course. Thee, with many a prayer, thee he pursues with wine poured out *in libation* from the cups; and joins your divinity *to that* of his household Gods, in the same manner as Greece was mindful of Castor and the great Hercules. May you, O excellent general, bestow a lasting festivity to Italy.—This is our language, when we are sober, at the early day; this is our language, when we have well drunk, at the time the sun is beneath the ocean.

CARMEN VI.

HYMNUS AD APOLLINEM.

DIVE, quem proles Niobæa magnæ
Vindicem linguæ, Tityosque raptor
Sensit, et Trojæ propè victor altæ
Phthius Achilles,
Cæteris major, tibi miles impar;
Filius quamvis Thetidos marinæ
Dardanas turres quateret tremendâ
Cuspide pugnax.
Ille, mordaci velut icta ferro
Pinus, aut impulsa cupressus Euro,
Procidit latè, posuitque collum in
Pulvere Teucro.
Ille, non inclusus equo Minervæ
Sacra mentito, malè feriatos
Troas, et lætam Priami choreis
Falleret aulam;
Sed palam* captis gravis, heu nefas, heu!
Nescios fari pueros Achivis
Ureret flammis, etiam latentes
Matris in alvo:
Ni, tuis† victus Venerisque gratæ
Vocibus, Divum pater annuisset
Rebus Æneæ potiore ductos
Alite muros.
Doctor‡ argutæ fidicen Thaliæ,

* Palam captor gravis.
† Tuis flexus vocibus.
‡ Ductor Argivæ.

ODE VI.

HYMN TO APOLLO.

THOU God, whom the offspring of Niobe experienced *to be* an avenger of a presumptive tongue, and the ravisher Tityos *likewise*, and also the * Thessalian Achilles, almost the conqueror of lofty Troy, a warrior superior to all others, but unequal to thee; though son of the sea-goddess Thetis, he shook the † Dardanian towers, encountering with his dreadful spear. He, as it were a pine smote with the biting axe, or a cypress prostrated by the east-wind, fell extended, and reclined his neck in the Trojan dust. He would not, by being shut up in a *wooden* horse, that falsely pretended *to bear* the sacred rites of Minerva, have surprised the Trojans, revelling in an evil hour, and the court of Priam making merry with balls; but openly inexorable to his captives, Oh impious! Oh! would have burnt speechless babes with Grecian fires, even those concealed in *their* mother's womb, had not the father of the Gods, prevailed upon by your entreaties, and *those* of the beauteous Venus, granted to the *distressed* affairs of Æneas, walls founded under happier auspices. Thou lyrist, Phœbus, the tutor of the harmonious Thalia, who bathest thy

* Phthia, where Achilles was born, was a city of Thessaly.

† So called from Dardanus, the founder of Troy.

Phœbe, qui Xantho lavis amne crines,
Dauniæ defende decus Camœnæ,
Lævis Agyieu.
Spiritum Phœbus mihi, Phœbus artem
Carminis, nomenque dedit poëtæ.
Virginum primæ, puerique claris
Patribus orti,
Deliæ tutela Deæ, fugaces
Lyncas et cervos cohibentis arcu,
Lesbium servate pedem, meique
Pollicis ictum:
Ritè Latonæ puerum canentes,
Rite crescentem face Noctilucam,
Prosperam frugum, celeremque pronos
Volvere menses.
Nupta jam dices; Ego Dis amicum,
Sæculo festas referente luces,
Reddidi carmen, docilis modorum
Vatis Horatî.

locks in the river Xanthus, O delicate* Agyieus, support the dignity of the Latin muse. Phœbus gave me genius, Phœbus *gave me* the art *of composing* verse, and the title of poet. *Therefore*, ye virgins of the first distinction, and ye youths born of illustrious parents, ye wards of the † Delian Goddess, who stops with her bow the flying lynxes, and the *fleetest* stags, observe the Lesbian measure, and the‡ motion of my thumb; duly celebrating the son of Latona; duly *celebrating* the Goddess that enlightens the night with her shining crescent, *she that is so* propitious to the fruits *of the earth*, and expeditious in rolling on the precipitate months.—Shortly a bride, you will say,—"I, expert in the "measures of the poet Horace, recited an ode "which was acceptable to the Gods, when the se-"cular period brought on the festal days."

* Apollo was styled Agyieus, which the original term denotes, from having altars and statues in the public streets. In the same manner, Diana had her name of Trivia, from being worshipped in the highways.

† Delos was the place of Diana's nativity.

‡ The ancients beat time with the thumb as well as the foot, in the manner we do.

CARMEN VII.

AD TORQUATUM.

Illum, propositâ mortis necessitate, ad hilariter jucundeque vivendum invitat.

DIFFUGERE nives, redeunt jam gramina campis,
Arboribusque comæ:
Mutat terra vices, et decrescentia ripas
Flumina prætereunt.
Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
Ducere nuda choros.
Immortalia ne speres, monet Annus,* et almum
Quæ rapit Hora diem.
Frigora mitescunt Zephyris: Ver proterit Æstas,
Interitura, simul
Pomifer Autumnus fruges effuderit: et mox
Bruma recurrit iners.
Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia lunæ:
Nos ubi decidimus,
Quò† pater Æneas, quò Tullus, dives et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus.
Quis scit an adjiciant hodiernæ crastina summæ
Tempora Dî superi?
Cuncta manus avidas fugient hæredis, amico
Quæ dederis animo.

* Et album.

† Quo pius Æneas.

ODE VII.

TO TORQUATUS.

By representing to him the certainty of death, he exhorts him to live in a cheerful and a joyous manner.

THE snows are dissolved away, the herbage now returns to the fields, and the leaves to the trees. The earth changes *her* vicissitudes, and the decreasing rivers glide along their banks: the *elder* grace, together with the nymphs, and her* two sisters, dares, *now* naked, lead up the dance. That you are not to expect things permanent *here*, the year, and the hour that hurries away the agreeable day, *sufficiently* convince us. The colds are mitigated by the *returning* Zephyrs; the summer follows close upon the spring, shortly to die itself, as soon as fruitful autumn shall shed its stores; and anon, sluggish winter returns again. Nevertheless, the quick-revolving moons repair their wanings in the skies; *but* when we descend *to those regions* where the pious Æneas, where Tullus, and the wealthy Ancus, *have gone before us*, we become *nothing but* dust and shade. Who knows whether the Gods above will add to this day's reckoning the space of to-morrow? Every thing which you shall indulge to your friendly genius shall escape the greedy hands of your heir. When once, O Torqua-

* There were three graces, Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne.

Cùm semel occideris, et de te splendida Minos
Fecerit arbitria;
Non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
Restituet pietas.
Infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
Liberat Hippolytum:
Nec Lethæa valet Theseus abrumpere caro
Vincula Pirithoo.

CARMEN VIII.

AD MARCIUM CENSORINUM.

Immortalitatem penes poëtas esse.

DONAREM pateras, grataque commodus,
Censorine, meis æra sodalibus;
Donarem tripodas, præmia fortium
Graiorum: neque tu pessima munerum
Ferres, divite me scilicet artium,
Quas aut Parrhasius protulit, aut Scopas;
Hic saxo, liquidis ille coloribus
Solers nunc hominem ponere, nunc Deum.
Sed non hæc mihi vis; non tibi talium
Res est, aut animus deliciarum egens.
Gaudes carminibus, carmina possumus
Donare, et pretium dicere muneri.
Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
Per quæ spiritus et vita redit bonis

tus, you shall be dead, and Minos shall have made his awful decisions concerning you; not your family, not your eloquence, not *even* your piety, shall restore you *to life*. For neither *can* Diana free the chaste Hippolytus from infernal darkness; nor is Theseus able to break off the Lethæan fetters from his dear Pirithous.

ODE VIII.

TO MARCIUS CENSORINUS.

That the gift of immortality is in the power of the poets.

O CENSORINUS, with liberal heart, I would present my acquaintance with goblets and beautiful vases of brass: I would present them with tripods, *which were* the rewards of the brave Grecians: nor will you bear off the meanest of my donations, if ever I become rich in those pieces of art, which either Parrhasius or Scopas produced; the latter in statuary, the former in liquid colours, eminent to portray, at one time, *the image* of a man, at another, *that* of a God. But I have no store of this sort, nor do your* circumstances or inclination require any such curiosities as these. You delight in verses; verses I can give, and set a value on the donation. Not marbles engraved with public inscriptions, by the means of which breath and life return to illustrious generals after

* Censorinus was very wealthy, and consequently was sufficiently provided with elegant furniture.

Post mortem ducibus; non celeres fugæ;
Rejectæque retrorsùm Annibalis minæ;
Non incendia Carthaginis impiæ,
Ejus, qui domitâ nomen ab Africâ
Lucratus rediit, clariùs indicant
Laudes, quàm Calabræ Pierides: neque,
Si chartæ sileant, quòd benè feceris,
Mercedem tuleris. Quid foret Iliæ
Mavortisque puer, si taciturnitas
Obstaret meritis invida Romuli?
Ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Æacum
Virtus, et favor, et lingua potentium
Vatum divitibus consecrat insulis.
Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori:
Cœlo Musa beat. Sic Jovis interest
Optatis epulis impiger Hercules:
Clarum Tyndaridæ sidus ab infimis
Quassas eripiunt æquoribus rates:
Ornatus viridi tempora pampino
Liber vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

their decease; not the precipitate flight of Hannibal, and his menaces retorted upon his own head; nor the flames of impious Carthage, more eminently set forth his praises,* who returned, having gained a name from conquered Africa, than the Calabrian muses;† neither, should writings be silent, would you have any *adequate* reward for your laudable actions. What would the son of Mars and Ilia be, if invidious silence had stifled the merits of Romulus? The force, and favour, and voice of powerful poets consecrate Æacus, snatched from the Stygian floods, to the fortunate islands. The muse forbids a praiseworthy man to die: the muse confers the happiness of heaven. Thus laborious Hercules has a place at the longed-for banquets of Jupiter; *thus* the sons of Tyndarus,‡ that bright constellation, rescue shattered vessels from the bosom of the deep; *and thus* Bacchus, with his temples adorned with the verdant vine-branch, brings the prayers of his votaries to successful issues.

* Scipio, hence named Scipio Africanus.
† Ennius, the famous old poet, was born in Calabria.
‡ Castor and Pollux.

CARMEN IX.

AD MARCUM LOLLIUM.

Ejus nomen suis carminibus ab hominum oblivione, conatur vindicare.

NE forte credas interitura, quæ
Longè sonantem natus ad Aufidum,
Non antè vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor socianda chordis.
Non, si priores Mæonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent,
Ceæque, et Alcæi minaces,
Stesichorique graves Camœnæ
Nec, si quid olim lusit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas. Spirat adhùc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.
Non sola comptos, arsit adulteri
Crines, et aurum vestibus illitum
Mirata, regalesque cultus,
Et comites, Helene Lacæna:
Primusve Teucer tela Cydonio
Direxit arcu: non semel Ilios
Vexata: non pugnavit ingens
Idomeneus, Sthenelusve solus
Dicenda musis prælia: non ferox
Hector, vel acer Deïphobus graves
Excepit ictus pro pudicis
Conjugibus puerisque primus.

ODE IX.

TO MARCUS LOLLIUS.

The poet endeavours, by his verses, to rescue Lollius's name from oblivion.

DO not imagine that those words will perhaps be lost, which I, *though* born on the far resounding Aufidus, utter, to be accompanied with the lyre, by arts hitherto undivulged. If Mæonian Homer does possess the first rank, *yet* the Pindaric and Cean* muses, and the menacing *strains* of Alcæus, and the majestic *ones* of Stesichorus, are by no means obscure: neither, if Anacreon, *though* long ago, *and ever so* lightly, sung any thing, hath time destroyed it: even now breathes the love, and live the ardours of the Æolian † maid, committed to her lyre. The Lacedæmonian Helen is not the only fair who hath been inflamed by admiring the delicate ringlets of a gallant, and garments embroidered with gold, and courtly accomplishments, and retinue; or was Teucer the first that directed arrows from the Cydonian bow: Troy was more than once harassed; the great Idomeneus and Sthenelus were not the only *heroes* that fought battles worthy to be recorded by the muses: The fierce Hector, or the strenuous Deiphobus, were not the first that received heavy blows in defence of virtuous wives and children; many brave men lived before Aga-

* Simonides was a Cean. † Sappho.

Vixêre fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi : sed omnes illachrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longâ
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.
Paulùm sepultæ distat* inertiæ
Celata virtus. Non ego te meis
Chartis† inornatum sileri,
Totve tuos patiar labores
Impunè, Lolli, carpere lividas
Obliviones. Est animus tibi
Rerumque prudens, et secundis
Temporibus dubiisque rectus ;
Vindex avaræ fraudis, et abstinens
Ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniæ ;
Consulque non unius anni,
Sed quoties bonus atque fidus
Judex honestum prætulit utili, et
Rejecit alto dona nocentium
Vultu, et per obstantes catervas
Explicuit sua victor arma.
Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Rectè beatum : rectiùs occupat
Nomen beati, qui Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejusque letho flagitium timet :
Non ille pro caris amicis
Aut patriâ timidus perire.

* Distat inertia. *Bentl.* †Chartis inornatum silebo.

memnon: but all of them, unlamented and unknown, are overwhelmed with endless obscurity, because they were destitute of a sacred bard. Valour, uncelebrated, differs but little from cowardice, when in the grave. I will not, *therefore*, O Lollius, pass you over in silence, uncelebrated in my writings, or suffer envious forgetfulness with impunity to seize so many *glorious* toils of yours. You have a mind ever prudent in the conduct of affairs, and steady alike amidst success or danger: *You are* an avenger of avaricious fraud, and proof against money, that attracts every thing *by its influence;* and a consul not of the year *only*, but as often as the good and upright magistrate has preferred the honourable to the profitable, and has rejected, with a disdainful brow, the bribes of wicked men, and triumphant through opposing bands, has displayed the arms *of his integrity*. You cannot with propriety call him happy, that possesses much; he more justly claims the title of Happy Man, who *well* understands how to make a wise use of the gifts of the Gods, and how to bear severe poverty, and dreads a reproachful action worse than death: such a man as this is not afraid to perish in defence of his dear friends, or his country.

CARMEN X.

AD LIGURINUM.

Monet ne sibi de formâ nimiùm placeat.

O CRUDELIS adhùc, et Veneris muneribus potens,
Insperata tuæ cùm veniet* pluma superbiæ,
Et quæ nunc humeris involitant, deciderint comæ,
Nunc et qui color est puniceæ flore prior rosæ,
Mutatus, Ligurine, in faciem verterit hispidam,
Dices, Heu! quoties te in speculo videris alterum,
Quæ mens est hodiè, cur eadem non puero fuit?
Vel cur his animis incolumes non redeunt genæ?

* Veniet bruma superbiæ. *Bentl.*

ODE X.

TO LIGURINUS.

The poet advises him not to be too fond of his fine person.

O CRUEL still, and *still* prevalent in the endowments of beauty, when an unexpected plume shall come upon your vanity, and those locks, which now play loosely on your shoulders, shall fall off, and that colour, which is now preferable to the blossom of the damask rose, changed, O Ligurinus, shall turn into a wrinkled face; *then* will you say, as often as you see yourself *quite* another person in the looking-glass, alas! why was not my present inclination the same when I was young? or why do not my *former* cheeks return unimpaired to these my present sentiments?

CARMEN XI.

AD PHYLLIDEM.

Invitat eam ad epulas, die natali Mæcenatis.

EST mihi nonum superantis annum
Plenus Albani cadus; est in horto,
Phylli, nectendis apium coronis;
Est ederæ vis.
Multa, quâ crines religata fulges:
Ridet argento domus: ara, castis
Vincta verbenis, avet immolato
Spargier agno:
Cuncta festinat manus: hùc et illùc
Cursitant mistæ pueris puellæ:
Sordidum flammæ* trepidant rotantes
Vertice fumum.
Ut tamen nôris, quibus advoceris
Gaudiis, Idus tibi sunt agendæ,
Qui dies mensem Veneris marinæ
Findit Aprilem:
Jure solennis mihi, sanctiorque
Penè natali proprio; quòd ex hac
Luce Mæcenas meus affluentes
Ordinat annos.
Telephum, quem tu petis, occupavit,
Non tuæ sortis juvenem, puella
Dives et lasciva, tenetque gratâ
Compede vinctum.

* Flammæ crepitant. *Bentl.*

ODE XI.

TO PHYLLIS.

He invites her to an entertainment on Mæcenas's birth-day.

PHYLLIS, I have a cask full of Albanian *wine*, upwards of nine years old! I have in my garden parsley for the weaving of chaplets; I have great plenty of ivy, with which, when you have bound your hair, you look *so* gay; the house shines cheerfully with plate; the altar, bound with chaste vervain, longs to be sprinkled *with the blood* of a sacrificed lamb: all hands are busy; my girls and boys, *in busy preparation*, fly about from place to place; the flames quiver, rolling on *their pointed* summit the sooty smoke. But yet, that you may know to what joys you are invited, the Ides are to be celebrated by you, the day which divides April, the * month of sea-born Venus; *a day*, with reason to be solemnized by me, and almost more sacred to me than that of my own birth, since from this day my dear Mæcenas reckons his flowing years. A rich and buxom girl hath possessed herself of Telephus, a youth above your rank, and she holds him fast by an agreeable fetter. Consumed Phaeton

* The grand festival of Venus was celebrated in this month.

Terret ambustus Phaëthon avaras
Spes : et exemplum grave præbet ales
Pegasus, terrenum equitem gravatus
Bellerophontem,
Semper ut te digna sequare, et, ultrà
Quàm licet sperare, nefas putando,
Disparem vites. Age, jam meorum
Finis amorum,
(Non enim posthac aliâ calebo
Fœminâ) condisce modos, amandâ
Voce quos reddas : minuentur* atræ
Carmine curæ.

CARMEN XII.

AD VIRGILIUM.

Illum ad cœnam vocat, eâ lege et suum secum adferat symbolum.

JAM veris comites, quæ mare temperant,
Impellunt animæ lintea Thraciæ :
Jam nec prata rigent, nec fluvii strepunt
Hibernâ nive turgidi :
Nidum ponit, Ityn flebiliter gemens,
Infelix avis, et Cecropiæ domus
Æternum opprobrium ;† quòd malè barbaras
Regum est ulta libidines :

* Minuuntur atræ. † Quæ malè barbaras.

strikes terror into ambitious hopes; and the winged Pegasus, not stomaching *to bear* the earth-born rider Bellerophon, affords a terrible example, that you ought always to pursue things that are suitable to you, and that you should avoid a disproportioned *match*, by thinking it a crime to entertain a hope beyond what is allowable. Come then, thou last of my loves, (for hereafter I shall burn for no other woman,) learn with me such measures as you may recite with your lovely voice: our gloomy cares shall be mitigated with an ode.

ODE XII.

TO VIRGIL.

Horace invites him to supper, upon consideration that he bring something towards the entertainment along with him.

THE * Thracian breezes, those attendants on the spring, that moderate the *raging* sea, now fill the sails; now neither are the meadows stiff *with frost*, nor roar the rivers, swollen with winter's snow. The unhappy † bird, that piteously bemoans *the fate* of Itys, and is the eternal disgrace of the house of Cecrops, because she wickedly revenged the cruel liberties that kings will take, now builds her nest.

* Zephyrs blowing from Thrace.

† The swallow, into which Progne was metamorphosed, for avenging the rape of Philomela by serving up Tereus's son Itys to him in a banquet.

Dicunt in tenero gramine pinguium
Custodes ovium carmina fistulâ;
Delectantque* Deum, cui pecus et nigri
Colles Arcadiæ placent.
Adduxêre sitim tempora, Virgili:
Sed pressum Calibus ducere Liberum
Si gestis, juvenum nobilium cliens,
Nardo vina merebere.
Nardi parvus onyx eliciet cadum,
Qui nunc Sulpitiis accubat horreis,
Spes donare novas largus, amaraque
Curarum eluere efficax.
Ad quæ si properas gaudia, cum tuâ
Velox merce veni: non ego te meis
Immunem meditor tingere poculis,
Plenâ dives ut in domo.
Verùm pone moras et studium lucri;
Nigrorumque memor, dùm licet, ignium,
Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem:
Dulce est desipere in loco.

* Delectante Deum.

The keepers of the sheep play tunes upon the pipe, amidst the tender herbage, and delight that * God, to whom flocks and the shady hills of Arcadia are agreeable. The time of year, O Virgil, has brought on a drought: but if you desire to quaff wine from the Calenian press, you, that are a constant companion of young noblemen, must earn your liquor, by *bringing some* spikenard: a small box of spikenard shall draw out a cask, which now lies in the Sulpician storehouse, bounteous in the indulgence of fresh hopes, and efficacious in the washing away the bitterness of care: to which joys if you hasten, come instantly with your merchandise: I do not intend to dip you in my cups scot-free, like a man of wealth in a house abounding with plenty. But, *however*, lay aside delay, and the desire of gain; and, mindful of the gloomy *funeral* flames, intermix, while you may, your grave studies with a little light gayety: it is delightful to give a loose on a proper occasion.

* Pan.

CARMEN XIII.

AD LYCEN.

Insultat ei quòd contemnatur à juvenculis.

AUDIVERE, Lyce; Dî mea vota, Dî
Audivêre, Lyce: fis anus, et tamen
  Vis formosa videri,
    Ludisque et bibis impudens;
Et cantu tremulo pota Cupidinem
Lentum solicitas. Ille virentis et
  Doctæ psallere Chiæ
    Pulchris excubat in genis.
Importunus enim transvolat aridas
Quercus, et refugit te, quia luridi
  Dentes te, quia rugæ
    Turpant, et capitis nives.
Nec Coæ referunt jam tibi purpuræ,
Nec* clari lapides tempora, quæ semel
  Notis condita fastis
    Inclusit volucris dies.
Quò fugit Venus? heu! quòve color? decen
Quò motus? quid habes illius, illius,
  Quæ spirabat amores,
    Quæ me surpuerat mihi,
Felix post Cynaram, notaque et artium
Gratarum facies? sed Cynaræ breves
  Annos fata dederunt,
    Servatura diu parem

* Nec cari lapides.

ODE XIII.

TO LYCE.

He insults her, on being the contempt of the young fellows.

THE Gods have heard my prayers, O Lyce—O Lyce, the Gods have heard my prayers: you are become an old woman, and yet you would have the appearance of a beauty; and you wanton and drink in an audacious manner; and, when tipsy, solicit tardy Cupid with an *affected* quavering of voice. He basks in the charming cheeks of the blooming Chia, who is a proficient on the lyre. The teasing urchin flies over blasted oaks, and starts back at *the sight of* you, because foul teeth, because wrinkles, and snowy hair, render you odious. Now neither Coan purples, nor sparkling jewels, restore those years which winged time has inserted in the public annals. Whither is beauty gone? alas! or whither your bloom? Whither your graceful deportment? What have you *remaining* of her, of her who breathed love, and ravished me from myself? Happy *in accomplishments* next to Cynara, and distinguished for an aspect of graceful delicacies; but the fates granted *but* a few years to Cynara, intending to preserve for a long time Lyce, to be a rival in years with the aged raven; that the

Cornicis vetulæ temporibus Lycen:
Possent ut juvenes visere fervidi,
Multo non sinè risu,
Dilapsam in cineres facem.

CARMEN XIV.

AD AUGUSTUM.

Drusi de Vindelicis, ac præsertim Tiberii de Rhætis victorias Augusti aspiciis ac felicitati adscribit.

QUÆ cura Patrum, quæve Quiritium,
Plenis honorum muneribus, tuas,
Auguste, virtutes in ævum
Per titulos memoresque fastos
Æternet? ô, quâ sol habitabiles
Illustrat oras, maxime principum,
Quem leges expertes Latinæ
Vindelici didicêre nuper,
Quid Marte posses: milite nam tuo
Drusus Genaunos, implacidum genus,
Brennosque veloces, et arces
Alpibus impositas tremendis
Dejecit acer plus vice simplici.
Major Neronum mox grave prælium
Commisit, immanesque Rhœtos
Auspiciis pepulit secundis:
Spectandus in certamine Martio,
Devota morti pectora liberæ
Quantis* fatigaret ruinis:
Indomitas† propè qualis undas

* Fatigarat. † Indomitus. *Bentl.*

fervid young fellows might visit, not without excessive laughter, that torch, *which once so brightly scorched*, now reduced to ashes.

ODE XIV.

TO AUGUSTUS.

He ascribes the victory of Drusus over the Vindelici, and more especially that of Tiberius over the Rhœti, to the auspices and success of Augustus.

WHAT zeal of the senators, or what of the Roman people, by decreeing the most ample honours, can eternize your virtues, O Augustus, by monumental inscriptions, and lasting records? O thou, wherever the sun illuminates the habitable regions, greatest of princes, whom the Vindelici, that never experienced the Roman sway, have lately learned how powerful you are in war. For Drusus, by means of your soldiery, has more than once bravely overthrown the Genauni, an implacable race, and the rapid Brenni; and the citadels situated on the tremendous Alps. The * elder of the Neroes soon after fought a terrible battle, and, by your propitious auspices, smote the ferocious Rhœti: how worthy of admiration in the field of battle, *to see* with what destruction he oppressed the *brave* hearts devoted to voluntary death: just as the south works the untameable waves, when the mystic

* Tiberius.

Exercet Auster, Pleïadum choro
Scindente nubes; impiger hostium
Vexare turmas, et frementem
Mittere equum medios per ignes.
Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,
Qui* regna Dauni præfluit Appuli,
Cum sævit, horrendamque cultis
Diluviem meditatur† agris;
Ut barbarorum Claudius agmina
Ferrata vasto diruit impetu,
Primosque et extremos metendo,
Stravit humum, sinè clade victor:
Te copias, te consilium, et tuos
Præbente Divos. Nam tibi, quo die
Portus Alexandria supplex
Et vacuam patefecit aulam,
Fortuna lustro prospera tertio
Belli secundos reddidit exitus,
Laudemque, et optatum peractis
Imperiis decus arrogavit.
Te Cantaber non ante domabilis,
Medusque et Indus; te profugus Scythes
Miratur, ô tutela præsens
Italiæ, dominæque Romæ:
Te, fontium qui celat origines
Nilusque, et Ister; te rapidus Tigris,
Te belluosus qui remotis
Obstrepit Oceanus Britannis;
Te non paventis funera Galliæ,
Duræque tellus audit Iberiæ:
Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri
Compositis venerantur armis.

* Qua regna Dauni. *Bentl.* † Minitatur agris.

dance of the Pleiades cleaves the clouds, *so is he* strenuous to annoy the troops of the enemy, and to drive his eager steed through the midst of flames. Thus the bull-formed * (*or* branching) Aufidus, who washes the dominions of the Apulian Daunus, rolls, when he rages and meditates an horrible deluge to the cultivated lands; when Claudius overthrew, with impetuous might, the iron ranks of the barbarians, and, by mowing down both front and rear, strewed the ground, victorious, without *sustaining* any loss *on his side;* through your supplying him with troops, you, with counsels, and your own guardian powers. For, on that day, when the suppliant Alexandria opened her ports and deserted court, fortune, propitious to you in the third lustrum,† has put a happy period to the war, and has ascribed *fresh* praise, and the *only* ‡ wished-for honour to the victories already obtained. O thou dread guardian of Italy and imperial Rome, thee the Spaniard, till now unconquered, and the Mede, and Indian; thee the vagrant Scythian admires: thee both the Nile, who conceals his fountain heads, and the Danube; thee the rapid Tigris; thee the monster-bearing ocean that roars against the remote Britons; thee the region of Gaul, fearless of death, and *that* of hardy Iberia, obeys: thee the Sicambrians, who delight in slaughter, laying aside their arms, revere.

* The ancient painters and sculptors used to give horns to the images of their river-Gods.

† See note to Ode IV. Book 2.

‡ This victory, obtained by Tiberius, left the world in peace, and Rome no more to wish for.

CARMEN XV.

AUGUSTO PACIFICO.

PHŒBUS volentem prælia me loqui,
Victas et urbes, increpuit lyrâ,
Ne parva Tyrrhenum per æquor
Vela darem. Tua, Cæsar, ætas
Fruges at agris retulit uberes;
Et signa nostro restituit Jovi,
Derepta Parthorum superbis
Postibus, et vacuum duellis
Janum* Quirini clausit, et ordinem
Rectum evaganti frænа licentiæ
Injecit, emovitque culpas,
Et veteres revocavit artes;
Per quas Latinum nomen et Italæ
Crevêre vires famaque, et imperî
Porrecta majestas ad ortum
Solis ab Hesperio cubili.
Custode rerum Cæsare, non furor
Civilis, aut vis† exiget otium;
Non ira, quæ procudit enses,
Et miseras inimicat urbes.
Non qui profundum Danubium bibunt,
Edicta rumpent Julia; non Getæ,
Non Seres, infidive Persæ,
Non Tanaïn prope flumen orti.

* Janum Quirinum. *Passer.* † Vis eximet otium.

ODE XV.

TO AUGUSTUS, ON THE RESTORATION OF PEACE.

PHŒBUS chided me, when I was meditating to sing of battles and conquered cities on the lyre, that I might not set my little sails along the *vast* Tyrrhenian sea. Your age, O Cæsar, hath both restored plenteous crops to the fields, and has brought back to our Jupiter * the *Roman* standards, torn from the proud pillars of the Parthians; and has shut up *the temple* of Janus, *founded by* Romulus, *now* free from war; and has imposed a due discipline upon headstrong licentiousness, and has extirpated crimes, and recalled the ancient arts; by which the Latin name and strength of Italy have increased, and the fame and majesty of the empire are extended, from the sun's western bed, *even* to the east. While Cæsar is at the head of affairs, neither civil rage, nor violence, shall disturb the *general* tranquillity; nor hatred, which forges swords, and sets at variance unhappy states. Not those who drink of the deep Danube shall now break the Julian edicts; not the Getæ, not the Seres, or the perfidious Persians, nor those born upon

* The temple of Jupiter Capitolinus.

Nosque et profestis lucibus et sacris,
Inter jocosi munera Liberi,
Cum prole, matronisque nostris,
Ritè Deos priùs apprecati,
Virtute functos, more patrum, duces,
Lydis remisto carmine tibiis,
Trojamque, et Anchisen, et almæ
Progeniem Veneris canemus.

the river Tanais. And let us, both on common and festal days, amidst the gifts of joyous Bacchus, together with our wives and families, having first duly invoked the Gods, celebrate, after the manner of our ancestors, with songs accompanied with Lydian pipes, our late valiant commanders, and Troy, and Anchises, and the offspring of benign Venus.

QUINTI

HORATII FLACCI

ΕΠΟΔΩΝ

LIBER V.

CARMEN I.

AD MÆCENATEM.

Ad bellum Actiacum profecturo comitem se offert.

IBIS Liburnis inter alta navium,
  Amice, propugnacula,
Paratus omne Cæsaris periculum
  Subire, Mæcenas, tuo.
Quid nos? quibus te vita* sit superstite
  Jucunda; si contrà, gravis?
Utrumne jussi persequemur otium
  Non dulce, ni tecum simul?

* Vitâ si superstite.

HORACE'S EPODES,

OR THE

FIFTH BOOK OF THE ODES.

ODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

Horace offers to accompany him, on his departure for the Actian expedition.

YOU will go, my friend Mæcenas, with Liburnian galleys, amongst the towering forts of *Antony's large* ships, ready at your own hazard to undergo any of Cæsar's dangers. What shall I do? to whom life may *indeed* be agreeable if you survive, but, if otherwise, *it will be* insupportable. Whether shall I, at your commands, pursue my ease, which cannot be pleasing unless in your company? or shall I endure this toil with such a courage as becomes uneffeminate men to bear?—I

Au hunc laborem mente laturi, decet
Quâ ferre non molles viros?
Feremus; et te, vel per Alpium juga,
Inhospitalem et Caucasum,
Vel occidentis usque ad ultimum sinum
Forti sequemur pectore.
Roges tuum labore quid juvem meo,
Imbellis ac firmus parùm?
Comes minore* sum futurus in metu,
Qui major absentes habet:
Ut assidens implumibus pullis avis
Serpentium allapsus timet
Magis relictis; non, ut adsit, auxilî
Latura plus præsentibus.
Libentur hoc et omne militabitur
Bellum in tuæ spem gratiæ:
Non ut juvencis† illigata pluribus
Aratra‡ nitantur meis:
Pecusve Calabris ante sidus fervidum
Lucana mutet§ pascua:
Nec ut|| superni villa candens Tusculi
Circæa tangat mœnia.
Satis superque me benignitas tua
Ditavit. Haud paravero,
Quòd aut avarus, ut Chremes, terrâ premam;
Distinctus aut perdam, ut nepos.

* Sim futurus in metu. *Heins.*
† Juvencis alligata pluribus. ‡ Aratra nectantur mea
§ Lucana mutet pascuis. || Nec ut supini. *Bentl.*

will bear it; and with an intrepid soul will I follow you, either through the summits of the Alps, and the inhospitable Caucasus, or to the farthest western bay. You may ask, *perhaps*, how I, unwarlike and infirm, can assist your labours by mine? While I am your companion, I shall be in less anxiety, which takes possession of the absent in a greater measure; as the bird that has unfledged young is in a greater dread of serpents' approaches, when they are left,—not that if she should be present when they came, she could be of any more service. Not only this, but every other war shall be cheerfully embraced by me, for the hopes of your favour: *and this*, not that my ploughs should labour to a greater number *of teams* of mine own oxen; or that my cattle, before the scorching *dog*-star, should change the Calabrian for the Lucanian pastures; neither that my white country box should reach (*approach in magnificence*) the Circean* walls of lofty Tusculum. Your generosity has *already* enriched me enough, and more than enough: I shall never *wish to* amass, what either, like the miser Chremes *in the play*, I may bury in the earth, or luxuriously squander, like a prodigal rake.

* *Circean*, because Tusculum was built by Telegonus, the son of Circe,—*Telagoni juga parricida.*

CARMEN II.

VITÆ RUSTICÆ LAUDES.

Alphius fœnerator, vel artis suæ pertæsus, laudat vitam rusticam ; sed mox, avaritiâ victus, ad ingenium, et pristinum vivendi rationem redit.

BEATUS ille, qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
Solutus omni fœnore :
Nec excitatur classico miles truci,
Nec horret iratum mare ;
Forumque vitat, et superba civium
Potentiorum limina.
Ergo aut adultâ vitium propagine
Altas maritat populos,
Inutilesque falce ramos amputans,
Feliciores inserit :
Aut in reductâ valle mugientium
Prospectat errantes greges ;
Aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris ;
Aut tondet infirmas oves :
Vel cùm decorum mitibus pomis caput
Autumnus arvis extulit,
Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pyra,
Certantem et uvam purpuræ,
Quâ muneretur te, Priape, et te, pater
Silvane, tutor finium !
Libet jacere modò sub antiquâ ilice,
Modò in tenaci gramine :
Labuntur altis interim* rivis aquæ ;

* Altis interim ripis.

ODE II.

THE PRAISES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

Alphius, the usurer, weary as it were with his craft, praises a country life; but, shortly overcome with avarice, he returns to his natural bent, and his old way of living.

HAPPY the man, who, remote from business, after the manner of the ancient race of mortals, cultivates his paternal lands with his own oxen, disengaged from every kind of usury; he is neither alarmed with the horrible trumpet, as a soldier, nor dreads he the angry sea; he shuns both the bar, and the proud portals of the men in power. Wherefore he either weds the lofty poplars to the mature branches of the vine, or, lopping off the useless boughs with his pruning-knife, he ingrafts more fruitful ones; or takes a prospect of the herds of his lowing cattle wandering about in a lonely vale; or stores his honey, pressed *from the combs*, in clean vessels; or shears his tender sheep: or, when autumn has lifted up in the fields his head adorned with mellow fruits, how glad is he while he gathers the pears grafted *by himself*, and the grape that vies with the purple, with which he may recompense thee, O Priapus, and thee, father Silvanus, the guardian of his boundaries! sometimes he delights to lie under an aged holm-tree, sometimes on the matted grass: meanwhile the waters glide down from steep clefts; the birds warble in the woods; and the fountains murmur with their purling streams, which invites on gen-

Queruntur in silvis aves;
Fontesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
Somnos quod invitet leves.
At cùm tonantis annus hibernus Jovis
Imbres nivesque comparat,
Aut trudit acres hinc et hinc multâ cane
Apros in obstantes plagas;
Aut amite levi rara tendit retia,
Turdis edacibus dolos;
Pavidumque leporem, et advenam laqueo gruem
Jucunda captat præmia.
Quis non malarum, quas amor curas habet,
Hæc inter obliviscitur?
Quòd si pudica mulier in partem juvans
Domum, atque dulces liberos,
(Sabina qualis, aut perusta solibus
Pernicis uxor Appuli)
Sacrum vetustis exstruat lignis focum
Lasæ sub adventum viri;
Claudensque textis cratibus lætum pecus,
Distenta siccet ubera;
Et horna dulci vina promens dolio,
Dapes inemptas apparet;
Non me Lucrina juverint conchylia,
Magisve rhombus, aut scari,
Si quos Eoïs intonata fluctibus
Hiems ad hoc vertat mare:
Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum,
Non attagen Ionicus
Jucundior, quam lecta de pinguissimis
Oliva ramis arborum,
Aut herba lapathi prata amantis, et gravi
Malvæ salubres corpori,

tle slumbers. But when the wintry season of the * tempestuous air prepares rains and snows, he either pushes the fierce boars, with dogs on every side, into the intercepting toils; or spreads his thin nets with the smooth pole, as a snare for the voracious thrushes; or catches in his gin the timorous hare, or that stranger the crane, pleasing rewards *for his labour*. Amongst such *joys* as these, who does not forget those mischievous anxieties, which are the property of love? But if a chaste wife, assisting on her part *in the management* of the house, and beloved children, (such as *is* the Sabine, or the sun-burnt spouse of the industrious Apulian,) piles up the sacred hearth † with old wood just at the approach of her weary husband; and shutting up the fruitful cattle in the woven hurdles, she milks dry their distended udders; and drawing this year's wine out of a well-seasoned cask, prepares the unbought collation; not the Lucrine oysters could delight me more, or the turbot, or the scar, should the tempestuous winter drive any from the eastern floods to this sea; not the turkey, nor the Asiatic wild fowl, can come into my stomach more agreeable, than the olive gathered from the richest branches of the trees, or the sorrel, that loves the meadows, or mallows, salubrious for a sickly body, or a lamb slain at the

* *Thundering Jupiter:* but as thunder is the least frequent in winter, and Jupiter, it has above been observed, frequently signifies *the air*, the expression may perhaps be best understood of the loud hurricanes and the general troubled state of the atmosphere in the winter season.

† The Roman hearths were doubly sacred; first to their household Gods, and secondly to Vesta.

Vel agna festis cæsa Terminalibus,
Vel hœdus ereptus lupo.
Has inter epulas, ut juvat pastas oves
Videre properantes domum!
Videre fessos vomerem inversum boves
Collo trahentes languido!
Positosque vernas, ditis examen domus,
Circum renidentes Lares!
Hæc ubi locutus fœnerator Alphius,
Jam jam futurus rusticus,
Omnem* relegit Idibus pecuniam;
Quærit Calendis ponere.

CARMEN III.

AD MÆCENATEM.

Allii detestatio.

PARENTIS olim si quis impiâ manu
Senile guttur fregerit,
Edat cicutis allium nocentius.
O dura messorum ilia!
Quid† hoc veneni sævit in præcordiis?
Num viperinus his cruor
Incoctus herbis me fefellit? an malas
Canidia tractavit dapes?
Ut, Argonautas præter omnes candidum
Medea mirata est ducem,
Ignota tauris illigaturum juga,
Perunxit hoc Jasonem:

* Redegit Idibus pecuniam. [† Queis hoc veneni.

feast of *the God** Terminus, or a kid *just* rescued from the wolf. Amidst these dainties, how it pleases one to see the well-fed sheep hastening home! to see the weary oxen, with drooping neck, dragging the inverted plough-share; and *numerous* slaves, the test of a rich family, ranged about the smiling household Gods! When Alphius, the usurer, now on the point of turning countryman, had said *all* this, he collected in all his money on the † Ides;—*and* endeavours to put it out again at the ‡ Galends.

ODE III.

TO MÆCENAS.

He expresses his aversion to garlic.

IF any person, at any time, with an impious hand has broken his aged father's neck, let him, *by way of punishment*, eat garlic, more baneful than hemlock. Oh the hardy bowels of the mowers! what poison is this that rages in my entrails? Has viper's blood, infused in these herbs, deceived me? or has Canidia meddled with this vile food? When Medea, beyond all *the other* Argonauts, admired their handsome leader, she anointed Jason with this as he was going to tie the unexperienced yoke on the *fiery* bulls: and having revenged herself on *Jasons'*§ mistress, by making her presents be-

* The tutelar God of their boundaries. † The middle of one month. ‡ The beginning of another. § Creusa.

Hoc delibutis ulta donis pellicem,
Serpente fugit alite.
Nec tantus unquam siderum insedit vapor
Siticulosæ Apuliæ:
Nec munus humeris efficacis Herculis
Inarsit æstuosiùs.
At, si quid unquam tale concupiveris,
Jocose Mæcenas, precor
Manum puella suavio opponat tuo,
Extremâ et in spondâ cubet.

CARMEN IV.

In quendam, qui è servo, tribunus militum effectus, triumviralis classis parti erat præficiendus.

LUPIS et agnis quanta sortitò obtigit,
Tecum mihi discordia est,
Ibericis peruste funibus latus,
Et crura durâ compede.
Licet superbus ambules pecuniâ,
Fortuna non mutat genus.
Videsne sacram metiente te viam
Cum bis* ter ulnarum togâ,
Ut ora vertat hùc et hùc euntium
Liberrima indignatio?
Sectus flagellis hic triumviralibus
Præconis ad fastidium,
Arat Falerni mille fundi jugera,
Et Appiam mannis terit;
Sedilibusque magnus in primis eques,
Othonet contempto, sedet.

* Cum bis trium ulnarum. *Bentl.* † Othone contento.

smeared with this, she flew away on her winged dragon. Never did the steaming influence of any constellation so raging as this rest upon the thirsty Apulia; nor did the gift *of Dejanira* burn hotter upon the shoulders of the laborious Hercules. But if ever, facetious Mæcenas, you should have a desire for any such *stuff again*, I wish that your girl may oppose her hand to your kiss, and lie at the farthest part of the bed.

ODE IV.

On a certain person, who, from a slave being made a military tribune, was to have the command of one part of the fleet of the Triumviri.

AS great an enmity as is allotted by nature to wolves and lambs, *so great a one* have I to thee, thou that art galled at thy side with Spanish cords, and on thy legs with the pinching fetter. Though, purse-proud with your riches, you strut along, *yet* fortune does not alter your *low* birth. Do you not observe, while you are measuring the* sacred way with a robe twice three ells long, how a most open indignation distorts the faces of those that pass and repass? *Mind* this fellow (*say they*) cut with the triumvir's whips, even till the beadle was sick of his office, he cultivates a thousand acres of Falernian land, and wears out the Appian road with his *prancing* nags; and, in despite of Otho,† sits in the first rows *of the Circus* as a knight of dis-

* *Via sacra*, the grand street that led to the Capitol.

† Roscius Otho made a law by which the seats of the Roman knights in the Circus were regulated.

Quid attinet ora navium gravi
Rostrata duci pondere
Contra latrones, atque servilem manum,
Hoc, hoc tribuno militum ?

CARMEN V.

Pueri in Canidiam veneficam diræ.

AT, ô Deorum quidquid in cœlo* re
Terras et humanum genus,
Quid iste fert tumultus ? et quid omnium
Vultus in unum me truces ?
Per liberos te, si vocata partubus
Lucina veris adfuit,
Per hoc inane purpuræ decus precor,
Per improbaturum hæc Jovem,
Quid ut noverca me intueris, aut uti
Petita ferro bellua ?
Ut hæc trementi questus ore constitit
Insignibus raptis puer,
Impube corpus, quale posset impia
Mollire Thracum pectora :
Canidia brevibus implicata viperis
Crines et incomptum caput,
Jubet sepulchris caprificos erutas,
Jubet cupressus funebres,
Et uncta turpis ova ranæ sanguine,
Plumamque nocturnæ strigis,
Herbasque, quas Iolcos atque Iberia
Mittit venenorum ferax,

* Quidquid in cœlo regis.

tinction. To what purpose is it that so many brazen-beaked ships, of immense bulk, should be had out against pirates, and a band of slaves, while this, this *fellow* is a military tribune?

ODE V.

The imprecations of a boy against the witch Canidia.

BUT, oh whatever *power* of the Gods rules the earth and human race, what means this tumult? and what the hideous looks of all these *old hags*, *fixed* upon me alone? I conjure thee by thy children (if invoked Lucina was *ever* present at any real birth of yours,) *I conjure* thee by this empty honour of my* purple, *and* by Jupiter, who must disapprove these *proceedings*, why do you look at me like a step-mother, or as a wild beast stricken with a dart? While the boy made these complaints with a faltering voice, he stood, with his † badges of distinction taken from him, a delicate body, such as might soften the impious breasts of the *savage* Thracians: Canidia, having her hair and uncombed head interwoven with little vipers, orders wild fig-trees torn up from graves, orders funeral cypresses, and eggs besmeared with the gore of a loathsome toad, and feathers of the nocturnal screech-owl, and those herbs, which ‡ Iolchos, and Spain, fruitful in poisons, transmits, and

* The *toga prætexta*, which the children of the nobility wore, was bordered with purple.

† The *toga prætexta*, and the *bulla*, which latter was a piece of gold or silver, made in the shape of a heart.

‡ A town in Thessaly.

Et ossa ab ore rapta jejunæ canis,
Flammis aduri Colchicis.
At expedita Sagana per totam domum
Spargens Avernales aquas,
Horret capillis, ut marinus, asperis,
Echinus, aut* currens aper,
Abacta nullâ Veia conscientiâ,
Ligonibus duris humum
Exhauriebat, ingemens laboribus;
Quo posset infossus puer
Longo die bis terve mutatæ dapis,
Inemori spectaculo;
Cùm promineret ore, quantum extant aquâ
Suspensa mento corpora,
Exsucta† uti medulla, et aridum jecur
Amoris esset poculum;
Interminato cùm semel fixæ cibo
Intabuissent pupulæ.
Non defuisse masculæ libidinis
Ariminensem Foliam;
Et otiosa credidit Neapolis,
Et omne vicinum oppidum:
Quæ siderâ excantata voce Thessalâ
Lunamque cœlo deripit.
Hîc irresectum sæva dente lividо
Canidia rodens pollicem,
Quid dixit? aut quid tacuit? O rebus meis
Non infideles arbitræ,
Nox, et Diana, quæ silentium regis,
Arcana cùm fiunt sacra;

* Aut Laurens aper. *Heins.*
† Exsecta, execta, exesa, uti medulla. *Heins.*

bones, snatched from the mouth of a hungry bitch, to be burned in * Colchian flames. But Sagana, tucked up for expedition, sprinkling the waters of † Avernus all over the house, bristles up with her rough hair, like a sea-urchin, or a boar pursued. Veia, deterred by no remorse of conscience, groaning with the toil, dug up the ground with the sharp spade; where the boy, fixed in, might long be tormented to death, at the sight of food varied two or three times in a day; while he stood out with his face, just as much as bodies suspended by the chin, *in swimming*, project from the water, that his parched marrow and dried liver might be a charm for love; when once the pupils of his eyes had wasted away by being fixed on the forbidden food. Both the idle Naples, and every neighbouring town, believed that Folia of Arminium, *a witch* of masculine lust, was not absent *from these rites: she* who, with her Thessalian incantations, forces the charmed constellations, and the moon, from heaven. Here the fell Canidia, gnawing her unpared thumb with her livid teeth, what said she, or what did she not say? O ye faithful witnesses to my proceedings, Night, and thou Diana, who presidest over silence, when the secret mysteries are celebrated; now, now be present, and turn your anger

* Colchian, such as Medea of Colchos made use of, that is, according to art.

† Avernus was a lake in Campania, whose waters were held sacred to the infernal deities.

Nunc, nunc adeste; nunc in hostiles domos
Iram atque numen vertite;
Formidolosis dùm latent silvis feræ,
Dulci sopore languidæ,
Senem, quod omnes rideant, adulterum
Latrent Suburranæ canes,
Nardo perunctum, quale non perfectius
Meæ laborârint manus.
Quid accidit? cur dira barbaræ minùs
Venena Medeæ valent,
Quibus superbam fugit ulta pellicem
Magni Creontis filiam,
Cùm palla, tabo munus imbutum, novam
Incendio nuptam abstulit?
Atqui nec herba, nec latens in asperis
Radix fefellit me locis.
Indormit unctis omnium cubilibus
Oblivione pellicum.
Ah, ah! solutus ambulat veneficæ
Scientioris carmine.
Non usitatis, Vare, potionibus
(O multa fleturum caput!)
Ad me recurres: nec vocata mens tua
Marsis redibit vocibus.
Majus parabo, majus infundam tibi
Fastidienti poculum.
Priùsque cœlum sidet inferius mari,
Tellure porrectâ super,
Quàm non amore sic meo flagres, uti
Bitumen atris ignibus.

and power against the houses of our enemies: While the wild beasts lie hid in the gloomy woods, dissolved in sweet repose, let the dogs of the * Suburra (which may be a matter of ridicule for every body) bark at the old fornicator, bedaubed with essence, such as my hands never made any more exquisite. What is the matter? why are these compositions less efficacious than those of that barbarian Medea; by the means of which she made her escape, after having revenged herself on *Jason's* haughty mistress, the daughter of the mighty Creon; when the garment, a gift that was infected with poison, took off *his* new bride by its inflammatory power? And yet no herb, nor root latent in inaccessible places, *ever* escaped my notice. *Nevertheless*, he sleeps in the essenced bed of every harlot, from his forgetfulness *of me*. Ah! ah! he walks *in security*, set free *from my power* by the charms of some more powerful witch. Varus, (oh you are a person that will shortly have much to lament!) thou shalt come back to me by *the means* of unusual spells; nor shall you return to yourself by all the power of Marsian † enchantments. I will prepare a stronger *philtre:* I will pour in *that* stronger philtre to you, disdainful as you are: and the heaven shall subside below the sea, with the earth extended over it, sooner than that you shall not burn with a love for me, in the same manner as *this* pitch burns in the sooty flames. At these *words*, the boy no longer *at-*

* Suburra, a street in Rome, inhabited by the lower class of people, and a notorious nest for harlots.

† Marsus was the son of the sorceress Circe.

Sub hæc puer, jam, non ut antè, mollibus
Lenire verbis impias,
Sed dubius undè rumperet silentium,
Misit Thyesteas preces.
Venena,* magnum fas nefasque, non valent
Convertere humanam vicem.
Diris agam vos: dira detestatio
Nullâ expiatur victima.
Quin, ubi perire jussus exspiravero,
Nocturnus occurram furor;
Petamque vultus umbra curvis unguibus;
Quæ vis Deorum est Manium;
Et inquietis assidens præcordiis,
Pavore somnos auferam.
Vos turba vicatim hinc et hinc saxis petens
Contundet obscœnas anus.
Post, insepulta membra different lupi
Et Esquilinæ alites.
Neque hoc parentes, heu! mihi superstites
Effugerit spectaculum.

* Venena magica fas nefasque non valent
Non vertere humanas vices. *Bentl.*

tempted, as before, to move impious *hags* by soothing expressions, but, doubtful in what manner he should break silence, uttered * Thyestean imprecations. Potions *(says he)* have a great efficacy in confounding right and wrong, but are not able to invert the condition and lot of human nature: I will persecute you with curses: and *that* execrating detestation is not to be expiated by any victim. Moreover, when, doomed *by you* to death, I shall have expired, I will attend you as a nocturnal fury: and, a ghost, I will attack your faces with my hooked talons; (for such is the power of those divinities, the Manes†) and, brooding upon your restless breasts, I will deprive you of repose by terrible *visions*. *And then* the mob, from village to village, assaulting you on every side with stones, shall demolish *all* you filthy bags. Finally, the wolves and Esquilian‡ vultures shall scatter abroad your unburied limbs. Nor shall this spectacle escape the observation of my parents, who, alas! must *now* survive me.

* Thyestean, such execrations as Thyestes made use of to his brother Atreus. Vid. *Sen.* Trag.

† Manes, the geniuses of the dead, who had a kind of divinity ascribed to them.

‡ The Esquiliæ were the public burying places, and also where the criminals were exposed after execution, and consequently the resort of birds of prey.

CARMEN VI.

IN CASSIUM SEVERUM.

Maledico minitatur ultionem.

QUID immerentes hospites vexas, canis,
Ignavus adversùm lupos?
Quin hùc inanes, si potes, vertis minas,
Et me remorsurum petis?
Nam, qualis aut Molossus, aut fulvus Lacon,
Amica vis pastoribus,
Agam per altas aure sublata nives,
Quæcunque præcedit fera.
Tu, cùm timendâ voce complesti nemus,
Projectum odoraris cibum.
Cave, cave; namque in malos, asperrimus
Parata tollo cornua:
Qualis Lycambæ spretus infido gener,
Aut acer hostis Bupalo.
An, si quis atro dente me petiverit,
Inultus ut flebo puer?

ODE VI.

AGAINST CASSIUS SEVERUS.

Horace threatens to revenge himself on him for his maledictions.

THOU cur, *that art* a coward against wolves, why do you persecute innocent strangers? why do you not, if you can turn your empty yelpings, hither, and attack me, who will bite again? for, like a mastiff, or tawny greyhound, that is a friendly assistant to shepherds, I will drive with erected ears, through the deep snows, every brute that shall go before me. *As for you*, when you have filled the grove with your tremendous barking, you smell at the foot that is thrown to you. Have a care, have a care; for, very bitter against bad men, I erect my horns, *ever* ready *for assault*, like *him that was rejected as a son-in-law by the perfidious Lycambes, or the satiric enemy of † Bupalus. What, if any cur attack me with malignant tooth, shall I *only* blubber like a boy that is incapable of revenging himself?

* Lycambes broke his word with the poet Archilochus, with regard to his daughter Neobule; upon which Archilochus composed so severe a satire against him, that both he and his daughter hanged themselves in despair.

† Bupalus, a celebrated painter, having ridiculed the person of the poet Hipponax, by a portraiture he made of him, the bard in return wrote a most bitter invective against him.

CARMEN VII.

AD ROMANOS.

Bellum civile redintegrantes.

QUO, quò scelesti, ruitis? aut cur dexteris
Aptantur enses conditi?
Parumne campis atque Neptuno super
Fusum est Latini sanguinis?
Non ut superbas invidæ Carthaginis
Romanus arces ureret:
Intactus aut Britannus ut descenderet
Sacrâ catenatus viâ:
Sed ut, secundùm vota Parthorum, suâ
Urbs hæc periret dexterâ.
Neque hic lupis mos, nec fuit leonibus,
Unquam, nisi in dispar, feris.
Furorne* cæcus, an rapit vis acrior,
An culpa? responsum date.
Tacent: et ora pallor albus inficit;
Mentesque perculsæ stupent.
Sic est: acerba fata Romanos agunt,
Scelusque fraternæ necis;
Ut immerentis fluxit in terram Remi
Sacer nepotibus cruor.

* Furorne cæcos.

ODE VII.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

On their renewing the civil war.

WHITHER, whither, impious, are you rushing? or why are the swords drawn that were *so lately* sheathed? is there *then* too little of Roman blood spilled upon land and sea? *and this,* not that the Romans might burn the proud towers of envious Carthage, nor that the Britons, hitherto unassailed, might go down the Sacred Way bound in chains? but that, agreeably to the wishes of the Parthians, this city may fall by its own strength. *And yet* this *barbarous* method *of fighting* never obtained even amongst either wolves or savage lions, unless against a different species. Does blind phrenzy, or your superior valour, or *some* crime, hurry you on at this rate? answer me. They are silent; and livid paleness infects their countenances; and their stricken souls are stupified. This is the case: a cruel fatality, and the crime of fratricide, have disquieted the Romans *from that time,* when the blood of the innocent *Remus, to be expiated by his descendants, was spilled upon the earth.

* He was slain by his brother Romulus for ridiculing his wall, by leaping over it.

CARMEN VIII.

IN ANUM LIBIDINOSAM.

ROGARE longo putidam te seculo,
  Vires quid enervet meas?
Cùm sit tibi dens ater, et rugis vetus
  Frontem senectus exaret;
Hietque turpis inter aridas nates
  Podex, velut crudæ bovis.
Sed incitat me pectus, et mammæ putres,
  Equina quales ubera,
Venterque mollis, et femur tumentibus
  Exile suris additum.
Esto beata: funus atque imagines
  Ducant triumphales tuum:
Nec sit marita, quæ rotundioribus
  Onusta baccis ambulet.
Quid? quòd libelli Stoici inter sericos
  Jacere pulvillos amant,
Illiterati num minus nervi rigent?
  Minusve languet fascinum?
Quod ut superbo provoces ab inguine,
  Ore allaborandum est tibi.

ODE VIII.

UPON A WANTON OLD WOMAN.

CAN you, grown rank and old, ask what unnerves my vigour? when your teeth are black, and old age withers your brow with wrinkles, and your back sinks between your staring hip-bones, like that of an unhealthy cow. But, *forsooth!* your breast, and your fallen chest, full well resembling a broken-backed horse, provokes me; and a body flabby, and feeble knees supported by swollen legs. May you be happy, and may triumphal statues* adorn your funeral procession, and may no matron appear in public abounding with richer pearls. What follows, because the bookish Stoics *sometimes* love to indulge on silken pillows? are unlearned constitutions the less robust? or are their limbs less stout? but for you to raise an appetite in a stomach that is nice, it is necessary that you exert every art of language.

* There was a privilege, termed *the right of images*, which permitted the statues of such ancestors of the deceased as had been dignified by public honours to be carried in the funeral procession.

CARMEN IX.

AD MÆCENATEM.

Actiæ victoriæ primordia celebrat.

QUANDO* repôstum Cæcubum ad festas dapes,
Victore lætus Cæsare,
Tecum sub altâ, sic Jovi gratum, domo,
Beate Mæcenas, bibam,
Sonante† mistum tibiis carmen lyrâ,
Hâc Dorium, illis Barbarum?
Ut nuper, actus cûm freto Neptunius
Dux fugit ustis navibus,
Minatus Urbi vincla, quæ detraxerat
Servis amicus perfidis.
Romanus, eheu! (posteri negabitis,)
Emancipatus fœminæ,
Fert vallum et arma miles, et spadonibus
Servire rugosis potest!
Interque signa turpe militaria
Sol aspicit conopeum!
Ad‡ hunc frementes verterunt bis mille equos
Galli, canentes Cæsarem:
Hostiliumque navium portu latent
Puppes sinistrorsum citæ.
Iô triumphe, tu moraris aureos
Currus, et intactas boves.
Iô triumphe, nec Jugurthino parem
Bello reportasti ducem;

* Quando ô repôstum. *Heins.* † Mixtis tibiis carmen.
‡ Ad hoc frementes. *Bentl.*

ODE IX.

TO MÆCENAS.

Horace celebrates the successes that preceded the victory at Actium.

WHEN, O happy Mæcenas, shall I, overjoyed at Cæsar's being victorious, drink with you under the stately dome (for such is the will of Jupiter) the Cæcuban reserved for festal entertainments, whilst the lyre plays a tune, accompanied with flutes, that *in* the Doric, these *in* the Phrygian *measure?* as lately, when the * Neptunian admiral driven from the sea, and his navy burned, fled, after having menaced those chains to Rome, which, like a friend, he had taken off from perfidious slaves. The Roman soldiery (alas! ye, our posterity, will deny *the fact*) enslaved to a † woman, carries pallisadoes and arms, and can be subservient to haggard eunuchs: and, amongst the military standards, the sun beholds a vile *Egyptian* canopy. Indignant at this, the Gauls turned two thousand of their cavalry, proclaiming Cæsar; and the ships of the hostile navy, going off to the left, lie by in port. Hail, thou God of triumph! you that delay the *triumphal honours* of golden chariots, and untouched heifers. Hail, thou God of triumph! you neither brought back a general equal *to Cæsar* from the Jugurthine war; nor from the African

* Pompey the Great had been a very successful admiral, which gave young Pompey the hint to style himself the son of Neptune.

† Cleopatra.

Neque* Africano, cui super Carthaginem
Virtus sepulchrum condidit.
Terrâ marique victus hostis, Punico
Lugubre mutavit sagum.
Aut ille centum nobilem Cretam urbibus
Ventis iturus non suis,
Exercitatas aut petit Syrtes Noto,
Aut fertur incerto mari.
Capaciores adfer hùc, puer, scyphos,
Et† Chia vina, aut Lesbia,
Vel, quod fluentem nauseam coërceat,
Metire nobis Cæcubum.
Curam metumque Cæsaris rerum juvat
Dulci Lyæo solvere.

CARMEN X.

IN MÆVIUM.

Ipsi naufragium imprecatur.

MALA soluta navis exit alite
Ferens olentem Mævium.
Ut horridis utrumque verberes latus,
Auster, memento fluctibus.
Niger rudentes Eurus, inverso mari,
Fractosque remos differat.
Insurgat Aquilo, quantus altis montibus
Frangit‡ trementes ilices:
Nec sidus atrâ nocte amicum appareat,
Quâ tristis Orion cadit:
Quietiore nec feratur æquore,
Quàm Graia victorum manus;

* Neque Africanum. † Aut Chia.
‡ Vertit trementes ilices. *Bentl.*

war, him, whose valour raised him a monument by *conquered* Carthage. Our enemy, overthrown both by land and sea, has changed his purple vestments for mourning. *And now* he either seeks Crete, famous for her hundred cities, ready to sail with the winds unfavourable; or the Syrtes, harassed by the south; *or else* is driven by the uncertain sea. Bring hither, boy, larger bowls, and the Chian or Lesbian wine; or, what may correct this rising qualm of mine, fill me out the Cæcuban. It is my pleasure to dissipate care and anxiety for Cæsar's danger with delicious wine.

ODE X.

AGAINST MÆVIUS.

Horace wishes that he may suffer shipwreck.

THE vessel that carries the loathsome Mævius makes her departure with an unlucky omen. Be mindful, O south wind, that you buffet it about with horrible billows. May the gloomy east, turning up the sea, disperse its cables and broken oars. Let the north arise *in* as mighty *fury* as when he rives the quivering oaks on the lofty mountains; nor let a friendly star appear through the black night, in which the baleful Orion sets: nor let him be conveyed in a calmer sea, than was the Grecian

Cùm Pallas usto vertit iram ab Ilio
  In impiam Ajacis ratem.
O quantus instat navitis sudor tuis,
  Tibique pallor luteus,
Et illa non virilis ejulatio,
  Preces et aversum ad jovem;
Ionius udo cùm remugiens sinus
  Noto carinam ruperit!
Opima, quòd si præda curvo littore
  Porrecta* mergos† juveris,
Libidinosus immolabitur caper,
  Et agna Tempestatibus.

CARMEN XI.

AD PETTIUM.

Se amore captum non posse ad versus faciendos operam et studium conferre.

PETTI, nihil me, sicut antea, juvat
  Scribere versiculos, amore ‡perculsum gravi;
Amore, qui me, præter omnes, expetit
  Mollibus in pueris, aut in puellis urere.
Hic tertius December, ex quo destiti
  Inachiâ furere, silvis honorem decutit.
Heu me, per Urbem, nam pudet tanti mali,
  Fabula quanta fui! conviviorum et pœnitet,
In queis amantem et languor et silentium
  Arguit, et latere petitus imo spiritus.
Contrane lucrum nil valere candidum
  Pauperis ingenium? querebar, applorans tibi;

* Projecta mergos. *Bentl.* † Porrecta mergos juverit.
‡ Amore percussum gravi.

band of conquerors, when Pallas turned her rage from burned Troy to the ship of impious Ajax.* O what a sweat is coming upon your sailors, and *what* a sallow paleness upon you, and that effeminate wailing, and *those* prayers to unregarding Jupiter, when the Ionian bay, roaring with the tempestuous south-west, shall break *your* keel! but, if extended along the winding shore, you shall delight the cormorants as a dainty prey, a lascivious he-goat, and an ewe-lamb, shall be sacrificed to the tempests.

ODE XI.

TO PETTIUS.

Horace is so much in love, that he cannot apply himself to the study of poetry.

IT by no means, O Pettius, delights me, as heretofore, to write Lyric verses, being smitten with cruel love; with love, who takes pleasure to inflame me beyond others, either youths or maidens. This *is* the third December *that has* shaken the *leafy* honours from the woods, since I ceased to be mad for Inachia. Ah me! (for I am ashamed of so great a misfortune) what a subject of talk was I through the *whole* city! I repent too of the entertainments *that I frequented*, at which both a languishing, and silence, and sighs heaved from the bottom of my breast, have discovered the lover.

* Ajax Oileus, who debauched Cassandra in the temple of Pallas, which raised the indignation of that goddess against him. See *Virg. Æn. l. v.* 41—48.

Simul calentis, inverecundus Deus
Fervidiore mero arcana promôrat loco.
Quòd si meis inæstuet præcordiis
Libera bilis, ut hæc ingrata ventis dividat
Fŏmenta, vulnus nil malum levantia;
Desinet imparibus certare summotus pudor.
Ubi hæc severus te palàm laudaveram,
Jussus abire domum, ferebar incerto pede
Ad non amicos heu! mihi postes, et heu!
Limina dura, quibus lumbos et infregi latus.
Nunc, gloriantis quamlibet mulierculam
Vincere mollitiâ, amor Lycisci me tenet;
Undè expedire non amicorum queant
Libera consilia, nec contumeliæ graves;
Sed alius ardor, aut puellæ candidæ,
Aut teretis pueri, longam renodantis comam.

CARMEN XII.

In anum fœdam quæ illius amores ambiebat.

QUID tibi vis, mulier nigris dignissima barris?
Munera cur mihi, quidve tabellas
Mittis, nec firmo juveni, neque naris obesæ?
Namque sagaciùs unus odoror,
Polypus, an gravis hirsutis cubet hircus in alis,
Quàm canis acer, ubi lateat sus.
Quis sudor vietis, et quàm malus undique membris
Crescit odor! cùm pene soluto

Then, as soon as the indelicate God *Bacchus*, by stronger wine than ordinary, had removed, as I grew warm, the secrets of *my heart* from their repository, I made my complaints, *thus* lamenting to you, "that the fairest genius of a poor man hath "no weight against wealthy lucre." Wherefore, if a generous indignation should boil in my breast, insomuch as to disperse to the winds these disagreeable (*though soothing*) applications, that give no ease to the desperate wound; *then* the shame *of being overcome*, ending, shall cease to contest with rivals of such a sort. When I, with great gravity, had applauded these *resolutions* in your presence, being ordered *by you* to go home, I was carried, with a wandering foot, to posts, alas! to me not friendly; and alas! obdurate gates, against which I bruised my loins and side. Now my engagements with the delicate Lyciscus engross all my time: from them neither the unreserved admonitions, nor the serious reprehensions, of other friends can recall me to my former taste for poetry: but, perhaps, either a new flame for some beautiful damsel, or the more winning address of some new acquaintance, may.

ODE XII.

Upon an Old Woman.

WHAT would you be at, you woman fitter for the swarthy monsters? why do you send tokens, why billets-doux to me, and not to some vigorous youth, and of a taste not nice? For I am one who discerns a Polypus, or fetid ramminess, however concealed, more quickly than the keenest dog the

Indomitam properat rabiem sedare; nec illi
Jam manet humida creta, colorque
Stercore fucatus crocodili; jamque subando
Tenta cubilia, tectaque rumpit:
Vel mea cum sævis agitat fastidia verbis:
Inachiâ, langues minùs ac me:
Inachiam ter nocte potes, mihi semper ad unum
Mollis opus. Pereat malè, quæ te
Lesbia, quærenti taurum monstravit inertem;
Cùm mihi Cous adesset Amyntas,
Cujus in indomito constantior inguine nervus,
Quam nova collibus arbor inhæret.
Muricibus Tyriis iteratæ vellera lanæ,
Cui properabantur! tibi nempe:
Ne foret æquales inter conviva, magis quem
Diligeret mulier sua, quàm te.
O ego non felix, quam tu fugis, ut pavet acres
Agna lupos, capreæque leones.

covert of the boar. What sweatiness, and how rank an odour every where rises from her withered limbs! when she strives to lay her furious rage with impossibilities; now she has no longer the advantage of moist cosmetics, and her colour appears as if stained with crocodilian ordure: and now, in wild impetuosity, she tears her bed, bedding, and all she has. She attacks even my loathings in the most angry terms:—You are always less dull with Inachy than me: in her company you are threefold complaisance; but you are ever unprepared to oblige me in a single instance. Lesbia, who first recommended you—so unfit a help in time of need, may she lead apes in hell: when Coan Amyntas paid me his addresses, who is ever as constant in his fair one's service, as the young tree to the hill it grows on. For whom were laboured the fleeces of the richest Tyrian die? for you: even so that there was not one in company, amongst gentlemen of your own rank, whom his own wife* admired preferably to you: oh unhappy me, whom you fly, as the lamb dreads the fierce wolves, or the she-goats the lions.

* When it was the fashion for husbands to be adorned with garments of their wives' manufactory, their taste and elegance were sure to be admired.

CARMEN XIII.

AD AMICUM.

Vitæ molestias vino, cantu, et amicorum alloquiis esse mitigandas.

HORRIDA tempestas cœlum contraxit; et imbres,
Nivesque deducunt Jovem: nunc mare, nunc silüæ
Threïcio Aquilone sonant: rapiamus,* amici,
Occasionem de die: dumque virent genua,
Et decet, obductâ solvatur fronte senectus;
Tu vina Torquato move consule pressa meo.
Cætera mitte loqui: Deus hæc fortasse benignâ
Reducit in sedem vice. Nunc et Achæmeniâ†
Perfundi nardo juvat, et fide Cylleneâ
Levare‡ diris pectora solicitudinibus:
Nobilis ut grandi cecinit Centaurus alumno:
Invicte mortalis, Deâ nate puer Thetide,
Te manet Assaraci tellus, quam frigida parvi
Findunt Scamandri flumina, lubricus et Simoïs:
Undè tibi reditum§ certo|| subtemine Parcæ
Rupêre; nec mater domum cærula te revehet.
Illîc omne malum vino cantuque levato
Deformis ægrimoniæ dulcibus alloquiis.

* Rapiamus, amice. *Bentl.*
† Achæmenio.
‡ Duris pectora solicitudinibus.
§ Curto subtemine Parcæ. *Bentl.*
|| Certo sub stamine.

ODE XIII.

TO A FRIEND.

The troubles of life are to be assuaged by drinking and singing, and friendly conversation.

AN horrible storm has condensed the sky, and showers and snows bring down the atmosphere: now the sea, now the woods, bellow with the Thracian north wind. Let us, my friends, take occasion *of merriment* from *this dismalness of the* day; and, while our knees are vigorous, and it becomes us, let old age, with his contracted forehead, become smooth. Do you produce the wine that was pressed in the consulship of my Torquatus. Forbear to talk of any other matters. The Deity, perhaps, will reduce these *present evils* to the former *happy* state by a propitious change. Now it is fitting both to be bedewed with Persian perfume, and to relieve our breasts of dire vexations by the lyre, sacred to Mercury. *In the same manner* as the noble Centaur, *Chiron,* sung to his grand pupil: Invincible mortal, thou son of the goddess Thetis, the *land of Assaracus awaits you, which the cold currents of the little Scamander, and the swift gliding Simois, divide: from whence the fatal sisters have broke off your return by a thread that cannot be altered; nor shall your azure mother convey you back to your home. There, *then,* by wine and music, *and* by sweet converse, drive away every symptom of hideous melancholy.

* Phrygia, where Assaracus, the son of Tros, reigned.

CARMEN XIV.

AD MÆCENATEM.

Phrynes amorem obstare quò minùs iambos promissos absolvat.

MOLLIS inertia, cur tantam diffuderit imis
Oblivionem sensibus,
Pocula Lethæos* ut si ducentia somnos
Arente fauce traxerim,
Candide Mæcenas, occidis sæpè rogando :
Deus, Deus nam me vetat
Inceptos, olim promissum carmen, iambos
Ad umbilicum adducere.
Non aliter Samio dicunt arsisse Bathyllo
Anacreonta Teïum :
Qui persæpè cavâ testudine flevit amorem
Non elaboratum ad pedem.
Ureris ipse miser : quòd si non pulchrior ignis
Accendit obsessam Ilion,
Gaude sorte tuâ. Me libertina, neque uno
Contenta, Phryne macerat.

* Veluti ducentia somnos.

ODE XIV.

TO MÆCENAS.

Horace's love for Phryne hinders him from finishing the promised iambics.

YOU kill me, *my* courteous Mæcenas, by frequently inquiring, why a soothing indolence has diffused as great a degree of forgetfulness on my inmost senses, as if I had imbibed with a thirsty throat *those* cups that bring on Lethæan slumbers. For the God, the God, prohibits me from bringing to a conclusion the verses I promised *you, namely those* iambics which I had begun. In the same manner, they report that Anacreon of * Teios burnt for the Samian Bathyllus; who often lamented his love, to an inaccurate measure, on a hollow lyre. You are violently in love yourself: but if a fairer flame did not burn besieged Troy, rejoice in your *happy* lot. Phryne, *though* a freed-woman, and not content with a single *admirer*, consumes me.

* A city of Ionia.

CARMEN XV.

AD NEÆRAM.

Non servatam ab eâ fidem conqueritur.

NOX erat, et cœlo fulgebat luna sereno
Inter minora sidera;
Cùm tu magnorum numen* læsura Deorum,
In verba jurabas mea,
Arctiùs atque ederâ procerâ astringitur ilex,
Lentis adhærens brachiis;
Dum pecori lupus, et nautis infestus Orion
Turbaret† hibernum mare,
Intonsosque‡ agitaret Apollinis aura capillos,
Fore hunc amorem mutuum.
O dolitura meâ multùm virtute Neæra:
Nam si quid in Flacco viri est,
Non feret assiduas potiori te dare noctes;
Et quæret iratus parem:
Nec semel offensæ cedet constantia formæ,
Si certus intrârit dolor.
At tu, quicunque es felicior, atque meo nunc
Superbus incedis malo,
Sis pecore et multâ dives tellure licebit,
Tibique Pactolus fluat,
Nec te Pythagoræ fallant arcana renati,
Formâque vincas Nirea;
Eheu, translatos aliò mœrebis amores:
Ast ego vicissim risero.

* Numen lusura Deorum. *Heins.*
† Turbarit hybernum mare. ‡ Agitârit.

ODE XV.

TO NEÆRA.

He complains of her breach of faith.

IT was night, and the moon shone in a serene sky amongst the lesser stars, when you, about to violate the divinity of the great Gods, swore *to be true* to my requests, embracing me with your pliant arms more closely than the lofty oak is clasped by the ivy; that while the wolf should remain an enemy to the flock, and Orion, unpropitious to the sailors, should trouble the wintry sea, and while the air should fan the unshorn locks of Apollo, *so long you vowed* that this love should be mutual. O Neæra, *you* shall *one day* greatly grieve on account of my merit: for if there is any thing of manhood in Horace, he will not endure that you should dedicate your nights continually to another, whom you prefer; and, exasperated, will look out for *a mistress who will* return *his love*: and, though an unfeigned sorrow should take possession of you, *yet* his firmness shall not give way to that beauty which has once given him disgust. But as for you, whoever you are, that are more successful *than me*, and now strut proud of my misfortune, though you be rich in flocks, and abundance of land, and *all* Pactolus flow for you, nor the mysteries of transmigrating Pythagoras escape you, and you excel Nireus in beauty; alas! *in a short time*, you shall bewail her love transferred elsewhere; but I shall laugh in my turn.

CARMEN XVI.

AD POPULUM ROMANUM.

Phocæorum exemplo Romam deserendam esse, quam Deorum ira bellis civilibus lacerandam objicit.

ALTERA jam teritur bellis civilibus ætas;
Suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit.
Quam neque finitimi valuerunt perdere Marsi,
Minacis aut Etrusca Porsenæ manus,
Æmula nec virtus Capuæ, nec Spartacus acer,
Novisque rebus infidelis Allobrox;
Nec fera cæruleâ domuit Germania pube,
Parentibusque abominatus Annibal;
Impia perdemus devoti sanguinis ætas:
Ferisque rursus occupabitur solum.
Barbarus, heu! cineres insistet victor, et Urbem
Eques sonante verberabit ungulâ;
Quæque carent ventis et solibus ossa Quirini,
Nefas videre! dissipabit insolens.
Forte* quid expediat, communiter, aut melior
pars,
Malis carere quæritis laboribus.
Nulla sit hâc potior sententia; (Phocæorum
Velut profugit exsecrata civitas
Agros atque Lares patrios, habitandaque fana
Apris reliquit et rapacibus lupis;)
Ire pedes quocunque ferent; quocunque per undas
Notus vocabit, aut protervus Africus.

* Fortè, quod expediat. *Rutg.*

ODE XVI.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

That Rome, which the wrath of the Gods delivers up to be torn to pieces by intestine wars, should be deserted, after the example of the Phocæans.

NOW is another age worn away by civil wars, and Rome herself falls by her own strength. Whom neither the bordering Marsi could destroy, nor the Etrurian band of the menacing Porsena, nor the rival valour of Capua, nor the bold Spartacus, and the perfidious Gauls, with their innovations; nor did the fierce Germany subdue her with its blue-eyed youth, or Hannibal, detested by parents; *but we*, an impious race, whose blood is devoted *to perdition*, shall destroy her; and *this* land shall again be possessed by wild beasts. The victorious barbarian, alas! shall trample upon the ashes of the city, and the horseman shall smite *it* with the sounding hoofs; and (horrible to see!) he shall insultingly disperse the bones of Romulus, which, *as yet*, are free from the injuries of wind and sun. Perhaps *you all* in general, or the better part of you, are inquisitive *to know* what may be expedient, in order to escape *such* dreadful evils. There can be no determination better than this: *namely*, to go wherever our feet will carry us, wherever the south, or boisterous south-west, shall summon us through the waves, (in the same manner as the *whole* state of the Phocæans fled, after having uttered execrations *against such as should* return, *and* left their fields, and paternal abodes, and temples, to be inhabited by boars and ravenous wolves.)

Sic placet? an melius quis habet suadere? secundâ
Ratem occupare quid moramur alite?
Sed juremus in hæc: simul imis saxa renârint
Vadis levata, ne redire sit nefas;
Neu conversa domum pigeat dare lintea, quando
Padus Matina laverit cacumina;
In mare seu celsus procurrerit Apenninus,
Novâque monstra junxerit libidine
Mirus amor; juvet ut tigres subsidere cervis,
Adulteretur et columba milŭo:
Credula nec* flavos timeant armenta leones;
Ametque salsa levis hircus æquora.
Hæc, et quæ poterunt reditus abscindere dulces,
Eamus omnis exsecrata civitas,
Aut pars indocili melior grege: mollis et exspes
Inominata perprimat cubilia.
Vos, quibus est † virtus, muliebrem tollite luctum,
Etrusca præter et volate littora.
Nos manet Oceanus circumvagus: arva, beata
Petamus arva, divites et insulas,
Reddit ubi Cererem tellus inarata quotannis,
Et imputata floret usque vinea;
Germinat et nunquam fallentis termes olivæ;
Suamque pulla ficus ornat arborem;
Mella cavâ manant ex ilice; montibus altis
Levis crepante lympha desilit pede.
Illîc injussæ veniunt ad mulctra capellæ,
Refertque tenta grex amicus ubera;
Nec vespertinus circumgemit ursus ovile,

* Nec sævos timeant leones.
† Vos quibus est animus.

Is this agreeable? *or* has any one a better *scheme* to advise? why do we delay to go a-shipboard under an auspicious omen? but first let us swear to these *conditions*:—the stones shall swim upwards, lifted up from the bottom of the sea, as soon as it shall not be impious to return: nor let it grieve us to direct our sails homewards *then, and not before,* when the Po shall wash the tops of the Matinian summits; or the lofty Apennine shall remove into the sea; or a miraculous appetite shall unite monsters by a strange *kind* of lust, insomuch that tigers may delight to couple with hinds, and the dove to be polluted with the kite; nor the simple herds may dread the tawny lions; and the he-goat, grown smooth, may love the briny main. After having sworn to these *things*, and whatever else may cut off the pleasing *hope* of returning, let us go, the whole city of us, or *at least* that part which is superior to the illiterate mob: *but* let the idle and despairing *part* remain in these inauspicious habitations. *But* ye that have bravery, away with effeminate grief, and fly beyond the Tuscan shore. The circumambient ocean awaits us: let us seek the plains, the happy plains, and fortunate islands, where the untilled land yearly produces corn, and the unpruned vineyard punctually flourishes; and *where* the branch of the never-failing olive blossoms forth, and the purple fig adorns its native tree; honey distils from hollow oaks; *and* the light water bounds down from the high mountains with a murmuring pace. There the she-goats come to the milk-pails of their own accord, and the friendly flock return with their udders distended; nor does

Nec intumescit alta viperis humus :
Pluraque felices mirabimur ; ut neque largis
Aquosus Eurus arva radat imbribus ;
Pinguia nec siccis urantur semina glebis ;
Utrumque rege temperante cœlitum.
Non hûc Argoö contendit remige pinus ;
Neque impudica Colchis intulit pedem :
Non hûc Sidonii torserunt cornua nautæ ;
Laboriosa nec cohors Ulysseï.
Nulla nocent pecori contagia ; nullius astri
Gregem æstuosa torret impotentia.
Jupiter illa piæ* secrevit littora genti,
Ut inquinavit ære tempus aureum :
Ære, dehinc ferro duravit secula ; quorum
Piis secunda, vate me, datur fuga.

CARMEN XVII.

DIALOGUS HORATIUM INTER ET CANIDIAM.

Hic veniam ironicè petit à Canidia : hæc se nunquam illi placatam fore respondet.

JAM, jam efficaci do manus scientiæ,
Supplex et oro regna per Proserpinæ,
Per et Dianæ non movenda numina,
Per atque libros carminum valentium
Refixaſ cœlo devocare sidera,
Canidia, parce vocibus tandem sacris,
Citumque retrò solve, solve turbinem.

* Sacravit littora genti.

ſ Defixa cœlo sidera.

the evening bear growl about the sheepfold, nor does the rising ground swell with vipers; and many more things shall we happy Romans view with admiration: how neither the rainy east lays waste the corn-fields with profuse showers, nor is the fertile seed burnt by *too* dry a globe; the king *of Gods* moderating both *extremes*. The ship *that carried the* Argonauts never attempted to come hither; nor did the lascivious *Medea* of Colchis set her foot *in this place:* hither the Sidonian mariners never turned their sailyards, nor the toiling crew of Ulysses. No contagious distempers *here* hurt the flocks: nor does the fiery violence of any constellation scorch the herd. Jupiter set apart those shores for a pious people, when he debased the golden age with brass: with brass, then with iron, he hardened the ages; from which there shall be an happy escape for the good, according to my predictions.

ODE XVII.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN HORACE AND CANIDIA.

He ironically begs her pardon: she answers that she never will be reconciled to him.

NOW, now I yield to powerful science; and suppliant beseech you, by the dominions of Proserpine, and by the inflexible divinity of Diana, and by the books of incantations *which are* able to call down the stars displaced from the firmament; oh Canidia, at length desist from your imprecations, and quickly turn, turn back your magical*

* The *rhombus* was a kind of wheel, by the turning of which certain sorceries were performed.

Movit nepotem Telephus Nereïum,
In quem superbus ordinârat agmina
Mysorum, et in quem tela acuta torserat.
Luxêre* matres Iliæ addictum feris
Alitibus, atque canibus homicidam Hectorem,
Postquam relictis mœnibus rex procidit,
Heu! pervicacis ad pedes Achilleï:
Setosa duris exuêre pellibus
Laboriosi remiges Ulyssei,
Volente Circe, membra: tunc mens, et sonus
Relatus,† atque notus in vultus honor.
Dedi satis superque pœnarum tibi,
Amata nautis multùm et institoribus.
Fugit juventas, et verecundus color
Reliquit‡ ossa pelle|| amicta luridâ:
Tuis capillus albus est odoribus.
Nullum à labore me reclinat otium:
Urget diem nox, et dies noctem; neque est
Levare tenta spiritu præcordia.
Ergo negatum vincor ut credam miser,
Sabellæ pectus increpare carmina,
Caputque Marsâ dissilire næniâ.
Quid ampliùs vis: ô mare! ô terra! ardeo.

* Unxêre matres Iliæ.
‡ Reliquit ora. *Bentl.*
† Et sonus relapsus.
|| Ossa pelle amictus luridâ.

machine. Telephus* moved *with compassion* the grandson of Nereus,† against whom he arrogantly had put his troops of Mysians in battle array, and against whom he had darted his sharp javelins. The Trojan matrons lamented over *the body of* the man-slaying Hector, which had been condemned to birds of prey and dogs, after king *Priam*, having left the walls of the city, prostrated himself, alas! at the feet of the obstinate Achilles. The mariners of the indefatigable Ulysses put off those limbs, bristled with the hard skins *of swine*, at the will of Circe; *and* then their reason and voice were restored, and their former comeliness to their countenances. I have suffered punishment enough, and more than enough, on your account, O thou, that art so dearly beloved by the sailors and factors. My vigour is gone away, and my ruddy complexion has left me; my bones are covered with a ghastly skin: my hair *too* with your preparations is grown hoary. No ease respites me from my sufferings: night presses upon day, and day upon night; nor is it in my power to relieve my lungs, which are strained with gasping. Wherefore, wretch *that I am*, I am compelled to credit, what *before* was denied by me, that the charms of the Samnites discompose the breast, and the head splits in sunder at the Marsian incantations. What would you have more? O sea! O earth! I burn in such a degree

* Telephus, king of Mysia, opposed the march of the Greeks through his kingdom, on their way to Troy. He was wounded by the spear of Achilles, and afterwards cured by some filings from the same weapon, for which he was directed to apply by the oracle.

† Thetis, the mother of Achilles, was daughter to Nereus.

Quantum neque atro delibutus Hercules
Nessi cruore, nec Sicanâ fervida
Furens* in Ætnâ flamma. †Tu, donec cinis
Injuriosis aridus ventis ferar,
Calesţ venenis officina Colchicis.
Quæ finis? aut quod me manet stipendium?
Effare: jussus cum fide pœnas luam,
Paratus expiare, seu poposceris
Centum|| juvencos, sive mendaci lyrâ
Voles sonari: tu pudica, tu proba
Perambulabis astra sidus aureum.
Infamis Helenæ Castor offensus vice,
Fraterque magni Castoris, victi prece,
Adempta vati reddidêre lumina,
Et tu, potes nam, solve me dementia,
O nec paternis obsoleta sordibus;
Nec in sepulchris pauperum prudens anus
Novendiales dissipare pulveres.
Tibi hospitale pectus, et puræ manus;
Tuusque venter partumeius; et tuo
Cruore rubros obstetrix pannos lavit,
Utcunque fortis exsilis puerpera.

CANIDIÆ RESPONSIO.

QUID obseratis auribus fundis preces?
Non saxa nudis surdiora navitis
Neptunus alto tundit hibernus salo.

* Urens in Ætnâ flamma. † Tua donec cinis. *Bentl.*
ţ Calet venenis officina. *Bentl.* || Centum juvencis.

as neither Hercules did, besmeared with the black gore of Nessus, nor the fervid flame burning in the Sicilian Ætna. Yet thou, a laboratory of Colchian poisons, remainest on fire, till I, *reduced* to a dry ember, shall be wafted away by the injurious winds. What event? or what penalty awaits me? speak out: I will with honour pay the demanded mulct; ready to make an expiation, whether you shall require *to have it done* with an hundred steers, or you choose to be celebrated on a lying lyre: you, a woman of modesty, you, a woman of probity, shall traverse the stars, as a golden constellation. Castor, and the brother of the great Castor, *though* offended at the infamy *brought* on *their sister* Helen, yet, overcome by entreaty, restored to the poet* his eyes that were taken away from him. And do you (for it is in your power) extricate me from *this* phrensy, O thou, that art neither defiled by family meanness, nor, *like an* old *sorceress*, art skilful to disperse the ashes of poor people, after they have been nine days interred. You have an hospitable breast, and unpolluted hands; and your womb is a fruitful one; and whenever you bring forth, you spring up with unabated vigour.

CANIDIA'S ANSWER.

WHY do you pour forth your entreaties to ears that are *obstinately* shut up *against them*? the wintry ocean with its briny tempests, does not lash

*The poet Stesichorus wrote a satire against Helen, on account of which her brethren Castor and Pollux deprived the bard of his sight; but, on his making a recantation, it was restored.

Inultus ut tu riseris Cotyttia
Vulgata, sacrum liberi Cupidinis?
Et Esquilini pontifex veneficî
Impunè ut urbem nomine implêris meo?
Quid proderit ditâsse Pelignas anus,
Velociùsve miscuisse toxicum,
Si* tardiora fata te votis manent?
Ingrata misero vita ducenda est, in hoc,
Novis ut usque suppetas doloribus.
Optat quietem Pelopis† infidus pater,
Egens benignæ Tantalus semper dapis;
Optat Prometheus obligatus aliti;
Optat supremo collocare Sisyphus
In monte saxum: sed vetant leges Jovis.
Voles modò altis desilire turribus,
Modò ense pectus Norico recludere?
Frustraque vincla gutturi innectes tuo,
Fastidiosa tristis ægrimoniâ.
Vectabor humeris tunc ego inimicis eques:
Meæque terra cedet insolentiæ.
An quæ movere cereas imagines,
Ut ipse nosti curiosus, et polo
Deripere lunam vocibus‡ possim meis,
Possim crematos excitare mortuos,
Desiderîque temperare poculum,
Plorem artis in te§ nil agentis exitum?

* Sed tardiora fata. † Pelopis infidi pater.
‡ Vocibus possum meis, possum.
§ Nullum habentis exitum.

rocks more deaf to the cries of the naked mariners. What, shall you, without being made an example of, deride the * Cotyttian mysteries, sacred to unrestrained love, *which were* divulged *by you?* and shall you, *assuming the office* of Pontiff, *with regard to my* Esquilian incantations, fill the city with my name, unpunished? What will it avail me to have enriched the Pelignian sorceresses *with my charms*, and to have prepared poison of more expedition *than others*, if a slower fate awaits you than *is agreeable* to my wishes? an irksome life shall be protracted by you, wretch as you are, *only* for this purpose, that you may perpetually be able to endure new tortures. Tantalus, the sire of the perfidious Pelops, always in want of that plenteous banquet *which is always before him*, wishes for respite? Prometheus, chained to the vulture, wishes *for rest:* Sisyphus wishes to place the stone upon the summit of the mountain: but the laws of Jupiter forbid. Thus you, *in hopes of relief*, shall desire at one time to leap down from an high tower; at another, to lay open your breast with the Noric sword; and, grieving with your tedious indisposition, shall tie nooses about your neck in vain. *For* I at that time will ride on your odious shoulders; and the whole earth shall acknowledge my unexampled power. What! shall I, who can give motion to waxen images, (as you yourself, inquisitive as you are, were convinced of,) and snatch the moon from heaven by my incantations, *I, who* can raise the dead after they are burned, and duly prepare the potion of love, *shall I* bewail the *successless* event of my art having no efficacy upon you?

* Cotytto, or Cotys, was the goddess of impurity.

In conformity to the opinion of M. Sanadon, and many other ingenious editors of our author, it is here thought proper to collect together, into one view, the several parts the Secular Ode may be supposed to have originally consisted of. Whether or not the generality of competent judges of antiquity and Horatian elegance, be convinced that this is the form in which its author wrote, and Rome admired it; most, I believe, will allow, that in this condition every part is consistent, each division adds dignity to the whole, and that there arises a poem, which is at once the finest monument of heathen worship, and perhaps the noblest specimen of Lyric poetry, that is any where remaining.—Translations of the several parts will be found by the references in the margin.

QUINTI

HORATII FLACCI

CARMEN SECULARE.*

POETA AD POPULUM.

Lib. 3. Ode 1.

ODI profanum vulgus, et arceo,
Favete linguis: carmina non priùs
Audita, Musarum sacerdos
Virginibus puerisque canto.

* The Secular Poem. The Poet to the People.

AD PUEROS AC PUELLAS.*

Lib. 4. Ode 6. V. 29. SPIRITUM Phœbus mihi, Phœbus artem
Carminis, nomenque dedit poetæ,
Virginum primæ, puerique claris
Patribus orti,
Deliæ tutela Deæ, fugaces
Lyncas et cervos cohibentis arcu,
Lesbium servate pedem, meique
Pollicis ictum;
Ritè Latonæ puerum canentes,
Ritè crescentem face noctilucam,
Prosperam frugum, celeremque pronos
Volvere menses.
Nupta jam dices; ego Dis amicum,
Seculo festas referente luces,
Reddidi carmen, docilis modorum
Vatis Horati.

CONCENTUS PRIMUS.†

HYMNUS AD APOLLINEM.

UTERQUE CHORUS.

Lib. 4. Ode 6. DIVE quem proles Niobea magnæ
Vindicem linguæ, Tityosque raptor
Sensit, et Trojæ prope victor altæ
Phthius Achilles,

* To the Chorus of Youths and Virgins.

† First concert. Hymn to Apollo. Chorus of Youths and Virgins.

Cæteris major, tibi miles impar;
Filius quamvis Thetidos marinæ
Dardanas turres quateret tremendâ
Cuspide pugnax.
Ille, mordaci velut icta ferro
Pinus, aut impulsa cupressus Euro,
Procidit latè, posuitque collum in
Pulvere Teucro.
Ille non inclusus equo Minervæ
Sacra mentito, malè feriatos
Troas, et lætam Priami choreis
Falleret aulam:
Sed palam captis* gravis, heu! nefas, heu!
Nescios fari pueros Achivis
Ureret flammis, etiam latentes
Matris in alvo:
Ni, tuis victus† Venerisque gratæ
Vocibus, Divûm pater annuisset
Rebus Æneæ potiore ductos
Alite muros.
Doctor Argutæ‡ fidicen Thaliæ
Phœbe, qui Xantho lavis amne crines,
Dauniæ defende decus Camœnæ,
Levis Agyieu.

* Palam captor gravis. † Tuis flexus vocibus.
‡ Ductor Argivæ *et* Argeæ.

CONCENTUS SECUNDUS,*

CHORUS PUERORUM.

Lib. 1. Ode 21. DIANAM teneræ dicite virgines:

CHORUS PUELLARUM.

Intonsum, pueri, dicite Cynthium,

UTERQUE CHORUS.

Latonamque supremo
Dilectam penitùs Jovi.

CHORUS PUERORUM.

Vos lætam fluviis et nemorum comâ,
Quæcunque aut gelido prominet Algido,
Nigris aut Erymanthi
Silvis, aut viridis Cragi:

CHORUS PUELLARUM.

Vos Tempe totidem tollite laudibus,
Natalemque, mares, Delon Apollinis,
Insignemque pharetrâ
Fraternâque humerum lyrâ

UTERQUE CHORUS.

Hic bellum lachrymosum, hic miseram famem
Pestemque, à populo et principe Cæsare, in
Persas atque Britannos,
Vestra motus aget prece.

* Second Concert. Chorus of Youths.

CONCENTUS TERTIUS.

AD APOLLINEM ET DIANAM.

Preces pro imperii et imperatoris incolumitate.

UTERQUE CHORUS.

PHŒBE, silvarumque potens Diana,
Lucidum cœli decus, O colendi
Semper, et culti, date, quæ precamur
Tempore sacro:
Quo Sibyllini monuêre versus,
Virgines lectas puerosque castos,
Dîs, quibus septem placuêre colles,
Dicere carmen.

CHORUS PUERORUM.

Alme Sol, curru nitido diem qui
Promis et cêlas, aliusque et idem
Nasceris; possis nihil urbe Româ
Visere majus.

CHORUS PUELLARUM.

Ritè maturos aperire partus
Lenis Ilithyia, tuere matres;
Sive tu Lucina probas vocari,
Seu Genitalis.*

* Genytellis. *Bentl.*

THIRD CONCERT.

TO APOLLO AND DIANA.

Prayers for the safety of the empire and emperor.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

PHŒBUS, and thou, Diana, sovereign of the woods, ye illustrious ornaments of the heavens, O ever-worthy of adoration, and *ever* adored, bestow what we pray for at *this* sacred season: at which the Sybilline verses have given directions, that select virgins and chaste youths should sing a hymn to the Deities, to whom the seven hills *of Rome* are acceptable.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Oh genial sun, who in your splendid car draw forth and obscure the day, and *who* arise another and the same; may it *never* be in your power to behold any thing more glorious than the city of Rome!

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

O Ilithyia, * who art of lenient power to produce the timely birth, protect the matrons *in labour;* whether you choose the title of Lucina, or

* Ilithyia, Lucina, and Genytellis, other names for Diana.

Diva, producas sobolem; Patrumque
Prosperes decreta super jugandis
Fœminis, prolisque novæ feraci
Lege marita:

UTERQUE CHORUS.

Certus undenos* decies per annos
Orbis ut cantus, referatque ludos,
Ter die claro, totiesque gratâ
Nocte frequentes.
Vosque veraces cecinisse Parcæ,
Quod semel dictum est, stabilisque rerum†
Terminus servet, bona jam peractis
Jungite fata.
Fertilis frugum pecorisque tellus
Spiceâ donet Cererem coronâ:
Nutriant fœtus et aquæ salubres,
Et Jovis auræ.

CHORUS PUERORUM.

Condito mitis, placidusque telo
Supplices audi pueros, Apollo:

CHORUS PUELLARUM.

Siderum regina bicornis audi,
Luna, puellas.

UTERQUE CHORUS.

Roma si vestrum est opus, Iliæque
Littus Etruscum tenuêre turmæ,
Jussa pars mutare lares, et urbem
Sospite cursu:

* Certus ut denos. † Stabilis per ævum. *Bentl.*

Genitalis. Oh Goddess, multiply our offspring; and prosper the decrees of the senate, in relation to the joining of women in wedlock, and the matrimonial law about to teem with a new race:

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

That the stated revolution of an hundred and ten years may bring back the hymns and the games, three times by bright day-light resorted to in crowds, and as often in the welcome night. And you, ye fatal sisters, infallible in having predicted what is *now* established, and *what* the settled order of things preserves, add propitious fates to those already past. Let the earth, fertile in fruits and flocks, present Ceres with a sheafy crown: may both salubrious rains, and Jupiter's *pure* air, cherish the young brood.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Apollo, mild and gentle with your sheathed arrows, hear the suppliant youths.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Oh moon, thou horned queen of stars, hear the Virgins.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

If Rome be your work, and the Trojan troops arrived on the Tuscan shore, the part commanded *by your oracles* to change their homes and city by a successful navigation: For whom the pious Æneas,

Cui per ardentem sine fraude Trojam
Castus Æneas patriæ superstes
Liberum munivit iter, daturus
Plura relictis :
Dî, probos mores docili juventæ,*
Dî senectuti placidæ† quietem,
Romulæ genti date remque, prolemque,
Et decus omne.
Quique vos bobus‡ veneratur albis
Clarus Anchisæ Venerisque sanguis,
Imperet bellante prior,§ jacentem
Lenis in hostem.
Jam mari terrâque manus potentes
Medus, Albanasque timet secures :
Jam Scythæ responsa petunt, superbi
Nuper et Indi.
Jam Fides, et Pax, et Honor, Pudorque
Priscus, et neglecta redire Virtus
Audet ; apparetque beata pleno
Copia cornu.

CHORUS PUERORUM.

Augur, et fulgente decorus arcu
Phœbus, acceptusque novem Camœnis,
Qui salutari levat arte fessos
Corporis artus ;
Si Palatinas videt æquus arces,||
Remque Romanam, Latiumque felix,
Alterum in lustrum, meliusque semper
Proroget ævum.

* Moris docilis juventæ.
† Dî senectutis placidæ.
‡ Quæque vos bobus.
§ Impetret bellante prior.
|| Palatinas videt aras.

surviving his country, secured a free passage, without damage, through the burning Troy, about to give them more ample possessions than those that were left behind: O ye Deities, grant to the tractable youth probity of manners; to old age ye Deities, grant a pleasing retirement; to the Roman people in general, wealth and a *numerous* progeny, and every kind of glory. And may *that prince*, the illustrious issue of Anchises and Venus, who *this day* worships you with *offerings* of white bulls, reign superior to the warring enemy, *but* merciful to the prostrate. Now the Parthian, by sea and land, dreads *our* powerful forces, and the Roman axes: now the Scythians beg *to know* our commands, and the Indians, *but* lately so arrogant. Now truth, and peace, and honour, and ancient modesty, and neglected virtue, dare to return, and happy plenty appears, with her horn full to the brim.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Phœbus, the God of augury, and conspicuous for his shining bow, and dear to the nine muses, who, by his salutary art, sooths the wearied limbs of the *human* body: if he, propitious, surveys *his own* Palatine, may he prolong the Roman affairs, and the happy state of Italy, to another lustrum, and to a *still* improving age.

CHORUS PUELLARUM.

Quæque Aventinum tenet Algidumque,
Quindecim Diana preces virorum
Curet, et votis puerorum amicas
Applicet aures.

UTERQUE CHORUS.

Hæc Jovem sentire, Deosque cunctos,
Spem bonam certamque domum reporto,
Doctus et Phœbi chorus et Dianæ
Dicere laudes.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

And may Diana, who possesses mount Aventine and Algidus, regard the prayers of the Quindecemviri, and lend a gracious ear to the supplication of the youths.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

We, the choir, *that were* taught to sing the praises of Phœbus and Diana, bear home with us a good and certain hope, that Jupiter, and all the other Gods, perceive *and attend to these* our supplications.

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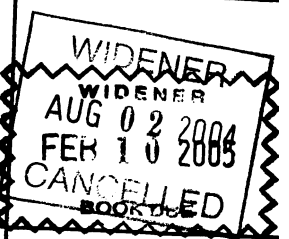

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